



DU BARTAS  
HIS WORKES













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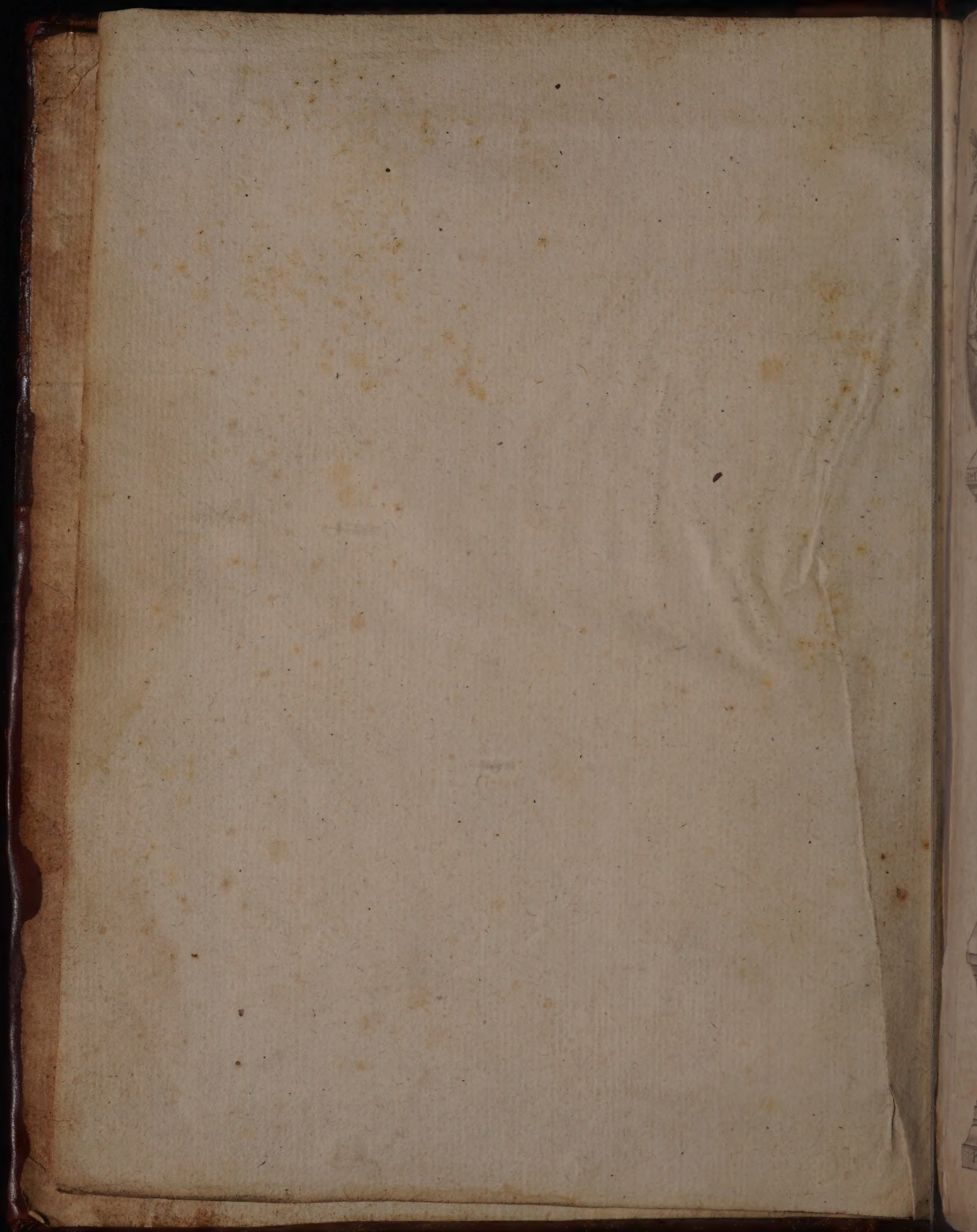
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*Re. Friches. his booke.*



יְהוָה



D: IACOBO MAGNÆ BRITANIÆ

SCOTIÆ HIBERNIÆ SARACENI



DU

BARTAS

HIS

Deiue Weekes and  
Workes Translated:

And Dedicated to the  
Kings most excellent  
Maiestie

by Iosuah Sylvester.

Now fourthly corr: & augm.

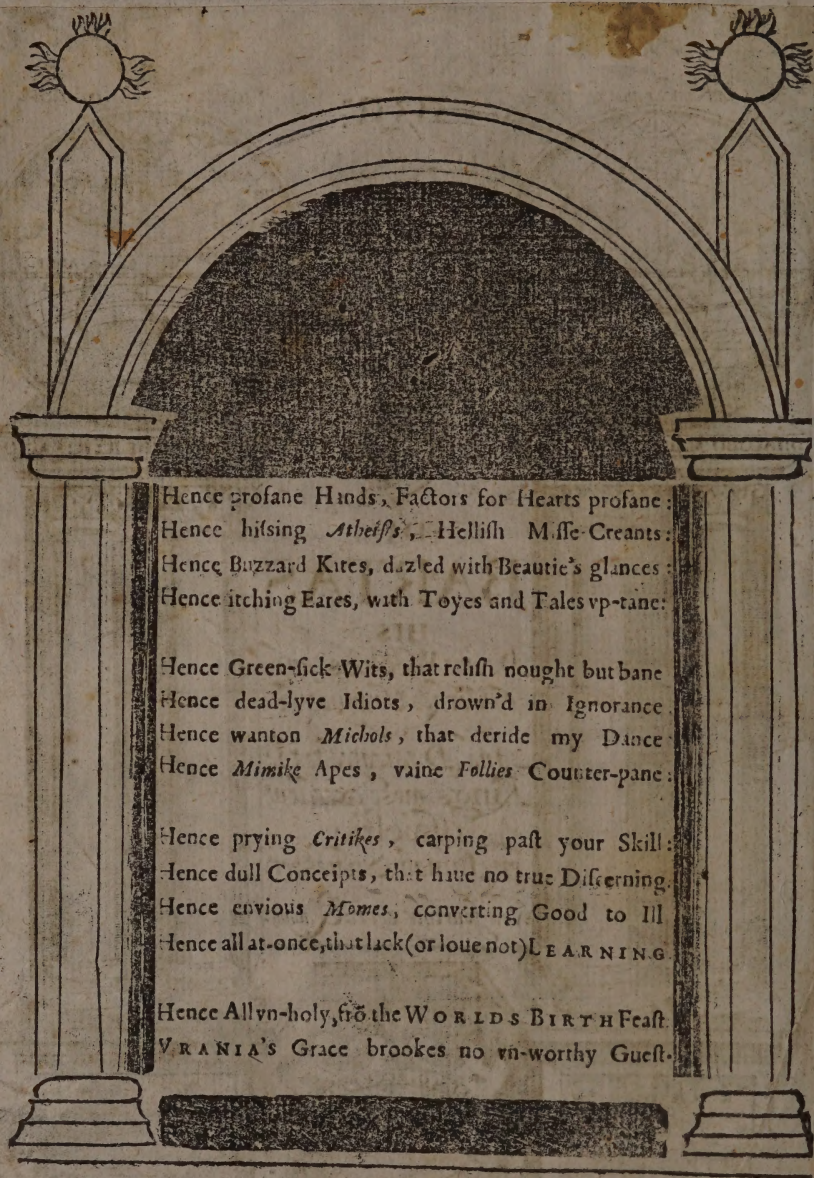


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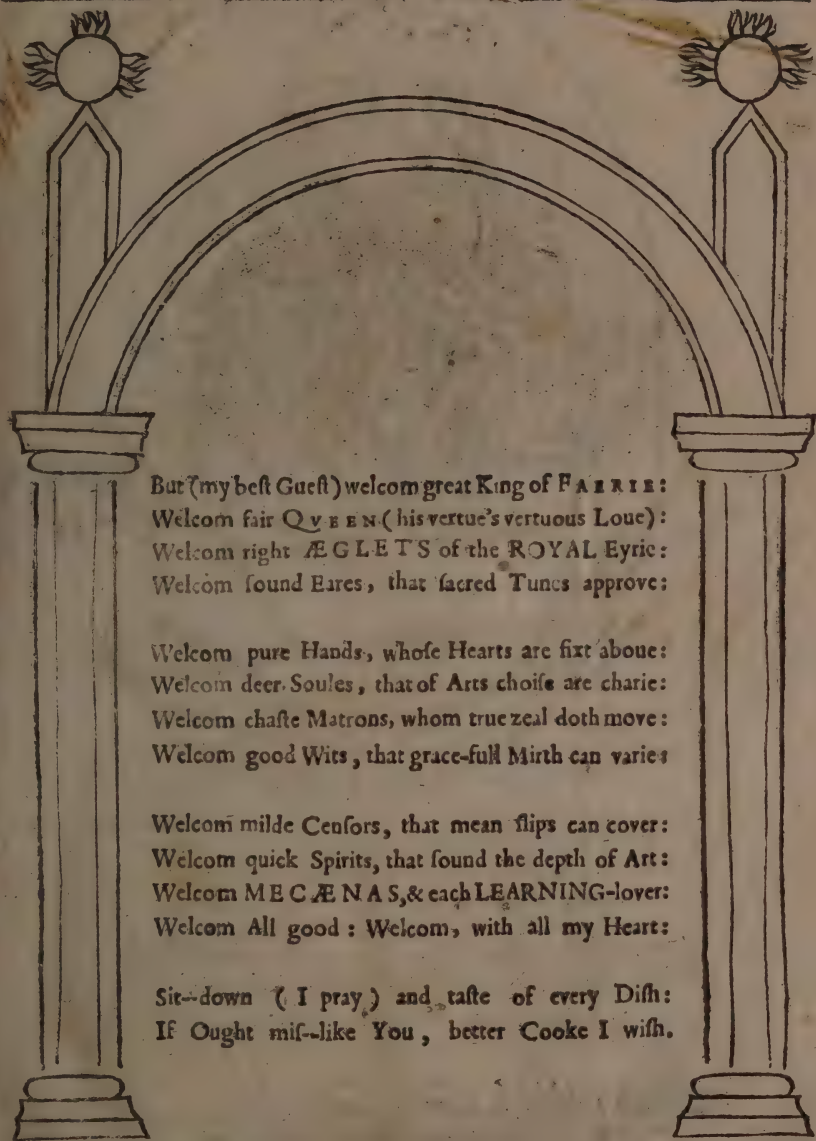
Hence profane Hinds, Factors for Hearts profane:  
Hence hissing *Atheists*, Hellish Masse-Creants:  
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beautie's glances:  
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales vp-rane:

Hence Green-sick Wits, that relish nought but bane  
Hence dead-lyve Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance  
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance  
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane:

Hence prying *Critikes*, carping past your Skill:  
Hence dull Concepts, that haue no true Discerning  
Hence envious *Momes*, converting Good to Ill  
Hence all at-once, that lack (or loue not) LEARNING

Hence All vn-holy, fro the WORLDS BIRTH Feast  
VRANIA'S Grace brookes no vn-worthy Guest.



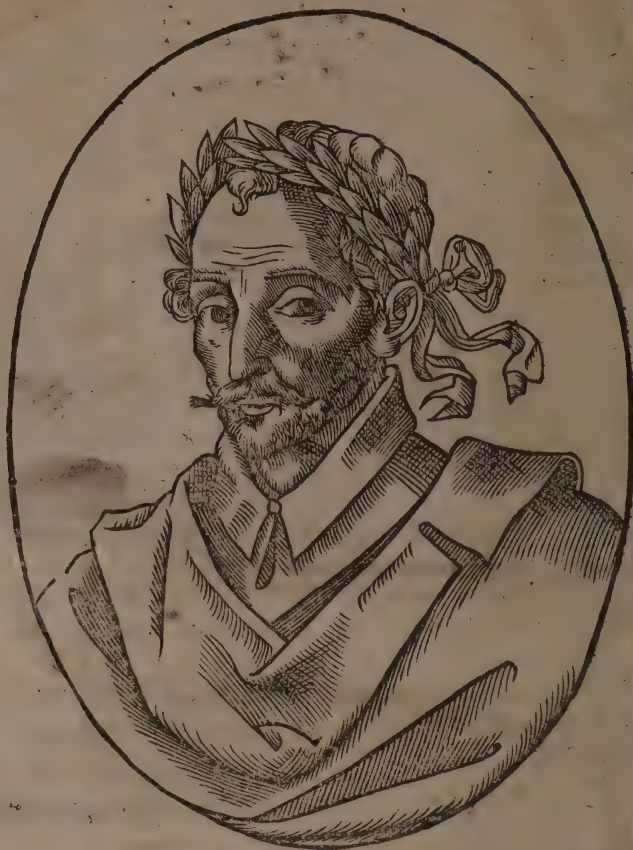


But (my best Guest) welcom great King of FARRIE:  
Welcom fair QVEEN (his vertue's vertuous Loue):  
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:  
Welcom sound Eares, that sacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure Hands, whose Hearts are fixt above:  
Welcom deer Soules, that of Arts choise are charie:  
Welcom chaste Matrons, whom true zeal doth move:  
Welcom good Wits, that grace-full Mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Censors, that mean slips can cover:  
Welcom quick Spirits, that sound the depth of Art:  
Welcom MECÆNAS, & each LEARNING-lover:  
Welcom All good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit-down (I pray) and taste of every Dish:  
If Ought mis-like You, better Cooke I wish.



---

Ces Tempes lauriez, du Laurier metne honneur;  
Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la Vertu le lit;  
Ces traits au front, marquez de Sçavoir & d'Esprit;  
Ne sont que du BARTAS vn ombre exterieur.  
Le Pinceau n'en peut plus: Mais, de sa propre Plume  
Il s'est peint le Dedans, dans son divin Volume.

*These laureat Temples which the Laurel grace;  
These Honest Eyes, these Signes of Wit and Art;  
This Map of Vertues, in a Muse full Face;  
Are but a blush of BARTAS outward part.  
The Pencil could no more: But his owne Pen  
Limms him, with-in, the Miracle of Men.*

---



Au Tres-puissant, tres-prudent, & tres-Auguste,  
IAQVES (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la  
Grande Britaigne: &c.

VOY(SIRE) ton SALVSTE habillé en Anglois  
(Anglois encore plus de Cœur que de Language)  
Qui, cognoissant loyal ton Royal Heritage  
En ces beaux Lix dorez au Sceptre des Gaulois  
(Comme au vray Souverain des vrays Subiects Francois)  
Cy a tes pieds sacrez te fait son saint Hommage  
(De ton Hœur & Grandeur eternal tesmoignage)  
Miroir de tous Heros, Miracle de tous Roys,  
VOY(SIRE) ton SALVSTE, ou (pour le moins) son ombre;  
Oul'ombre (pour le moins) deses Traits plus divins;  
Qui, ores trop noyrçis par mon pinceau trop sombre,  
S'esclairçiront aux Raiz de tes Yieux plus benins.  
Donques d'un œil benin & d'un accueil Auguste,  
Reçoy ton cher Bartas, & VOY SIRE SALVSTE.

AINSI, l'Ancien des Temps, d'Ans, d'Honneurs, & Bonheurs,  
Comblant ce Chef Royal; couronnevoz Labeurs:  
Qui, pour le Droit des Roys, d'un Glaive tout divin,  
Combattez l'Antichrist, & son grand BELLARMIN.  
AINSI le Tout puissant, de la main de PANDORE,  
Face d'un Charle-moindre, un Charle-magne encore;  
Qui, suivant voz Vertuz, deriue perennel  
Saints-Sages-Preux STUARTS au Sceptre paternel.  
AINSI, le Ciel bening de ses Tresors benisse;  
L'Hymen heureux & saint de FREDRIC & d'ELIZE;  
De sorte, que d'Iceux, leurs Filz, & leurs Neveux,  
Nous naissent desormais des EMPEREURS heureux.  
AINSI, Lions ANGLOIS & Aigles d'ALLEMAGNE,  
(Triumphants, pour la Foy, de ROME & de l'ESPAGNE)  
Terrassent coup a coup les Lunes du TURQVOIS,  
Pour planter tout par tout les Lauriers de la CROIX.

Voy, Sire, Saluste.

DEDICATORIA.

---

A l'istessa Mäestà  
serenissima.

**N**Eptun', gielózo de la Musa Ingleze,  
L'immúra sí del Braccio crystallino,  
Ch'il piu divin del Canto suo di vino  
Poco s'intende fuór del suo Pàeze:

Peró ( Signor ) come già la Francéze  
T' á celebrato di-quá l' Apennino;  
Di-lá, l' ITALICA al Peregrino  
Anche farà l' alte tue Lodi intése.

Si che, la Séna, et Pádo prestaranno  
Lor Chori sacri, per cantár l' immenza  
Alma Virtú, Valór, Pietá, Prudénza

Di GIACOMO ( gran SALOMON Britanno )  
Per, di tua Gloria ( vditá qual' e quanta )  
Rapír' il Mondo in maraviglia santa.

L'istesso

Offeruantissimo

I S.

---



INSCRIPTION.

To England's, Scotland's, France & Ireland's KING  
Great Emperour of EUROPE's greatest Isles:

*Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and euery thing  
Beneath BOOTES, many thousand miles:*

Vpon whole Head, Honour and Fortune smiles:  
About whole brows, clusters of Crowns do spring:

*Whose Faith, Him Cham-  
pion of the FAITH-en-stiles:*

*Whose VVisedome's Fame  
O're all the World doth bring:*

MNEMOSYNE  
&

*Her faire Daughters bring*

*The DAPHNEAN Crowne,*

*To Crowne Him (Laureat)*

*Whole and sole Soueraigne*

*Of the THESPIAN Spring:*

*Prince of PARNASSVS, & Pierian State:*

*And with their Crown, their kingdōs Arms they yeeld:*

*Thrice three Pennes Sun-like in a Cynthian field.*

*Sign'd by THEM-SELVES, and their High Treasurer  
BARTAS, the great: Ingrosst by SYLVESTER.*

CORONA DEDICATORIA.

---

Our SVNNE did Set, and yet no NIGHT enslew'd;  
Our WOE-full losse so IOY-full gaine did bring,

*In teares wee smile, amid our sighes we Sing:*

*So sodainely our dying LIGHT renew'd,*

As when the ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne

Her aged body in sweete FLAMES to death,

*Out of Her CINDERS*

*A newe Birde hath breath,*



*In whom the BEAVTIES*

*Of the FIRST returne;*

From Spicie Ashes of the sacred VRNE

Of our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH)

*A new true PHOENIX linely flourisheth,*

*Whom greater glories than the First adorne.*

So much (O KING) thy sacred Worth presum-I-on,

JAMES, Thou iust Heire of England's ioyful VNION.

---



CORONA DEDICATORIA.

JAMES, Thou iust Heire of England's ioyful VNION,  
VNITING now too This long leuer'd ILE

*(Seuer'd for Strangers, from it Selfe the while)*

*Vnder one Scepter in One Faith's Communion:*

That in our Loues may never bee dis-vnion,

Throughout all Kingdomes in thy Regall Sole,

*Make CHRIST thy Guide*

*(In vvhom vvas neuer guile)*

CLIO.

*To RVLE thy Subiectes*

*In his GOSPEL'S Vnion.*

So, on thy Seate thy Seede shall euer Flourish,

To SION's Comfort and th'eternall Terror

*of GOG and MAGOG, Athëisme & Error:*

*So shall one TRVTH thy people train & nourish*

In meeke Obedience of Th'Almighties Pleasure,

And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.



CORONA DEDICATORIA.

And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)  
To sacred Thee (drad Sovereigne) deereſt IAMES,  
*While ſad-glad ENGLAND yields Hir Diadems,*  
*To bee diſpoſ'd at thine Imperiall Pleaſure:*  
While Peers & States expoſe their pomp & treaſure  
To entertaine thee from thy Tweed to THAMES  
*With Royall Preſentes,*  
*And rare-pretious Gemmes;*

THALIA.

*As Mindes and Meanes*  
*Concurre in happy meaſure:*  
Heer (gracious Lord) lowe proſtrate I preſent you  
The richeſt Iewell my poore FATE affoords,  
*(A Sacrifice, that long long ſince I meant you)*  
*Your Minion BARTAS, masked in My words:*  
With Him, my Selfe, my Scrvice, Wit and Arte,  
With all the SINNEVVES of a Loyall Heert.

CORONA DEDICATORIA.

With all the SINNEVES of a Loyall Heart,  
Vnto Your Royall Handes I humblie Sacre

*These weeks (the works of the worlds glorious Maker)*

*Diuinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art*

(Though through my rudenes heer mis-tun'd in part)

For, to whom meeter should This Muse betake her,

*Than to Your Highnesse,*

*Whom (as chiefe Partaker)*

MELPOMENE.

*All MVSES Crowne*

*For Principall Desarte?*

To whom should sacred Arte and learned Pietie

In Highest Notes of Heauenly Musicke Sing

*The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deitie,*

*But to a learned and religious KING?*

To whom but You should Holy FAITH cōmend-her,

Great king of ENGLAND, Christian FAITH's defender?



CORONA DEDICATORIA.

Great king of ENGLAND, Christian FAITH's defender,  
No Selfe--presuming of my VVitt's perfection  
(In what is mine of this Divine Confection  
Bouldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:

But with the Rest, the Best I haue to render  
For loyall Witnesse of my glad affection,

My MITE I offer  
To Your High Protection,

CALLIOPE.

Which MORE it needs,  
The more it selfe is slender.

But, for mine AVTHOR, in his Sacred-fury,  
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,

And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers  
(Though heer His lustre too-too-much obscure-I).

For His sake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,  
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine indignitie.

CORONA DEDICATORIA.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie  
(Smoothing with smiles sterne Maiesties Seueritie)  
*Sith from this Errour of my bolde temeritie,*  
*Great good may grow, through heau'ns & your benignity:*

For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,  
This may prouoke (with more diuine dexteritie)

*Some NOBLER Wit,*  
*To SING to our Posterity*

TERPSICHORE.

*This NOBLEST Worke,*  
*After it Self's Condignitie:*

Or else the sweet Rayes of your Royall Fauour  
May shine so warme on these wilde Fruits of mine,

*As much may mend their vertue, taste, and saour,*

*And Rypen faire the Rest that are behinde:*

The rather, if some Clowde of COMFORT drop  
Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope.



CORONA DEDICATORIA.

Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope,  
Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,

*Where (Turtle-like) groaning Sad tunes she fate:*

*But (O!) curst ENVIE did untimely lop*

The first: the Next, bruiz'd with his Fall, did drop;

The Third remains, grown a great arm of State.

*Most WORTHIE So,*

*But so pra—occupate*

EVTERPE.

*With other M V S E S,*

*That OVRS hath no scope.*

Wherefore for succour in her wearie flight,

Hardly pursu'd by that sharpe Vulture, WANT,

*Shes fain my Liege (with your good leane) to light*

*Amid the Top-leaves of Your CEDAR-Plant:*

Where, if you daign Her Rest frō FORTVNE's wrong,  
Shes shall more sweetely Ende her solemne Song.

CORONA DEDICATORIA.

Shée shall more sweetely Ende Her solemne Song  
(If Heaven grant Life, and You give leaue to doo-it)

By adding fitly All those Partes vnto it,  
Which more precisely to Your Praise belong

(Wherein expressly, with a Thankfull tongue,  
To your great Self, A P O L L O's self applies-him,

Yeeldes T O V His Laurells,  
And dooth all agnize-him

ERATO.

Rapt with the VVonder  
Of Your Vertues, Young).

All the Posthumiall race of that rare Spirit  
(His Swan tunes, sweetest neer his latest breath)

Which, of his glory their Childes-part inherit  
(Though born, alas!) after their Father's death)

As Epilogue, shall P A Y E our gratefull Vowes  
Vnder the shaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes.



CORONA DEDICATORIA.

Vnder the shaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes,  
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mounte LIBANON  
(Greater then that great Tree of BABYLON)  
*No mannaile if our TVRTLE seek to House;*  
Sith CEASAR's Eagles, that so strongly Rouze:  
Th'olde Hagard FALCON, hatcht by Pampelon:  
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN  
(And not THESE alone,

POLYMNIA.

But euerie Birde and Beast)  
With HUMBLE vowes,  
Seekes roost or rest vnder your mighty Bowers:  
So mighty hath th' Almighty made you now:  
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd You,  
And build His house who thus hath blessed Yours.  
So, STUARTS ay shall stand (propt with His Power)  
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower.

**CORONA DEDICATORIA.**

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower:  
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:

*A Sword to Wrong, a Shielde to Innocence:*

*Cheering the mild; checking the wild with powr:*

The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:

The Rod of Vice, & VERTUE's Recompence:

*Long live King IANES*

*in all MAGNIFICENCE:*

VRANIA.

*And ( full of DAYES )*

*When ( in his Blis-full Bowr )*

Heauens king shal crown thee with th'immortal flowr,

Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince

HENRY (our Hope) to Crowne His Excellence

AKING at Home, abroad a CONQUEROR.

So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,  
Our SVNNE did Set, and yet no NIGHT enslew'd.



---

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*Anagrammata Regia:*  
*Regi.*

---

---

IACOBVS STVART, R.  
*Iusta Scrutabor.*

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---

---

IAMES STVART:  
A iust Master.

---

---

**F**or A iust Master haue I labour'd long:  
To A iust Master haue I vow'd my best:  
By A iust Master should I take no wrong:  
With A iust Master would my life be blest.  
In A iust Master are all Vertues met:  
From A iust Master flowes abundant grace:  
But, A iust Master is so hard to get,  
That A iust Master seems of Phœnix race:  
Yet, A iust Master haue I found in fine.  
Of A iust Master if you question This,  
Whom A iust Master I so iust define;  
My Liege IAMES STVART A iust Master is.  
And A iust Master could my Work deserue,  
Such A iust Master would I iustly serue.

---

Voy Sire Saluste.

---

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---

Intimo Iosuae Sylvestri,  
Hexastichon.

**V**T prodesse suis possit, Salustius offert  
Gallis, quod nobis Iosua noster, opus:  
Ille ergo eximij's hoc uno nomine dignus  
Laudibus; at duplici nititur hic merito:  
Quem simul Authoris fama, charaq; videmus  
Communi Patria consuluisse bono.

Io: Bo. Miles.

---

---

Ad Ioshuam Sylvesterum, G. Salustij  
genuinum Interpretem, (\* \*)

**E**Are agè, diuini cultissima lingua Salusti,  
(SYLVESTER) Clarij ceu fuit ille Dei;  
Elyzij qua parte Iugi conuenerat, & te  
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex?  
An magè, corporeâ Herois compage soluta,  
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipsa sibi?  
Credo equidem; & Samij rata Dogmata sunt Senis; unde,  
Non Translata mihi, sed genuina canis.  
Quin & Posteritas, si pagina prima taceret,  
Interpres dubitet tunc vel ille fict.

Car: Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portensis.

---

---

*Iosua Silvester Anagr :*

*Verè Os Salustij.*

**O** *Stu SYLVESTER nostro cur Ore vocaris?*  
*An quòd in ORE feras Mel? quòd in Aure Mel-os?*  
*An quòd BARTASSI facem dum pingis et OREA,*  
*ORATUI pariter qualibet ora colit?*  
*Nempe licet duram prae te fers nomine SILVAM,*  
*Silvas et salebras carmina nulla tenent:*  
*Sed quod Athenarum COR, dux Salaminus olim*  
*Dixit, Inest libris Osq; vigorq; tuis.*  
*Ergo Os esto alijs, mihi Suadæ LINGVA videris;*  
*Musis et Phæbo charus OCELLVS eris.*

---

*Ad Gallum de Bartalsio iam toto Anglicè donato.*

*Quòd Gallus factus modò sit, mirare, Britannus,*  
*Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:*  
*Sylvester vester, noster Bartalsius, ambo*  
*Laude quidem gemina digni, ut et ambo pari.*

---

*In Detractores ad Authorem.*

*Taceat malevolum Os male strepentis Zoili;*  
*Monstrum bilingue, septuplex Hydra caput:*  
*Dum Septimanam septies faustam capis*  
*Te Septimana septies faustum facit*  
*Quævis, nec vlla debeat Iosnam Dies.*  
*Nempe ORE fari Vera si licet meo,*  
*Os ipse VERE diceris SALUSTIUS;*  
*Qui si impetaris dentibus mordentibus*  
*Impurioris ORIS, & Deo Theon*  
*Os non carere dentibus sciat tuum.*

*E. L. Oxon.*



In duo Poetarum lumina, *Bartam*  
& *Sylvesterum*, carmen *Asclepia-*  
*deum Gliconicum, dicol. Distroph.*

**T**E *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,  
Vel Germana soror nympha Polymnia,  
Musarumue potens pater,  
Pulsans plectra sonantia.

*Sylvestere*, meam tu superas lyram,  
Et linguam modulum, dum rudis obstreperat:  
Vatem commiserit decus  
Illustrem ingenij tui.

Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,  
Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum  
Digne, vel Veneris rosae

Vultum purpureae parem:  
Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus  
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis.  
Sacra progenies satis;  
Non vos equiparem modis.

Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum  
*Bartas* grandiloqui carminis alite

Præstat: nosser amat sui  
Ponti vincere Naiadas:

Ambo sic proprias viribus ingenij  
Divas ruricolas ponticolas simul  
Vicistis, trivij meum

Vicistis miserum melos;

Cælum percutiat Gallia vertice,

Ipsos cœlicolas terra Britannica;

Quæ vates tulerint duos  
Claros præ reliquis novos.

---

Dilectissimo Fo: Sylvestri.

**G**Allica visa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec vlla  
Illi vel similis, vel mihi maior erat:

Credideram magni nullo sermone referri

BARTASI ingenium posse, vel eloquium:

Cum subito clarum dedit alma Britannia solem,

Ingenij tenebras abstulit ille mei.

Garmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;

Et, si successu non meliore, pari.

O ter felicem venam, Dulceisq; Camœnas!

Que tanto Vati contigit esse pares.

Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;

Tam bene ne coeptum desituetur opus.

Sic pia Siczli des aspirent Numina Musæ:

Sic faueat coeptis doctus Apollo tuus:

Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:

Sic te Virgilium norit et ipsa suum.

*Io: Mauldeus Germanus.*

---

*Amicissimo Iosue Sylvestri, G. Salustij. D.*

BARTASII interpreti, Encomium.

**Q**uod conspecta Pharus vario dat lumine valla  
Æquora fulcanti, cum vaga Luna silet:

Et quod lustratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris

Erranti in sylvis dum manifestat iter:

Hoc dat præstanti methodo SALUSTIVS illis,

Cognitio Sanctæ queis placet Historiæ.

Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis IOSUA noster,

Qui solus patrio ductus amore dedit.

Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?

Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:

Musa tua est BARTAS dulcissima: Musa videtur

Ipsa tamen NOSTRI, dulcior esse mihi.

*Si. Ca. Gen.*



---

To M. Iosuah Syluester,  
of his *Bartas* Meta-  
phrased.

**I** Dare confesse; Of *Muses*, more than nine,  
Nor list, nor can I enuy none, but thine.  
She, drencht alone in *Sion's* sacred Spring,  
Her *Makers* praise hath sweetly chose to sing,  
And reacheth neereſt th' *Angels* notes above;  
Nor lists to sing or *Tales*, or *Warres*, on *Loue*.  
One while I finde hir, in hir nimble flight,  
Cutting the brazen *sphaeres* of heav'n bright:  
Thence, straight she glides, before I be aware,  
Through the three regions of the liquid ayre:  
Thence, rushing down, through *Nature's* Closet-dore,  
She ransacks all her *Grandame's* secret store;  
And, diving to the darknes of the Deep,  
Sees there what wealth the waues in prison keep:  
And, what she sees above, belowe, betweene,  
She shewes and sings to others eares and eyne.  
T'is true; Thy *Muse* another's steps doth presse:  
The more's her paine; nor is her praise the lesse.  
*Freedom* gives scope, unto the roving thought;  
Which by restraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,  
That feet, unfetted, walken farre, or fast?  
Which, pent with chains, more want their wonted haste.  
Thou follow'st *Bartolles* dinner streine;  
And sing'st his numbers in his native veine.  
*BARTAS* was some *French* Angell, girt with *Bayes*:  
And thou a *BARTAS* art, in *English* Layes.  
Whether is more? Me seems (the sooth to say'n)  
One *BARTAS* speaks in *Tongues*, in *Nations*, twayn.

Ios. Hall.

---

---

To my good friend, M. Sylvester,  
in honour of this sacred Work.

**T**Hu to adventure forth, and re-conuay  
The best of treasures from a forraine Coast,  
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,  
And make it ours by such a gallant pray,  
And that without iniustice; doth bewray  
The glory of the Work, that we may boast  
Much to haue wonn, and others nothing lost  
By taking such a famous prize away,  
As thou industrious SYLVESTER hast wrought,  
And heer enricht vs with th'immortall store  
Of other's sacred lines; which from them brought,  
Coms by thy taking greater than before:  
So hast thou lighted, from a flame deuout,  
As great a flame, that neuer shall goe out.

Samuel Daniel.

---

To M. Iosuah Syluester.

A SONNET.

**T**He glorious Salust, morall, true, diuine,  
Who (all inspired with a Holy rage)  
Makes Heav'n his subiect, and the Earth his stage,  
The Arts his Actors, and the Triple-Trine:  
Who his rich language gildes, and graceth fine:  
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;  
Whose World's best Birth, and blessed Pupillage,  
Gain him a world of fame for euery line;  
Hath heer obtain'd a true Interpreter,  
Whom, fame, nor gaine, but loue of Heav'n and vs,  
Mou'd to vn-French his learned labours thus.  
Thus loues, thus lines all-loued SYLVESTER.  
Forward, sweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,  
All to this task prefer thing only Pen.

G. Gay-Wood.

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EPIGRAM.  
*To M. Iosuah Syluester.*

**I**f to admire were to commend, my Praise  
Might then both thee, thy Work and merit raise:  
But, as it is ( the Child of Ignorance,  
And utter stranger to all ayre of France)  
How can I speake of thy great paines, but erre?  
Since they can only iudge, that can confer.  
Behold! the reuerend Shade of BARTAS stands  
Before my thought, and ( in thy right ) commands  
That to the world I publish, for him, This;  
BARTAS doth wish thy English now were His.  
Sowell in that are his inuentions wrought,  
As His will now be the Translation thought,  
Thine the Originall; and France shall boast,  
No more, those mayden glories she hath lost.

B. Iohnson.

---

In praise of the Translator.

**I**f diuine BARTAS ( from whose blessed Braines  
Such Works of grace, or gracefull works did stream )  
Were so admir'd for Wit's celestiall Strain's  
As made their Vertues Seate, the high'st Extream;  
Then, IOSVAH, the Sun of thy bright praise  
Shall fixed stand in Arts faire Firmament,  
Till Dissolution date Times Nights, and Daies,  
Sith right thy Lines are made to BARTAS Bent,  
Whose Compass circumscribes ( in spacious Words )  
The Vniuerfall in particulars;  
And thine the same, in other Tearmes, affords;  
So, both your Tearmes agree in friendly Wars:  
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,  
They are ( like God ) eternall, sith Diuine.

John Davies of Hereford.

---

Flexanimo *Salustij du Bartas* interpreti, Io.  
Syluestri, carmen Encomiasticon.

O *Er* haue I seen sweet fancie-pleasing faces  
Consort themselves with swart misshapen features,  
To grace the more their soul-subduing graces,  
By the defect of such deformed creatures;  
As Painters garnish with their shadows sable  
The brighter colours in a curious Table:  
So, English BARTAS, though thy beauties, beere  
Excell so far the glory of the rest,  
That France and England both must hold thee deer,  
Sith both their glories thou hast beere exprest  
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,  
And yet that ours can viter full as much)  
Let not thy fairest Heav'n-aspiring Muse  
Disdain these humble notes of my affection:  
My faulty lines let faithfull loue excuse,  
Sith my defects shall adde to thy perfection:  
For, these ruderimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,  
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more. E. G.

In Commendation of du BARTAS, and his  
Translator, M. IO SVAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

W *Hile* nights black wings the daies bright beauties hide,  
And while faire Phoebus dines in western deep;  
Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)  
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside:  
But when Aurora's windowes open wide,  
That Sol's cleare rays those sable clouds may banish,  
Then sodainly those petty lights do vanish,  
Vailing the glories of their glistening pride:  
So while du BARTAS and our SYLVESTER  
(The glorious lights of England and of France)  
Haue hid their beames, each glowe-worme durst prefer  
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance:  
But, now these Suns begin to gilde the day,  
Those twinkling sparks are soon disperst away. R. H.



---

*In Commendation of this worthy Work.*

Foole that I was, I thought, in younger times,  
That all the *Muses* had their graces lowen  
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and sweet *Daniels* Rimes  
(So, good seems best, where better is vnknownen).  
While thus I dream'd, my busie phantasie  
Bad me awake, open mine eyes, and see

How *SALVST's* English *Sun* (our *SYLVESTER*)  
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vaile: and how the *Sheaues*  
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing do prefer  
His *Fruits* before their Winter-shaken *Leaves*:  
So much, for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,  
Hath He out gon those that the rest out-goe,

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Envie's* vip'rous seed  
Gnaw forth the brest which bred and fed the same;  
Rest safe (Sound truth from fear is euer freed.)  
Malice may bark, but shall not bite thy Name:  
IO SVAN, thy Name with *BARTAS* name shall liue:  
For, double life you each to other giue.

But, Mother *Ennie*, if this *Arras* spunne  
Of *Golden* threds be seen of *English* eyes,  
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are vndone:  
But She, more subtil, than religious-wife,  
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,  
Pale, swoln as *Toade* (though custumed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what *Peace* hath She  
With *Virtue*? none: Therefore desie her frown.  
Gainst greater force growes greater victory.  
As *Camomile*, the more you tread it down,  
The more it springs; *Virtue*, despightfully  
Vfed, doth vie the more to fructifie:

And so do Thou, vntill thy *Mausole* rare  
Do fill this World with wonderment; and, that  
In *Venus* Form no clumisie fist may dare  
To meddle with thy Pencil and thy Plat;  
I fear thy life more, till thy goale be run,  
Than Wise hir Spouse, or Father fears his Son.

R. R.

---

*Malum patienti lucrum.*

# An Acrostick Sonnet, to his friend

M. Iosva SYLVESTER.

I If profit, mixt with pleasure, merit Praise,  
O Or Works diuine be 'fore profane preferr'd:  
S Shall not this beauenly Work the Workers raise,  
V Vnto the Clouds on Columnes selfly-rear'd?  
A And (though his Earth be lowe in Earth interr'd)  
S Shall not du BARTAS (Poets pride and glory)  
Y In after Ages be with wonder heard,  
L Linely recording th' V N I V E R S A L Story?  
V Vndoubtedly He shal: and so shalt Thou,  
E Eare-charming Eccho of his sacred Voice.  
S Sweet SYLVESTER, how happy was thy choise,  
T To Task thee thus, and thus to quight thee now?  
E End as thou hast begun; and then by right  
R Rare Muses NON-SVCH, shal thy Work be hight.

R. N. Gen.

## To the Same.

H Ad golden Homer, and great Maro kept  
In enuious silence their admired measures,  
A thousand Worthies worthy deeds had slept:  
They rest of praise; and we of learned pleasures.  
But (O!) what rich incomparable treasures  
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,  
Diuine du BARTAS, hid his beauenly treasures,  
Singing the mighty World's immortal story?  
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding  
To Chapman, and to Phaer! but yet much more  
To thee (deare SYLVESTER) for thus unfolding  
These holy wonders, hid from vs before.  
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,  
Graue, learned, deepe, delightfull, and diuine.

R. N.



1. 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17, 1917-18, 1918-19, 1919-20, 1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24, 1924-25, 1925-26, 1926-27, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1931-32, 1932-33, 1933-34, 1934-35, 1935-36, 1936-37, 1937-38, 1938-39, 1939-40, 1940-41, 1941-42, 1942-43, 1943-44, 1944-45, 1945-46, 1946-47, 1947-48, 1948-49, 1949-50, 1950-51, 1951-52, 1952-53, 1953-54, 1954-55, 1955-56, 1956-57, 1957-58, 1958-59, 1959-60, 1960-61, 1961-62, 1962-63, 1963-64, 1964-65, 1965-66, 1966-67, 1967-68, 1968-69, 1969-70, 1970-71, 1971-72, 1972-73, 1973-74, 1974-75, 1975-76, 1976-77, 1977-78, 1978-79, 1979-80, 1980-81, 1981-82, 1982-83, 1983-84, 1984-85, 1985-86, 1986-87, 1987-88, 1988-89, 1989-90, 1990-91, 1991-92, 1992-93, 1993-94, 1994-95, 1995-96, 1996-97, 1997-98, 1998-99, 1999-00, 2000-01, 2001-02, 2002-03, 2003-04, 2004-05, 2005-06, 2006-07, 2007-08, 2008-09, 2009-10, 2010-11, 2011-12, 2012-13, 2013-14, 2014-15, 2015-16, 2016-17, 2017-18, 2018-19, 2019-20, 2020-21, 2021-22, 2022-23, 2023-24, 2024-25, 2025-26, 2026-27, 2027-28, 2028-29, 2029-30, 2030-31, 2031-32, 2032-33, 2033-34, 2034-35, 2035-36, 2036-37, 2037-38, 2038-39, 2039-40, 2040-41, 2041-42, 2042-43, 2043-44, 2044-45, 2045-46, 2046-47, 2047-48, 2048-49, 2049-50, 2050-51, 2051-52, 2052-53, 2053-54, 2054-55, 2055-56, 2056-57, 2057-58, 2058-59, 2059-60, 2060-61, 2061-62, 2062-63, 2063-64, 2064-65, 2065-66, 2066-67, 2067-68, 2068-69, 2069-70, 2070-71, 2071-72, 2072-73, 2073-74, 2074-75, 2075-76, 2076-77, 2077-78, 2078-79, 2079-80, 2080-81, 2081-82, 2082-83, 2083-84, 2084-85, 2085-86, 2086-87, 2087-88, 2088-89, 2089-90, 2090-91, 2091-92, 2092-93, 2093-94, 2094-95, 2095-96, 2096-97, 2097-98, 2098-99, 2099-00, 2100-01, 2101-02, 2102-03, 2103-04, 2104-05, 2105-06, 2106-07, 2107-08, 2108-09, 2109-10, 2110-11, 2111-12, 2112-13, 2113-14, 2114-15, 2115-16, 2116-17, 2117-18, 2118-19, 2119-20, 2120-21, 2121-22, 2122-23, 2123-24, 2124-25, 2125-26, 2126-27, 2127-28, 2128-29, 2129-30, 2130-31, 2131-32, 2132-33, 2133-34, 2134-35, 2135-36, 2136-37, 2137-38, 2138-39, 2139-40, 2140-41, 2141-42, 2142-43, 2143-44, 2144-45, 2145-46, 2146-47, 2147-48, 2148-49, 2149-50, 2150-51, 2151-52, 2152-53, 2153-54, 2154-55, 2155-56, 2156-57, 2157-58, 2158-59, 2159-60, 2160-61, 2161-62, 2162-63, 2163-64, 2164-65, 2165-66, 2166-67, 2167-68, 2168-69, 2169-70, 2170-71, 2171-72, 2172-73, 2173-74, 2174-75, 2175-76, 2176-77, 2177-78, 2178-79, 2179-80, 2180-81, 2181-82, 2182-83, 2183-84, 2184-85, 2185-86, 2186-87, 2187-88, 2188-89, 2189-90, 2190-91, 2191-92, 2192-93, 2193-94, 2194-95, 2195-96, 2196-97, 2197-98, 2198-99, 2199-00, 2200-01, 2201-02, 2202-03, 2203-04, 2204-05, 2205-06, 2206-07, 2207-08, 2208-09, 2209-10, 2210-11, 2211-12, 2212-13, 2213-14, 2214-15, 2215-16, 2216-17, 2217-18, 2218-19, 2219-20, 2220-21, 2221-22, 2222-23, 2223-24, 2224-25, 2225-26, 2226-27, 2227-28, 2228-29, 2229-30, 2230-31, 2231-32, 2232-33, 2233-34, 2234-35, 2235-36, 2236-37, 2237-38, 2238-39, 2239-40, 2240-41, 2241-42, 2242-43, 2243-44, 2244-45, 2245-46, 2246-47, 2247-48, 2248-49, 2249-50, 2250-51, 2251-52, 2252-53, 2253-54, 2254-55, 2255-56, 2256-57, 2257-58, 2258-59, 2259-60, 2260-61, 2261-62, 2262-63, 2263-64, 2264-65, 2265-66, 2266-67, 2267-68, 2268-69, 2269-70, 2270-71, 2271-72, 2272-73, 2273-74, 2274-75, 2275-76, 2276-77, 2277-78, 2278-79, 2279-80, 2280-81, 2281-82, 2282-83, 2283-84, 2284-85, 2285-86, 2286-87, 2287-88, 2288-89, 2289-90, 2290-91, 2291-92, 2292-93, 2293-94, 2294-95, 2295-96, 2296-97, 2297-98, 2298-99, 2299-00, 2300-01, 2301-02, 2302-03, 2303-04, 2304-05, 2305-06, 2306-07, 2307-08, 2308-09, 2309-10, 2310-11, 2311-12, 2312-13, 2313-14, 2314-15, 2315-16, 2316-17, 2317-18, 2318-19, 2319-20, 2320-21, 2321-22, 2322-23, 2323-24, 2324-25, 2325-26, 2326-27, 2327-28, 2328-29, 2329-30, 2330-31, 2331-32, 2332-33, 2333-34, 2334-35, 2335-36, 2336-37, 2337-38, 2338-39, 2339-40, 2340-41, 2341-42, 2342-43, 2343-44, 2344-45, 2345-46, 2346-47, 2347-48, 2348-49, 2349-50, 2350-51, 2351-52, 2352-53, 2353-54, 2354-55, 2355-56, 2356-57, 2357-58, 2358-59, 2359-60, 2360-61, 2361-62, 2362-63, 2363-64, 2364-65, 2365-

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in two columns. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list includes names such as "John Smith", "Mary Jones", and "Robert Brown", along with their respective addresses in various parts of the city.

1907

# THE FIRST WEEK

Or  
Birth of the **WORLD:**

*Where-in*  
In **SEAVEN DATES**  
The glorious Work  
of  
The **CREATION**  
is diuinely handled.

- In the {
1. Day, The **CHAOS.**
  2. Day, The **ELEMENTS.**
  3. Day, The **SEA & EARTH.**
  4. Day, The **HEAVENS, SUN, MOON, &c.**
  5. Day, The **FISHES & FOYLES.**
  6. Day, The **BEASTS & MAN.**
  7. Day, The **SABAOTH.**
- }



*Acceptam refervo.*



---

LECTORIBVS.



ENGLAND'S  
Apelles (rather  
OVR APOLLO)  
WORLD'S--wonder  
SYDNEY,

that rare more--than--man,  
This LOVELY VENVS  
first to LIMNE beganne,  
VVith such a PENCILL  
as no PENNE dares follow:

How the should I, in Wit & Art so shalow,

Attépt the Task which yet none other can?

Far be the thought, that mine vnlearned hand

His heauenly Labour should so much vnallow:

Yet, least (that Holy-RELIQVE being shrin'd

In som High-Place, close lockt frō common light)

My Country-men should bee debarr'd the sight

Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Miade;

Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE;

This haue I muddled, as my MVSE was able.





# THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

GOD's Ayde implor'd: the Summ of All propos'd:  
World not eternall, nor by Chaunce compos'd:  
But of meer Nothing God it essence gaue:  
It had Beginning: and an End shall haue:  
Curst Atheists quipt: the Heathen Clarke contred:  
Doem's glorious Day: Star-Doctors blam'd, for bold:  
The Matter form'd: Creation of the Light:  
A'ternate Changes of the Day and Night:  
The Birth of Angels; some for Pride deiected:  
The rest persist in Grace, and gard th' Elected.

**T**hou, glorious Guide of Heav'n's star-glistering motion,  
Thou, thou (true Neptune) Tamer of the Ocean,  
Thou, Earth's drad Shaker (at whose only Word,  
Th' Eolian Scouts are quickly still'd and stirr'd)  
Lift up my soule, my drossie spirits refine,  
With learned Artenrich This Work of mine:  
O Father, grant I sweetly warble forth  
Vnto our seede the WORLD's renowned BIRTH:  
Graunt (gracious God) that I record in Verse  
The rarest Beauties of this VNIVERSE;  
And grant, therein Thy Power I may discern:  
That, teaching others, I my self may learn.

C

The Poet implor-  
eth the gracious  
assistance of the  
true God of Hea-  
ven, Earth, Ayre  
and Sea, that he  
may happily fi-  
nish the work he  
takes in hand.

And



# The first Day

The Translator  
knowing and  
acknowled-  
ging his owne  
insufficiēcy for  
so excellent a  
labor, craueth  
also the ayde of  
the All-suffici-  
ent God.

And also grant (great Architect of wonders,  
whose mighty Voice speaks in the midst of Thunders,  
Causing the Rocks to rock, and Hills to tear,  
Calling the things that Are not, as they were;  
Confounding Mighty things by means of Weak;  
Teaching dum Infants thy drad Praise to speak;  
Inspiring Wisdom into those that want,  
And giuing Knowledge to the Ignorant )  
Grant mee good Lord (as thou hast giu'n me hart  
To vndertake so excellent a Part )  
Grant me (such Iudgement, Grace, and Eloquence,  
So correspondent to that Excellence,  
That in some measure, I may seeme t'inherit  
(Elisha-like) my dear Elias Spirit.

The World was  
not from euerla-  
sing.

CLEAR FIRE for euer hath not Ayre imbrac't;  
Nor Ayre for-ay inuiron'd Waters vast,  
Nor Waters always wrapt the Earth therein;  
But all this All did once (of nought) begin.  
Once All was made; not by the hand of Fortune  
(As fond Democritus did yerst importune)  
With iarring Concords making Motes to meet;  
Inuisible, immortall, infinite.

Neither made  
by Chance.  
But created to-  
gether with  
Time by the  
almighty wise-  
dome of God.

Th'immutable diuine Decree, which shall  
Cause the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:  
Neither in Time, nor yet before the same  
But in the instant when Time first became.  
I meane a Time confused; for, the course  
Of years, of months, of weeks, of daies, of howrs,  
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons, is confin'd  
By th'ordred Daunce vnto the Stars assign'd.

God was before  
the World was.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,  
God all in all, and all in God it was:  
Immutable, immortall, infinite,  
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light  
All Maiesty, all self-Omnipotent  
Inuisible, impasssiue, excellent,  
Pure, wise, iust, good, God reign'd alone (at rest)  
Himselfe alone selfs Palace, host, and guest.

Thou.

*of the first weeke.*

3

Thou scoffing Atheist, that enquirest, what  
Th' Almighty did before he framed that?  
What weighty Work his minde was busied on  
Eternally before this World begun  
(Sith so deep Wisedom and Omnipotence,  
Nought worse befits, then sloth & negligence)?  
Knowe (bold blasphemer) that, before, he built  
A Hell to punish the presumptuous Guilt  
Of those vngodly, whose proud sense dares cite  
And censure too his Wisedome infinite.

*He confuteth the  
Atheists, questi-  
oning what God  
did before he  
created the  
World.*

Can Carpenters, Weauers, and Potters passe  
And liue, without their seuerall works a space?  
And could not then th' Almighty All-Creator,  
Th' all-prudent, *B E E*; without this frail Theater?

Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himself esteem,  
*Neuer lesse sole then when he sole doth seem?*  
And could not God (O Heav'ns! what frantike folly!)  
Subsist alone, but sink in melancholy?

Shall the *Pryénian* Princely *Sage* auerr,  
That *all his goods he doth about him beare*;  
And should the Lord, whose Wealth exceeds all measure,  
Should he be poor, without this Worldly treasure?

God neuer seeks, out of himself, for ought;  
He begs of none, he buies or borrows nought;  
But aye, from th' *Ocean* of his liberall Bounty,  
Hee poureth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.

Yer *Eurus* blew, yer Moon did Wax or *VVane*,  
Yer Sea had Fish, yer Earth had grafs or grain,  
God was not void of sacred exercise;  
He did admire his Glorie's Mysteries:  
His power, his Iustice, and his Prouidence,  
His bountious Grace, and great Beneficence  
Were th' holy obiect of his heav'nly thought,  
Vpon the which, eternally it wrought.

*What God did  
before he crea-  
ted the World.*

It may be also that he meditated  
The *VVorlds Idea*, yer it was Created:  
Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit  
*VVere* with him ay, Equall in might and merit.

*Of 3 Persons in  
one only Essence*

C 2

Eor



*of God: of the  
eternall genera-  
tion of the Son.*

*Of the Holy-  
Ghost proceeding  
from the Father.  
and the Sonne:  
The which three  
Persons are one  
onely and the  
same God.*

*How to think &  
speak of God.*

*The Heathen  
Philosophers lost  
themselves and  
others in their  
curiosities: and  
weeming to be  
wise, became  
fooles.*

*God, the Father  
Sonne, & Holy-  
Ghost created  
of Nothing the  
Worlds goodly  
frame.*

For, *sans* beginning, seed, and Mother tender,  
This great World's Father he did first ingender  
(To wit) His Son, Wisedom, and Word eternal:  
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternal.

Out of these Two, their common Power proceeded,  
Their Spirit, their Loue, in Essence vndiuided:  
Onely distinct in Persons, whose Diuinity:  
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.

Soft: soft, my *Muse*, launch not into the Deep,  
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep  
From this *Charybdis* and *Capharcan* Rock,  
Where many a ship hath suffered wofull wrack,  
While they haue fondly vent' red forth too-far,  
Following frail Reason for their only Star.

Who on this Gulf would safely venture faine,  
Must not too boldly hale into the Main,  
But 'longst the shoar with sailes of *Faith* must coast,  
Their Star the Bible; Steers-man th' Holy-Ghost.

How many fine wits haue the World abus'd,  
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd,  
And, (corning of the loyall virgins Thred,  
Haue them and others in this Maze mis-led:

In sacred sheetes of either Testament  
'Tis hard to find a higher Argument,  
More deep to sound, more busie to discufs,  
More vse-full, knowne; vnknowne, more dangerous.  
So bright a Sun dazles my tender sight:  
So deep discourse my sense confoundeth quite:  
My Reason's sedge is dull'd in this Dispute,  
And in my mouth my fainting words be mute.

This TRINITY (which rather I adore  
In humblenes, then busily explore)  
In th' infinit of *Nothing*, builded all  
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;  
Wherein appeares ingrav'n on euery part  
The Builders beauty, greatnes, wealth, and Art;  
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnes, that confounds  
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds,

Climb

## of the first Weeke.

5

Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n,  
And with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n,  
Beyond the World's wals let those Eagles flie,  
And gaze vpon the Sun of Maieftie:  
Let other-some (whose fainted spirits do droop)  
Downe to the ground their meditations stoop,  
And so contemplate on these Workmanſhips,  
That th' Authors praise they in Themſelues eclipse.

*Leaving curious  
speculations, the  
Poet teacheth  
how to contem-  
plate God in his  
Workes.*

My heedfull *Muse*, trained in true Religion,  
Diuinely-humane keeps the middle Region:  
Least, if she should too-high a pitch presume,  
Heav'ns glowing flame should melt her waxen plume;  
Or, if too-low (neer Earth or Sea) she flag,  
Laden with Mists her moisted wings should lag.  
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein  
(As in a Glasse) God's glorious face is seen:  
I loue to look on God; but in this Robe  
Of his great Works, this vniuersall Globe.  
For, if the Suns bright beames do blear the sight  
Of such as fixtly gaze against his light;  
Who can behold about th' Emphyriall Skies,  
The lightning splendor of God's gloriouseies?  
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without  
His Works, which bear his Image round about?

*God makes him-  
selfe (as it were)  
visible in his  
Workes.*

God, of himselfe incapable to sense,  
In's Works, reueales him t' our intelligence:  
There-in, our fingers feel, our nostrils smel,  
Our palats taste his vertues that excel:  
He shewes him to our eyes, talkes to our ears,  
In th' ord' red motions of the spangled Sphears.

*Sundry compa-  
risons, shewing  
what use Chri-  
stians should  
make in conside-  
ring the works of  
God in this migh-  
ty World.*

The World's a School, where (in a generall Story)  
God alwayes reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:  
A pair of Stairs, whereby our mounting Soule  
Ascends by steps about the Arched Pole:  
A sumptuous Hall, where God (on euery side)  
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:  
A Bridge, whereby we may pass-o're (at ease)  
Of sacred Secrets the broad boundless Seas.



The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth cleer,  
Not faire *Latona's* quiv' red Darling deer;  
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance  
Through thickest vail of darkeſt night doth glance.

The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,  
His Juſtice, Knowledge, Loue, and Prouidence,  
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)  
Aboue the Heav'ns to raviſh duſtleſt mindes.

The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all  
With God's great Works in letters Capittall:  
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect,  
A faire Character, void of all defect.

But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,  
In ſteed of learning, learn to play the fools:  
We gaze but on the Babies and the Cower,  
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded ouer;  
And neuer farther for our *Leſſon* look  
Within the Volume of this various Book;  
Where learned Nature rudeſt ones inſtructs,  
Thar, by His wiſedome, God the World conducts.

Although the  
world diſcover  
ſufficiently even  
to the moſt rude  
the Eternity and  
Power of God:  
Yet only the true  
Chriſtians do  
rightly conceive  
it.

To read This Book, we need not vnderſtand  
Each ſtrangers gibbriſh; neither take in hand  
*Turks* Characters, nor *Hebrue* Points to ſeek,  
*Nyle's* Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.  
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antartiks* wilde,  
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fel, the Childe  
Scarce ſeav'n year old, the bleared aged eye,  
Though void of Art, read heer indifferently.  
But he that wears the ſpectacles of *Faith*,  
Sees through the Sphears, aboue their higheſt heighth:  
He comprehend's th' Arch-moover of all Motions,  
And reads (though running) all theſe needfull Notions.  
Therefore, by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,  
Theſe ſacred *Pandeſts* I deſire to read:  
And, God the better to beholde, behold  
Th' Orb from his Birth, in's Ages manifolde.

Th' admired Author's Fancy, fixed not  
On ſome fantaſtik fore-conceited Plot:

Much

of the first Weeke.

7

Much less did he an elder Worldelect,  
By form whereof, he might this Frame erect:  
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince  
Some stately Palace, yer he do commence  
His Royall Work, makes choise of such a Court  
Where cost and cunning equally consort:  
And if he finde not in one Edifice  
All answerable to his queint device;  
From this fair Palace then he takes his Front,  
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount  
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Frise* and *Cornish*,  
And other Places other Peeces furnish;  
And so, selecting euery where the best,  
Doth thirty Models in one House digest.

Nothing, but *Nothing*, had the Lord Almighty,  
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this Citie:  
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea did frame,  
He sought not far, he wet not for the same:  
As *So*, without descending from the sky,  
Crowns the fair Spring in painted brauery;  
Withouten trauaile causeth th' Earth to bear,  
And (far off) makes the World young euery year:

The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,  
The Work and Proiect of this Architect  
Marchall at once: all to his pleasure ranges,  
Who *Almaies*-One, his purpose neuer changes.

Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receiue  
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceiue  
That Hee who meanes to build a warlike Fleet,  
Makes first prouision of all matter meet  
(As Timber, Iron, Canuase, Cord, and Pitch)  
And when all's ready; then appointeth, which  
Which peece for Planks, which plank shall line the waste,  
The Poupe and Prow, which Fir shall make a mast;  
As Art and Vse directeth, heedfully,  
His hand, his tool, his iudgement, and his eye:  
So God, before This Frame he fashioned,  
I Wote not what great Word he vttered

God, needing no  
Idea, nor preme-  
ditatiō, nor Pat-  
tern of his work,  
of nothing made  
all the World.

A fit Simile to  
that purpose.

Of *Nothing*,  
God created the  
matter, where-  
unto afterward  
he gaue the form  
and figure which  
now we behol'd  
in the creatures.



From's sacred mouth; which summon'd in a Masse  
 Whatsoeuer now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.  
 But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainfull trade,  
 Findes all his stuffe to's hand already made;  
 Th' Almighty makes his, all and every part,  
 Without the help of others Wit or Art.

That first World (yet) was a most formless *Form*,  
 A confus'd Heap, a *Chaos* most deform,  
 A Gulf of Gulfs, a Body ill compact,  
 An vgly medly, where all difference lackt:  
 Where th' Elements lay iumbled all together,  
 Where hot and cold were iarring each with either;  
 The blunt with sharp, the dank against the drie,  
 The hard with soft, the base against the high;  
 Bitter with sweet: and while this brawl did last,  
 The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:  
 Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;  
 Water Earth, Aire within the Fire were fixt;  
 Fire, Water Earth, did in the Aire abide;  
 Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.  
 For, yet th' immortal, mightie Thunder-darter,  
 The Lord high-Marshall, vnto each his quarter  
 Had not assigned: the Celestiall Arks  
 Were not yet spangled with their fiery sparks:  
 As yet no flowrs with odours Earth reuiued:  
 No scaly shoals yet in the waters diued:  
 Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,  
 Were born as yet through the transparent Sky.

*Genf. 1. 2*

All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;  
 All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.  
 Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,  
 Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.  
 Or if one could, in such a World, spy forth  
 The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, and the Earth;  
 Th' Earth was not firm, the Fier was not hot,  
 Th' Aire was not light, the Water cooled not.  
 Briefly, suppose an Earth, poore, naked, vain,  
 All void of verdure, without Hill or Plain.

*of the first Weeke.*

9

A Heav'n vn-hangd, vn-turning, vn-transparent,  
Vn-garnished, vn-gilt with Stars apparant;  
So maist thou ghesse what Heav'n and Earth was that,  
Where, in confusion, raigned such debate:  
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,  
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet.

This was not then the World: 'twas but the Matter,  
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;  
Or rather, th'*Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*  
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like  
The shape-less burthen in the Mothers womb,  
Which yet in Time doth into fashion com:  
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,  
And euery member in proportion meet;  
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thriues,  
And (*Little-World*) into the World arriues.  
But that becomes (by Natures set direction)  
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.  
But this dull Heap of vndigested stuf  
Had doubtlesse neuer come to shape or proof,  
Had not th' Almighty with his quick'ning breath  
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.

The dreadfull Darknes of the *Memphytists*,  
The sad black horror of *Chimerian* Mists,  
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault  
(Or if ought darker in the World bethought)  
Muffled the face of that profound Abyss,  
Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies:  
So that (in fine) this furious debate  
Euen in the birth this Ball had ruinate,  
Saue that the Lord into the Pile did pour  
Some secret Maltik of his sacred Power,  
To glew together, and to gouern fair  
The Heav'n and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire;  
Who ioyntly iustling, in their rude Disorder,  
The new-born Nature went about to murder.

As a good Wit, that on th'immortall Shrine  
Of *Memory*, ingraues a Work Diuine,

*The Chaos how  
to be considered.*

*A simile.*

*Of the secret po-  
wer of God in  
quickning the  
matter whereof  
the World was  
made.*

*The Spirit of  
God, by an in-  
conceivable*

Abroad,



meane, maintai-  
ned, and (as it  
were brooding)  
warmed the  
shape-lesse  
Masse.  
Genes. 1

Abroad, a-bed, at board, for euer vses  
To minde his Theam, and on his Book still muses:  
So did Gods Spirit delight it self a space  
To moue it self vpon the floating Masse:  
No other care th'Almightie's minde possesse  
(If care can enter in his sacred brest).  
Or, as a Hen that faine would hatch a Brood  
(Som of her owne, som of adoptiue blood)  
Sits close thereon, and with her liuely heat,  
Of yellow-white balls, doth lyue birds beget:  
Euen in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternall  
To brood vpon this Gulf; with care paternall  
Quickning the Parts, inspiring power in each,  
From so foul Lees, so fair a World to fetch.  
For, 't's nought but All, in't self including All:  
An vn-beginning, midles, endles Ball;  
'Tis nothing but a World, whose superfi-  
ce Leaues nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

That there is but  
one World: con-  
futing the Error  
of Lucypus  
& his Disciples,  
by two reasons.

\* embrace.

Now, though the great Duke, that (in dreadfull aw)  
Vpon Mount Horeb learn'd th'eternall Law,  
Had not assur'd vs that Gods sacred Power  
In six Dayes built this Vniuersall Bower;  
Reason it self doth ouer-throw the grounds  
Of those new Worlds that fond Leucypus founds:  
Sith, if kind Nature many Worlds could \* clip,  
Still th'vpper Worldswater and earth would slip  
Into the lower; and so in conclusion,  
All would return into the Old Confusion.  
Besides, we must imagin empty distance  
Between these Worlds, wherein, without resistance  
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their courses,  
By th'inter-iustling of each others forces:  
But, all things are so fast together fixt  
With so firm bonds, that there's no void betwixt.  
Thence coms it, that a Cask, pearc't to be spent,  
Though full, yet runs not till we giue it vent.  
Thence is't that Bellows, while the snout is stoppt,  
So hardly heaue, and hardly can be op't.

Thence

*of the first Weeke.*

II

Thence is't that water doth not freez in Winter,  
Stopt close in vessels where no aire may enter.  
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close,  
Let fall no liquor at their siue-like nose.  
And thence it is, that the pure siluer source,  
In leaden pipes running a captiue course,  
Contrary to it's Nature, spouteth high:  
To all, so odious is Vacuity.

God then, not only framed Nature one,  
But also set it limitation  
Of Form and Time: exempting euer solely  
From quantity his own self's Essence holy.  
How can we call the Heav'ns vnmeasured?  
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measured.  
How can we count this Vniuerse immortal?  
Sith many-ways the parts proue howerly mortall:  
Sith his Commencement proues his Consummation,  
And all things ay decline to Alteration.

Let bold *Greek* Sages faine the Firmament  
To be compos'd of a fift Element:  
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnes,  
End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes:  
And let them argue that Deaths lawes alone,  
Reach but the Bodies vnder *Cynthias* Throne:  
The sandy grounds of their *Sophistick* brawling  
Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.

One Day, the Rocks from top to toe shall quier,  
The mountaines melt and all in sunder shiuer:  
The Heav'ns shall rent for fear; the lowely Fields,  
Pust vp, shall swell to huge and mighty Hills:  
Riuers shall dry: or if in any Flood  
Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood:  
The Sea shall all be fire, and on the shoar  
The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roare:  
The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon,  
And make it midnight when it should be noon:  
With rusty Mask the Heav'ns shall hide their face,  
The Stars shall fall, and All away shall passe:

*Confutation of  
another Error of  
such as make  
Nature and the  
Heauens infinite*

*A lively descrip-  
tion of the end of  
this world.*

Disorder,



## The first Day

Disorder, Dread, Horror, and Death shall com,  
 Noise, Stormes, and Darknes shall vsurp the room.  
 And then the *Chief-Chief-Iustice*, venging Wrath  
 (Which heer already often threatned hath)  
 Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,  
 As once he made it a vast Ocean all.

*Against iudicial  
 Astrologers, that  
 presume to point  
 the very time  
 thereof.*

Alas! how faith-les and how modest-les  
 Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)  
 Mark th'yeer, the month and day, which euermore  
 Gainst yeers, months, dayes, shal dam-vp *Saturnes* dore!  
 (At thought whereof (euen now) my heart doth ake,  
 My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake)  
 You haue mis-cast in your *Arithmetike*,  
 Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly ye seek  
 In Nights black darknes for the secret things  
 Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings.  
 'Tis hee, that keeps th'eternall Clocke of Time,  
 And holds the waights of that appointed Chime:  
 Hee in his hand the sacred book doth bear  
 Of that close-clasped finall *Calendar*,  
 Where, in *Red letters* (not with vs frequented)  
 The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;  
 That dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly post,  
 That 'twill be seen, before fore-scene of most.

Then, then (good Lord) shall thy dear Son descend  
 (Though yet he seem in feeble flesh ypend)  
 In complete Glory, from the glistering Skie:  
 Millions of Angels shall about him flie:  
*Mercy and Iustice*, marching cheek by ioule,  
 Shall his Diuine *Triumphant Chariot* roule;  
 Whose wheelles shall shine with Lightning round about,  
 And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.

Those that were laden with proud marble Tooimbs,  
 Those that were swallow'd in wilde Monsters woombs,  
 Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes  
 Of ruddy Flames haue burned all to ashes,  
 Awaked all, shall rise, and all reuest  
 The flesh and bones that they at first posselt.

*of the first Weeke.*

13

All shall appear, and hear, before the Throne  
Of God (the Iudge without exception)  
The finall Sentence (sounding ioy and terror)  
Of euer-lasting Happines or Horror.  
Som shall his *Iustice*, som his *Mercy* taste;  
Som call'd to ioy, som into torment cast,  
When from the Goats he shall his Sheep disseuer;  
These *Blest* in Heav'n, those *Curst* in Hell for euer.  
O thou that once (scornd as the vilest drudge)  
Didst feare the doom of an *Italian* Iudge,  
Daign (deere'st Lord) when the last Trump shall summon,  
To this *Grand Sessions*, all the World in common;  
Daign in That Day to vndertake my matters  
And, as my Iudge, so be my Mediator.

Th'eternall Spring of Power and Prouidence,  
In Forming of this All-circumference,  
Did not vnlike the Bear, which bringeth forth  
In th'end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth;  
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,  
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,  
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring  
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.  
For when his World in the vast Voyd had brought  
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,  
In time the high World from the lowe he parted,  
And by it selfe, hot vnto hot he sorted;  
Hard vnto hard cold vnto cold he sent;  
Moist vnto moist, as was expedient.  
And so in *Six Dayes* form'd ingeniously,  
All things contain'd in th'*V N I V E R S I T I E*.

Not, but he could haue, in a moment, made  
This flowry Mansion where mankind doth trade;  
Spred Heav'ns blew Curtains & those Lamps haue burnisht;  
Earth, aire, & sea; with beasts, birds, fish, haue furnisht;  
But, working with such Art so many dayes,  
A sumptuous Palace for Mankind to raise,  
Yer Man was made yet; he declares to vs,  
How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,

*Having spoken  
of the creation  
of the Matter,  
he sheweth how  
& what Forme  
God gaue vnto  
it, creating in six  
Dayes his admi-  
rable workes.*

*Wherefore God  
employed six  
Dayes in crea-  
ting the World.*

He.



He would be to vs being made, to whom  
By thousand promises of things to-come  
(Vnder the Broad-Seal of his deere Sons blood)  
He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.

*How men should  
imitate God in  
his workes.*

By his Example he doth also shewe-vs  
We should not heedles-hastily bestowe-vs  
In any Work, but patiently proceed  
With oft re-vises; *Making sober speed*  
In dearest business, and obserue, by proof,  
That, *What is well don, is don soon enough.*

*The 1. creature,  
extracted from  
the Chaos, was  
Light.*

O Father of the Light! of Wisedome fountain;  
Out of the Bulk of that confused Mountain  
What should (what could) issue, before the *Light?*  
Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.  
In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclope* drawn,  
In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,  
In vain *Apelles* *Venus* had begun,  
*Zeuxis* *Penelope*; if that the Sun  
To make them seen, had neuer shoven his splendor:  
In vain, in vain had been (those *Works of Wonder*)  
Th' *Ephesian Temple*, and high *Pharian-Tower*,  
And *Carian Toomb* (Tropheis of Wealth and Power)  
In vain they had been builded euery one,  
By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Cresiphon*;  
Had All been wrapt-vp from all humane sight,  
In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.

What one thing more doth the good Architect,  
In Princely Works (more specially) respect,  
Then lightfomness? to th' end the Worlds bright Eye,  
Careering dayly once about the Sky,  
May shine therein; and that in euery part  
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.

*Sundry opinions  
concerning the  
matter, and cre-  
ation of Light.*

Whether Gods Spirit, mouing vpon the Ball  
Of bubbling Waters (which yet couered All)  
Thence forç't the Fire (as when amid the Sky  
*Auster* and *Boreas* iusting furiously  
Vnder hot *Cancer*, make two clouds to clash,  
Whence th' aire at mid-night flames with lightning flash):

Whether

Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,  
From Fiery Element did Light extract:  
Whether about the vast confused Crowd  
Fortwice-six howrs he spread a shining Cloud,  
Which after he re-darkned, that in time  
The Night as long might wrap-yp either Clime:  
Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams  
Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:  
Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled  
Vpon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)  
Which flying round about, gaue light in order  
To th'vn-plac't Climates of that deep disorder;  
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball  
(The Light's bright Chariot) doth enlighten All.  
No sooner said he, *Be there Light*; but lo  
The form-les Lump to perfect Form gan growe;  
And, all illustred with Lights radiant shine,  
Dost mourning weeds, and deckt it passing fine.

Gen. 1. 3.

Of the excellent  
use and commodi-  
tie of Light.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excellling;  
Sorrow and Care, Darknes and Dread-repelling:  
Thou World's great Taper, Wicked mens iust Terror,  
Mother of Truth, true Beauties onely Mirror,  
God's eldest Daughter: O! how thou art full  
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!  
Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye  
Doth iudge thee so: and sith his Maiesty  
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes  
Can doo no les then sing thy modest prayse.

But yet, because all Pleasures wax vnpleasant,  
If without pawse we still possesse them, present;  
And none can right discern the sweets of Peace,  
That haue not felt Warrs irkesom bitterness;  
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by  
(For, contraries each other best descry)  
Th'All's-Architect, alternately decreed:  
That Night the Day, the Day should Night succeed.

Why God ordai-  
ned the Night  
and Day alter-  
nately to succeed  
each other.

The Night to temper Dayes exceeding drought,  
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.

The commoditie  
that the Night  
The bringeth vs.



The Night is she that all our trauailes eases,  
 Buries our cares, and all our griefs appeases.  
 The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,  
 In gloomy Darknes hushing euery thing)  
 Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,  
 And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.

'Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)  
 Our life were loathsom; euen a Hell to pass:  
 For, outward pains and inward passions still,  
 With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.  
 O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away  
 Where-with vaine Actors, in this Worlds great Play,  
 By day disguise them. For, no difference  
 Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,  
 The poor and rich, the Prisoner and the Iudge,  
 The foul and fair, the Master and the Drudge,  
 The fool and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:  
 For, Night's black Mantle couers all alike.

He that, condemn'd for som notorious vice,  
 Seeks in the Mines the baits of Auarice;  
 Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright  
 Our soules dire sulphur; resteth yet at Night.  
 He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide  
 His laden Barge alongst a Rivers side,  
 And filling shoars with shouts, doth melt him quite;  
 Vpon his pallet resteth yet at Night.  
 He that in Sommer, in extreamest heat  
 Scorched all day in his own scalding sweat,  
 Shaues, with keen Sythe, the glory and delight  
 Of motly Medowes: resteth yet at Night,  
 And in the arms of his deer Pheer forgoes  
 All former troubles; and all former woes.  
 Onely the learned Sisters sacred Minions,  
 While silent Night vnder her sable pinions  
 Foldes all the World; with pain-les pain they tread  
 A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;  
 And higher then the Heav'ns their Readers raise  
 Vpon the wings of their immortal Layes.

*of the first Weeke.*

17

*Before he con-  
clude the first  
Day, he treateth  
of Angels.*

*The time of their  
Creation not cer-  
tainly resolved.*

*Some of them are  
fallen, revolting  
from God: and  
are cast into  
Hell, therefore  
called Evil An-  
gels, Wicked  
Spirits, and Di-  
uels.*

EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime  
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,  
The Night might ease My Labours: but, I see  
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;  
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes  
Heav'ns glorious Heast in nimble squadrons flies.

Whether, *This-Day*, God made you Angels bright,  
Vnder the name of Heav'n, or of the Light:  
Whether you were, after, in th' instant born  
With those bright Spangles that the Heav'ns adorn:  
Or, whether you deriue your high Descent  
Long time before the World and Firmament  
(For, I will stily argueto and fro  
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;  
Especially, where curious search, perchance,  
Is not so safe as humble Ignorance);  
I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent  
Created you immortall, innocent,  
Good, fair, and free; in brief, of Essence such  
As from his Owne differd not very much.

But euen as those, whom Princes fauours oft  
Aboue the rest haue rais'd and set aloft,  
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)  
Attempt Rebellion and do practice Treason;  
And so, at length are iustly tumbled down  
Beneath the foot, that raught aboue the Crown:  
Euen so, some Legions of those lofty Spirits  
(Envyng the glory of their Makers merits)  
Conspir'd together, stroue against the stream,  
T'vsurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.  
But He, whose hands doe neuer Lightnings lack  
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,  
Hurld them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell:  
For, where God is not, euery where is Hell.

This cursed Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,  
Of vs, at least, haue this aduantage got,  
That by experience they can truly tell  
How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell:

D

For



For, by a proud leap, they haue tane the measure,  
When headlong thence they tumbled in displeasure.

*The insolent and  
audacious at-  
tempts of Satan  
and his Fellowes  
against God and  
his Church.*

These Fiends are so far-off from bet'ring them  
By this hard Iudgement, that still more extream,  
The more their plague, the more their pride increases,  
The more their rage: as Lizards, cut in peeces,  
Threat with more malice, though with lesser might,  
And enen in dying shewe their liuing spight.  
For, euer since, against the King of Heav'n  
Th' Apostate Prince of Darknes still hath striv'n,  
Striv'n to depraue his Deeds, & inter their Story,  
T'vndoo his Church, to vnder-mine his Glory;  
To reauē this World's great Body, Ship, and State,  
Of Head, of Maister, and of Magistrate.

But finding still the Maiesty diuine  
Too strongly fenc't for him to vnder-mine;  
His Ladders, Canons and his Engines, all  
Force-les to batter the celestiall Wall;  
Too weak to hurt the Head, he hacks the Members,  
The Tree too hard, the Branches he dismembers.

The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Foresters,  
Set not so many toyls, and baits, and snares,  
To take the Foul, the Fish, the sauage Beasts,  
In Woods, and Floods, and fear-full Wildernes:  
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile  
The cunningest, that practice nought but wile.

*The diuers baits  
of the Diuell to  
entrap mankind.*

With wanton glaunce of Beauties burning eye  
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.  
With Golds bright lustre doth he Age intice  
To Idolize detested Auarice.  
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,  
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate.  
With curious Skill-pride, and vain dreams, he witches  
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.  
Yea, Faith it selfe, and Zeal, be sometimes Angles  
Wherewith this Iuggler Heav'n-bent Soules intangles:  
Much like the green Worm, that in Spring deuours  
The buds and leaues of choicest Fruits and Flowrs;

Turning

*of the first weeke.*

19

Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure  
To deadly poyſon and deteſted ordure.

Who but (alas!) would haue been guil'd yer-whiles  
With Night's black Monark's moſt malitious wiles?  
To hear Stones ſpeak, to ſee ſtrange wooden Miracles,  
And golden Gods to vtter wondrous Oracles?  
To ſee Him play the Prophet, and inſpire  
So many *Sibyls* with a ſacred fire?

To raiſe dead *Samuel* from his ſilent Toomb,  
To tell his King Calamities to-come?

T'inflame the Flamine of *Ioue Ammon* ſo

With Heathen-holy fury-fits to knowe

Future euent, and ſometimes truly tell

The blinded World what afterwards befall?

To counterfait the wondrous Works of God;

His Rod turn Serpent, and his Serpent Rod?

To change the pure ſtreams of th'*Egyptian* Flood

From cleareſt water into crimſin blood?

To rain-down Frogs, and Graſs-hopper to bring

In the bed-chambers of the ſtubborn King?

For, as he is a Spirit, vnſeen he ſees

The plots of Princes, and their Policies;

Vnſelt, he feels the depth of their deſires;

Who harbours vengeance, and whoſe heart aſpires:

And, as vs'd daily vnto ſuch effects,

Such feats and faſhions, iudges of th'effects.

Befides, to circumvent the quick'eſt ſprighted,

To blind the eyes euen of the cleareſt ſighted,

And to enwrap the wiſeſt in his ſnares,

He oft fore-tels what he himſelf prepares.

For, if a Wiſe man (though Man's daies be done

As ſoon almoſt as they be heer begun;

And his dull Fleſh be of too ſlowe a kinde

T'enſue the nimble Motions of his minde)

By th'only power of Plants and Minerals

Can work a thouſand ſuper-naturals:

Who but will think, much more theſe Spirits can

Work ſtrange effects, exceeding ſenſe of Man?

D 2

*Their Oracles.*

*1. Samuel. 28*

*14. 17*

*Their falſe Mi-  
racles.*

*Exod. 7. 11. 22*

*& 8. 7*

*Their Wiles.*

*Wherefore their  
effects are ſo  
ſtrange & won-  
derfull.*

Sith



Sith being immortall, long experience brings  
Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things;  
And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach,  
And lighter speed, their bold Designes they reach.

God restraines  
them at his  
pleasure.

Not that they haue the bridle on their neck,  
To run at random without curb or check,  
T' abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,  
And tyrannize our body and our minde.  
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;  
That, without leaue, one minute of an hower  
They cannot range. It was by his permission,  
The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;  
Making him march against that Foe with force,  
Which should his body from his soule diuorce.

1. Kings 22. 35

Arm'd with Gods sacred Pass-port, he did try  
Iust humble *Iob's* renowned Constancy:  
He reaues him all his Cattel, many wayes,  
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Seruants slayes:  
To losse of Goods he adds his Children losse,  
And heaps vpon him bitter crosse on crosse.

Iob 1. 15. &c.

Why the Lord  
sometimes lets  
loose those wic-  
ked Spirits.

For th' Only Lord, sometimes to make a tryall  
Of firme *Faith*; sometimes with Errors violll  
To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight;  
Lets loose these *Furies*: who with fell despight  
Driue still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)  
Their damned drifts in *Adam* first commenced.

Of the good An-  
gels seruing to  
the glory of God,  
and good of his  
Church, both in  
generall and  
particular.

But, as these Rebels, maugre all that will,  
T' assist the Good, be forc't t' assault the Ill:  
Th' vnspotted Spirits that neuer did intend  
To mount too high, nor yet too lowe descend,  
With willing speed they euery moment goe  
Whether the breath of diuine grace doth blowe:  
Their aims had neuer other limitation  
Then God's own glory, and his Saints saluation.  
Law-lesse Desire ne'r enters in their breast,  
Th' Almighty's Face is their *Ambrosiall* Feast:  
Repentant tears of strayed Lambs returning,  
Their *Nectar* sweet: their *Musick*, Sinners Mourning.

Ambi-

of the first Weeke.

21

Ambitious Mans greedy Desire doth gape  
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:  
These neuer thirst for greater Dignities,  
Trauail's their ease, their blis in seruice lies.  
For God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,  
Or bow'd his head, or giuen som other token,  
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein  
The Ministry of Angels shall be seen,  
But these quick Postes with ready expedition  
Fly to accomplish their diuine Commission.

Gen. 21. 17, 18.

One follows *Agar* in hir pilgrimage,  
And with sweet comforts doth her cares allwage.

Exod. 23. 23. &

Another guideth *Isaacs* mighty Hoasts;

33. 2.

Another, *Jacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts.

Tobi. 11. 7, 11.

Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light  
Restores old faithfull *Tobies* failing sight.

& 12, 14. & 15

In *Nazareth*, another rapt with ioy,

Luk. 1. 26.

Tels that a Virgin shall bring forth a Boy;  
That *Mary* shall at-once be Mayd-and-Mother,  
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spowse, and Brother:

Yea, that Her happy fruitfull wombe shall bold  
Him, that in Him doth all the World in fold.

Som in the Desart tender consolations,  
While *Iesus* stroue with *Sathans* strong Temptations.

Matth. 4. 11.

One, in the Garden, in his Agonies,

Luk. 22. 43.

Cheers-vp his fears in that great enterprise,  
To take that bloody Cup, that bitter Chalice,  
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.

Another certifies his Resurrection

Matth. 28. 25.

Vnto the Women, whose faith's imperfection  
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Graue were bound

Vntill th' Archangels lofty Trump should sound.

Another, past all hope, doth pre-auerre

Luk. 1. 13.

The birth of *Iohn*, *Christ's* holy Harbenger.

Act. 12. 1.

One, trusty Seriant for diuine Decrees,

The *Jewes* Apostle from close Prison frees:

One, in few howers, a fearfull slaughter made

Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had;

Exod. 12. 29.



2. King. 10. 35

Exempting These vpon whose door-posts stood  
 A sacred token of Lambs tender blood,  
 Another mowes down in a moments space,  
 Before *Hierusalem*, (Gods chosen place)  
*Senacharib's* proud ouer-daring Hoast,  
 That threatned Heav'n, and 'gainst the Earth did boast;  
 In his blasphemous Braues, comparing ev'n  
 His Idol-Gods, vnto the God of Heav'n.

His Troups, victorious in the East before,  
 Besieg'd the City, which did sole adore  
 The Onely God; so that, without their leaue,  
 A Sparrow scarce the sacred Walls could leaue.  
 Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,  
 Poyzing the danger of these sad euents  
 (His Subjects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,  
 His childrens death the rape of noble Dames,  
 The Massacre of Infants and of Eld,  
 And's Royall Self with thousand weapons queld;  
 The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer voyd  
 Of sacred vse, Gods Seruants all destroyd)  
 Humbled in Sack-cloath and in Ashes, cries  
 For ayd to God, the God of Victories;  
 Who hears his suit, and thunders down his Fury  
 On those proud *Pagan* Enimies of *Iury*.  
 For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*  
 About the Fire securely snorted hard,  
 From Heav'n th' Almighty looking sternly down  
 (Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown)  
 A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' *Assyrians* sent,  
 Whose two hand Sword, at euery veny, sent,  
 Not through a single Souldiers feeble bones,  
 But keenly flices through whole Troops at once  
 And heaws broad Lanes before it and behinde,  
 As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.  
 Now gan they fly; but all too slowe to shun  
 A flying Sword that follow'd euery one.  
 A Sword they saw; but could not see the arm  
 That in one Night had don so dismall harm.

As we perceiue a Winde-mills sayls to go;  
But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.

Blushing *Aurora*, had yet scarce dismiss  
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Mist,  
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, discov'ring plain  
An hundred fourescore and five thousand slain,  
Exceeding ioyfull, gan to ponder stricter,  
To see such Conquest, and not knowe the Victor.

O sacred Tutors of the Saints / you Guard  
Of Gods Elect, you Pursuiuants prepar'd  
To execute the Counsailes of the Highest;  
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the highest;  
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns swift Harbengers,  
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;  
I could bewell content and take delight  
To follow farther your celestiaall Flight:  
But that I fear ( heer hauing ta'n in hand  
So long a iourney both by Sea and Land )  
I fear to faint, if ( at the first ) too fast  
I cut away, and make too-hasty haste:  
For, Trauailers, that burn in braue desire  
To see strange Countries manners and attire,  
Make halte enough if only the *First Day*  
From their owne Sul they set but on their way.

---

*Soe Morne and Euening the First Day conclude,  
And God percein'd that All his Works were good.*

---





THE  
SECOND DAIE  
OF THE FIRST  
WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Lewd Pöets checkt: Our Pöets chaste Intent:  
Heav'ns Curtain spread: th' all-forming Elements;  
Their number, nature, use and Domination,  
Concent, excess, continuance, situation:  
Aire's triple Regions; and their Temper's change:  
Windes, Exhalations, and all Meteors strange;  
Th' effects, the use (apply'd to Conscience):  
Mans Reason non-plust in som Accidents:  
Of Prodigies: of th' Elemental Flame:  
Heav'ns ten-fold Orbs: Waters above the same.*

*A iust reproof of  
wanton & lascivious  
Poets of  
our Time.*

**T**Hose learned Spirits, whose wits applyed wrong,  
VVith wanton Charms of their inchanting song,  
Make of an olde, foul, frantike *Hecuba*,  
A wondrous fresh, faire, witty *Helena*:  
Of lewd *Faustina* (that loose Emperess)  
A chaste *Lucretia*, loathing wantonness:  
Of a blinde Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Bastard,  
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Master;  
On thankless furrows of a fruitless sand  
Their seed and labour lose, with heedless hand;  
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott  
VVhat fume of Fame that seems them to besott)

Resemble

Resemble Spiders, that with curious pain  
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain.

But (though then Time we have no dearer Treasure)  
Less should I wail their miss-expende of pleasure,  
If their sweet *Muse*, with too-well spoken Spell,  
Drew not their Readers with themselves to Hell.

For, vnder th'hony of their learned Works  
A hatefull draught of deadly poyson lurks:  
Whereof (alas) Young spirits quaffe so deep,  
That drunk with Loue, their Reason falls asleep;  
And such a habit their fond Fancy gets,  
That their ill Stomack still loves euill meats.

*The danger of  
their seduced  
Readers.*

Th'enchanting force of their sweet eloquence  
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,  
Ay (childe-like) sliding, in a foolish strife,  
On th'icic down-Hills of this slippery Life.

The Songs their *Phœbus* doth so sweet inspire,  
Are euen the Bellows whence they blow the fire  
Of raging Lust (before) whose wanton flashes  
A tender brest rak't-vp in shamefaced ashes.

Therefore, for my part, I have vow'd to Heav'n  
Such wit and learning as my God hath giu'n;  
To write, to th'honour of my Maker dread,  
Verses that a Virgin without blush may read.

*Our Poets mo-  
dest purpose.*

Clear Source of Learning, soule of th'Vniuerse  
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuse mine humble Verse  
To sing thy Praises) make my Pen distill  
Celestiall Nectar, and this Volume fill  
VVith th' *Amalthean* Horn; that it may haue  
Some correspondence to a Theam so graue:  
Rid thou my passage, and make clear my way  
From all incumbers: shine vpon *This Day*;  
That guided safely by thy sacred Light,  
My *Rendez-vous* I may attain yernight.

*Again, he calleth  
vpon God, for  
assistance in the  
description of the  
2. Dayes worke.*

THAT HUGE broad-length, that long-broad height-  
Th'infinite finit, that great moundless Mound, (profound;  
I mean that *Chaos*, that self-iarring Mass,  
VVhich in a moment made of Nothing was;

*which is, the Fir-  
mament mention-  
ed by Moses in  
the 1. Ch of Gen.  
1. 6. 7. 8. Com-  
Was prehending the*



Heavens, and all  
the Elementarie  
Region.

Of the foure Ele-  
ments, simple in  
themselves: whereof  
all things subiect  
to our sense, are  
composed.

Diuers Similes.

A vicissitude of  
the Elements  
predominance.

Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence  
The Heav'ns should issue, and the Elements.

Now th'Elements, twin-twins (two Sons, two Daughters)

To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters

Are not compounded: but, of them is all

Compounded first, that in our sense can fall:

Whether their qualities, in euery portion

Of euery thing, infuse them with proportion:

Whether in all, their substance they confound,

And so but one thing of their foure compound:

As in a *Venice* Glas, before our eyne,

We see the water intermix with wine:

Or, in our stomach, as our drink and food

Doe mingle, after to conuert to blood.

This in a Fire-brand may we see, whose Fire

Doth in his flame toward's natue Heav'n aspire,

His Aire in smoak; in ashes falls his Earth,

And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.

Euen such a War our Bodies peace maintains:

For, in our Flesh, our Bodie's Earth remains:

Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess:

And, last, our Water in our humours rests.

Nay, ther's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,

Where each of these not intermix their powers;

Though 'tbe apparant (and I needs must grant)

That aye som one is most Predominant.

The pure red part, amid the Mass of Bloud,

The *Sanguine* Aire commands: the clutted mud,

Sunk down in Lees, Earths *Melancholy* shoves:

The pale thin humour, that on th'out-side shoves,

Is watery *Phlegme*: and the light froathy scum,

Bubbling about, hath Fiery *Cholers* room.

Not, that at all times, one same Element

In one same Body hath the Regiment:

But, in his turn each raigning, his subiects draws

After his Lore: for, still *New Lords, new Laws*;

As *fans* respect how rich or Noble-born,

Each Citizen rules and obayes, by turn,

In chart'ed Towns; which seem, in little space,  
Changing their Ruler euen to change their face  
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their object,  
So *Princes manners* do transform the Subiect):  
Soth' Element in Wine predomining,  
It hot, and cold, and moist, and dry doth bring;  
By's perfect or imperfect force (at length)  
Inforcing it to change the taste and strength:  
So that it doth Grapes sharp-green iuice transfer  
To Must, Must t' Wine, and Wine to Vineger.

As while a Monarch, to teach others aw,  
Subiects his own selfs-Greatnes to his Law,  
He ruleth fearless: and his Kingdoms flourish  
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nourish);  
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen sword be euer  
Vniustly drawn, if he be sated neuer  
With Subiects blood; needs must his Rage (at last)  
Destroy his State, and lay his Countrey waste:  
So (or much like) the while one Element  
Ouer the rest hath modest Gouernment;  
While, in proportion (though vnequall yet)  
With Soueraign Humours Subiect Humours fit,  
The Body's sound; and in the very face  
Retains the Form of beauty and of grace:  
But if (like that inhumane Emperour  
Who wisht, all People vnderneath his Power  
Had but one head, that he might butcher so  
All th' Empires Subiects at one onely blowe)  
It, Tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,  
It ruines soon the Province it possesse;  
Where soon appears, through his proud vsurpation,  
Both outward change and inward alteration.

So, too-much Moist, which (vnconcoct within)  
The Liuer spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,  
Puff's vp the Patient, stops the pipes and pores  
Of Excrements: yea, double bars the dores  
Of his short breath: and slowly-swiftly curst,  
In midd' st of Water makes him euer thirst:

*Excellent Similes  
shewing the com-  
modity or discō-  
modity of the  
proportion or ex-  
cesse of euery of  
the Elements.*

*Excesse of moi-  
sture.*

Not



Nor giues man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones  
Beraked vp in a cold heap of stones.

*Of Drought.*

So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,  
Which seeming painles, yet much pain doth cause;  
Robbing the nerues of might, of Ioy the heart,  
Of mirth the face, of moisture euery part  
(Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,  
By little and little it own selfs consumer)  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respite till his bones  
Beraked vp in a colde heap of stones.

*Of Heate.*

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Feuer,  
Which spurrs our Pulse, and furs our Palat euer;  
And on the tables of our troubled brain,  
Fantastikely with various pen sill vain  
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or mo  
Then euer Nature, Art, or Chance could shoue:  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones  
Beraked vp in a cold heap of stones.

*Of Colde.*

So, too-much Cold couers with hoary Fleece  
The head of Age, his flesh diminishes,  
Withers his face, hollowes his rheumy eyes,  
And makes himself euen his own self despise;  
While through his marrow euery where it enters,  
Quenching his native heat with endless Winters:  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones  
Beraked vp in a cold heap of stones.

*Of the continu-  
ance of the Ele-  
ments, maintay-  
ning, that what-  
soeuer is now new  
formed, hath still  
his substance  
fro the Materia  
prima: & what-  
soeuer dissolues,  
resolues into the  
same, changing  
onely forme:  
and also confu-  
ting the contrary  
Errors.*

Yet thinke not, that this *Too-too-much* remises  
Ought into nought: it but the Form disguises  
In hundred fashions; and the Substances  
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leese.  
For, all that's made, is made of the *First Matter*  
Which in th'old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.  
All, that dissolues, resolues into the same.  
Since first the Lord of Nothing made This Frame,  
Nought's made of nought; and nothing turns to nothing:  
Things birth, or death, change but their formall clothing:  
Their Forms do vanish, but their bodies bide;  
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now side.

For

For, if of Nothing any thing could spring,  
Th' Earth without seed should wheat and barley bring.  
Pure Mayden-wombs desired Babes should bear:  
All things, at all times, should grow euery where.  
The Hart in Water should it self ingender;  
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:  
Th' Ocean should yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree;  
On Hazels Acorns, Nuts on Oaks should be:  
And breaking Natures set and sacred vse,  
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.

If of them selues things took their thriving, then  
Slowe-growing Babes should instantly be men:  
Then in the Forests should huge boughs be seen  
Born with the bodies of vnplanted Treen:  
Then should the sucking Elephant support  
Vpon his shoulders a well-manned Fort:  
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,  
Should neigh for Battail, like *Bucephalus*.

Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall;  
All, that is felt or seen within this All,  
Still losing somewhat of it self, at length  
Would come to Nothing: If Death's fatall strength  
Could altogether Substances destroy,  
Things then should vanish even as soon as dy.  
In time the mighty Mountains tops be bated;  
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted;  
And what, when *Trent* or *Auon* ouer-flowe,  
They reauce one field, they on the next bestowe:  
Loue-burning Heav'n many sweet Deaws doth drop  
In his deer Spouses fair and fruitfull lap;  
Which after she restores, straining those shows  
Through th' hidden pores of pleasant plants and flowrs.

Whoso hath seen, how one warm lump of wax  
(Without increasing, or decreasing) takes  
A hundred figures; well may iudge of all  
Th' incessant Changes of this nether Ball.  
The Worlds owne Matter is the waxen Lump,  
Which, vn-seif-changing, takes all kinde of stamp:

By an apt simili-  
tude, he sheweth  
the continuall  
Change of the  
World, in the  
matter and form

The



therof, according  
to Gods pleasure;  
in such sort, yet,  
that the matter,  
remains, though  
it receiue infinite  
Formes.

Sundry Similes  
to that purpose.

The chief motiue  
of this change of  
Formes in the  
matter.

The Form's the Seal; Heav'ns gracious Emperour  
(The liuing God)'s the great Lord Chancellor;  
Who at his pleasure fecting day and night  
His great *Broad Seales*, and *Priny Signet*: right  
Vpon the Mass so vast and variable,  
Makes the same Lump, now base, now honourable.

Heer's nothing constant: nothing still doth stay;  
For, Birth and Death haue still successeiue way.  
Heer one thing springs not, till another dy:  
Only the Matter liues immortally  
(Th' Almightyes Table, body of this All,  
Of change-full Chances common Arsenall,  
All like it self, all in it self contained,  
Which by Times Flight hath neither lost nor gained)  
Change-les in Essence; changeable in face,  
Much more then *Proteus*, or the subtil race  
Of rousing *Polypes*, who (to rob the more)

Transform them howrly on the wauiing shore:  
Much like the *French* (or like our selues, their *Apes*)  
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes;  
Who louing nouels, full of affectation,  
Receiue the Manners of each other Nation;  
And scarcely shift they shirts so oft, as change  
Fantastik Fashions of their garments strange:  
Or like a *Lais*, whose inconstant loue  
Doth euery day a thousand times remoue;  
Who's scarce vnfolded from one Youth's embraces,  
Yer in her thought another she embraces;  
And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire  
Stirs in her, still, another new desire:  
Because the Matter, wounded deep in heart  
With various Loue (yet, on the self same part,  
Incapable, in the sametime, at once  
To take all figures) by successions,  
Form after Form receiues: so that one face  
Another faces features doth deface.

Now the chief Motiue of these Accidents,  
Is the dire discord of our Elements:

Truce.

*of the first Weeke.*

31

Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother  
By turns, and turn them one into another,  
Like Ice and Water that beget each other;  
And still the Daughter bringeth forth the Mother.  
But each of these having two qualities  
(One bearing Rule, another that obayes)  
Those, whose effects do wholly contradict,  
Longer and stronger strue in their Conflict.  
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moist Water turns not;  
The cold-dry Earth, to hot-moist Aire, returns not,  
Returns not eas'ly: for (still opposite)  
With tooth and nail as deadly foest they fight.  
But Aire turn Water, Earth may Fierize,  
Because in one part they do symbolize;  
And so, in combat they have less to doo;  
For, 't's easier far, to conquer one then two.

Sith then the knot of sacred Mariage,  
Which ioynes the Elements, from age to age  
Brings forth the Worlds Babes: sith their Enmities,  
With fell diuorce, kill whatsoeuer dies:  
And sith, but changing their degree and place,  
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face  
Of this fair World is so imbellished  
[As six sweet Notes, curiously varied  
In skilfull Musike, make a hundred Kindes  
Of Heauenly sounds, that rauish hardest mindes;  
And with Division (of a choise deuise)  
The Hearers soules out at their ears intice:  
Or, as of twice-twelue Letters, thus transpos'd,  
This World of Words, is variouly compos'd;  
And of these Words, in diuers order sown,  
This sacred Volume that you read, is growen  
(Through gracious succour of th'Eternall Deitie)  
Rich in discourse, with infinite Variety]  
It was not cause-less, that so carefully  
God did diuide their common Signory;  
Assigning each a fit-confined Sitting,  
Their quantity and quality befitting.

*Enigma.*

*Of the Situation  
of the Elements,  
& of the effects  
therof, compared  
to the Notes of  
Musick, & to the  
letters of the  
Alphabet.*

Whofo



*A Simile lively  
representing the  
separation of the  
Elements.*

Who so (sometime) hath seen rich Ingots tri'd,  
When forç't by Fire their treasures they diuide  
(How fair and softly, Gold to Gold doth pass,  
Siluer seeks Siluer, Brasse consorts with Brasse;  
And the whole Lump, of parts vnequall, seuers  
It self apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)  
May vnderstand how, when the Mouth *Diuine*  
Op'ned (to each his proper Place t' assigne)  
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water slid,  
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.

*Situation of the  
earth and fire.*

Earth, as the Lees, and heauy dross of All  
(After his kinde) did to the bottom fall:  
Contrariwise, the light and nimble Fire  
Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aspire  
Vnto the top; and by his nature, light  
No less then hot, mounted in sparks vpright:  
As, when we see *Aurora*, passing gay,  
With Opals paint the Seeling of *Cathay*,  
Sad Floods doe fume, and the celestiall Tapers  
Through Earths thin pores, in th' Aire exhale the vapours.

*Of aire & water  
plac't between  
the earth & fire.*

But least the Fire (which all the rest embraces)  
Being too neer should burn the Earth to ashes;  
As chosen Vmpires, the great All-Creator  
Between these Foes placed the Aire and Water:  
For, one suffiz'd not their stern strife to end.  
Water, as Cozen did the Earth befriend:  
Aire, for his Kinsman Fire, as firmly deals:  
But both, vniting their diuided zeals,  
Took vp the matter, and appeas'd the brall;  
Which doubt-lesse else had discreated All.  
Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water vnder it,  
Not casuall y, but so disposed fit  
By him who (Nature in her kind to keep)  
Kept due proportion in his Workmanship;  
And, in this Store-house of his Wonders treasure,  
Observ'd in all things number, waight, and measure.  
For, had the Water next the Fire been plac't,  
Fire, seeming then more wrongd and more disgrac't,

*Why the aire  
was lodged next  
the Element of  
Fire.*

Would

*of the first Weeke.*

33

Would sodainly haue left his Adversary,  
And set vpon the Vmpire (more contrary).  
But all the Links of th'holy Chain, which tethers  
The many Members of the World together,  
Are such, as none but only he can breake them,  
Who at the first did (of meere nothing) make them.  
Water, as arm'd with moisture and with cold,  
The cold-dry Earth with her one hand doth hold;  
With th'other th'Aire: The Aire, as moist and warm,  
Holds Fire with one; Water with th'other arm:  
As Country Maydens, in the Month of *May*,  
Merrily sporting on a Holy-day,  
And lusty dancing of a liuely Round,  
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes sound;  
Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast  
(By means of those between) vnto the last.

*The disposing &  
combining of the  
Elements.*

*A Similitude.*

For, sith 'tis so that the drie Element  
Not onely yeelds her owne Babes nourishment,  
But with the milke of her abundant breasts,  
Doth also feedeth'Aires nimble winged guests,  
And also all th'innumerable Legions  
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Brynie Regions  
(So that, th'Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all  
That run, or flie, or swim, or slide, or crawl)  
'Twas meet, it should be it self's Counterpoize,  
To stand still firm against the roaring noise  
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blasts  
Of parching *South* and pinching *Boreas*.  
'Twas meet, her sad-slowe body to digest  
Farther from Heav'n than any of the rest:  
Least, of Heav'ns Course th'Eternall swift Careers,  
Rushing against her with their whirling Sphears,  
Should her transport, as swift and violent,  
Asay they do their neighbour Element.

*Why the Earth  
is the lowest, and  
enuironed with  
the other three  
Elements, wher-  
of it is the center.*

And sith, on th'other side, th'harmonious Course  
Of Heav'ns bright Torches is th'immortall source  
Of earthly life: and sith all alterations  
(Almost) are caus'd by their quick agitations

E

In



In all the World, God could not place so fit  
 Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it.  
 For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes  
 On Fire and Aire, and Water, diuers wayes,  
 Dispersing, so, their powerfull influence  
 On, in, and through these various Elements:  
 But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,  
 And all vnite their seuered force in her;  
 As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut  
 His turning passage in the dirt doth cut,  
 The distant spoaks neerer and neerer gather,  
 And in the Nave vnite their points together.

*Simile.**Simile.*

As the Bright Sun shines thorough smoothest Glasse,  
 The turning Planets influence doth passe  
 Without impeachment through the glist'ring Tent  
 Of the tralucing Fiery Element,  
 Th'Aires triple Regions, the transparent Water;  
 But not the firm Base of this fair Theater.  
 And therefore rightly may we call those Trines  
 (Fire, Aire, and Water) but Heav'ns Concubines:  
 For, neuer Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars inioy  
 The loue of these; but only by the way,  
 As passing by: whereas incessantly,  
 The lusty Heav'n with Earth doth company;  
 And with a fruitfull seed, which lends All life,  
 With-childs each-moment his owne lawfull wife;  
 And with her lovely Babes, in form and nature  
 So diuers, decks this beautifull Theater.

*The Water, be-  
 tween the Earth  
 and Aire.*

*Leaving the  
 Earth and Sea  
 till the next  
 Booke, hee comes  
 to treat of the  
 Aire.*

The Water, lighter then the Earthy Masse,  
 Heauier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;  
 The better so with a moist-cold, to temper  
 Th'ones over-driness, th'others hot distemper.  
 But, my sweet Muse, whither so fast away?  
 Soft, soft my Darling: draw not dry *To-Day*  
*Castalian Springs*; defer the Cirque, and Seat,  
 The power, and praise, of Sea and Earth as yet:  
 Do not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;  
 But, till *To-Morrow*, leaue the enter-blinning

Of Rocky Mounts, and rouling Waues so wide.  
 For, euen *To-Morrow* will the Lord diuide,  
 VVith the right hand of his Omnipotence,  
 These yet confus'd and mingled Elements;  
 And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn  
 VVith Woods, and Buds offruits, of flowers and corn.  
 'Tis time, my Loue, 'tis time, mine only Care,  
 To hie vs hence, and Mount vs in the Aire:  
 'Tis time (or neuer) now my dearest Minion,  
 To imp strong farcels in thy sacred pinion;  
 That lightly born vpon thy Virgin back,  
 Safe through the Welkin I my course may take:  
 Com, com, my Ioy, lend me thy lillie shoulder;  
 That, thereon raised, I may reach the bolder  
 (*Before the rest of my deer Country-men,*  
*Of better wit, but worse-applied pen*)  
 At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies  
 So long haue hidden from my longing eies.

Th' *Aire* (hoste of Mists, the bounding Tennis-ball,  
 That stormy Tempelts tofs and play withall;  
 Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant House,  
 Th' vnsetled kingdom of swift *Eolus*,  
 Great Ware-houfe of the VVindes, whose traffik giues  
 Motion of life to euery thing that liues)  
 Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages  
 Haue fitly parted it into three Stages.  
 Wherof, because the Highest still is driv'n  
 With violence of the *First-morning Heav'n*,  
 From East to West; and from the West returning  
 To th' honored Cradle of the rosiall Morning,  
 And also seated next the Fiery vault;  
 It, by the learned, very hot is thought.  
 That, which we touch, with times doth variate,  
 Now hot, now cold, and sometimes temperate;  
 Warm-temp' red showers it sendeth in the Spring:  
 In *Autumn* likewise, but more varying:  
 In Winter time, continuall cold and chill:  
 In Summer season, hot and soultury still;

*The Aire distin-  
 guished into 3.  
 Regions.*

*The High.*

*The Lowe.*



For then, the Fields, scorched with flames reflect  
 The sparkling rayes of thousand Stars aspect;  
 And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whose arrows bright,  
 Our Globy Grandame serues for But and White.

*The Middle Re-  
 gion of the Aire.*

But now, because the Middle Region's set  
 Far from the Fiery feelings flagrant heat,  
 And also from the warm reuerberation  
 Which aye the Earth reflects in diuers fashion;  
 That Circle shiuers with eternall colde.

*Of the causes of  
 Haile.*

For, into Hail how should the Water molde,  
 Euen when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,  
 Except those Climes with Ycicles, were sowne?

So soon as *Sol*, leauing the gentle *Twins*,  
 With *Cancer* or thirst-panting *Leo* Inns,  
 The mid-moſt Aire redoubleth all his Froſts;  
 Being besieged by two mighty Hoasts  
 Of Heat, more fierce 'gainst his Cold force then euer,  
 Calls from all quarters his chil troups together,  
 T' encounter them with his vnited Powr,  
 Which then disperſed, hath far greater powr:  
 As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,  
 And out of fear of *Turks* outrageous War,  
 March in disorder, and become (diſperſt)  
 As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerſt;  
 So that ſometimes th' vntrained Multitude  
 With bats and boawes hath beat them, and ſubdu'd:  
 But if they once perceiue, or vnderſtand  
 The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*  
 To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder  
 Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade* vnder;  
 They ſoon vnite, and in a narrow place  
 Intrench themſelues; their courage growes apace,  
 Their heart's on fire; and Circumciſed Powrs,  
 By their approach, double the ſtrength of ours.

\* Contrary  
 Circumſtance.  
 The effects ther-  
 of in the middle  
 Region of the  
 Aire.

'Tis (doubt-leſs) this \* *Antiperiſtaſis*  
 (Bear with the word) I hold it not amiſs  
 T' adopt ſometimes ſuch ſtrangers for our uſe,  
 When Reason and Neceſſity induce:

As namely, where our native Phrase doth want  
 A Word so force-full and significant)  
 Which makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason  
 Hotter in Winter then in Sommer season:  
 Tis it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*  
 Too-often kilt by th' husband of *Orithya*,  
 To bring forth people, whose still hungry brest  
 (Winter or Sommer) can more meat digest  
 Then those lean staruelings which the Sun doth broil  
 Vpon the hot sands of the *Libyan* soyl:  
 And that our selues, happily seated fair,  
 Whose spongy lungs draw sweet and holesom Aire,  
 Hide in our stomacks a more liuely heat,  
 While bi-front *Ianus* frosty frowns do threat,  
 Then when bright *Phæbus*, leauing swarty *Chus*,  
 Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on vs.

Th' Almightyes hand did this Partition form;  
 To th' end that Mist, Comets, and Winde, and Storm  
 Deaw, drizling Showrs, Hail, slippery Ice, & Snowe,  
 In the three Regions of the Aire might growe:  
 Whereof som, pointed th' Earth to fertilize,  
 Other to punish our impieties,  
 Might dayly graue in hardest hearts the love  
 And fear of him, who Raigns in Heav'n aboue.

For, as a little end of burning wax,  
 By th' emptines, or of it self attracts  
 In Cupping-glasse, through the scotched skin  
 Behind the Poule, superfluous humour thin,  
 Which fuming from the brain did thence descend  
 Vpon the sight, and much the same offend:  
 So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hair  
 Doth euery Day gild either *Hemisphæar*,  
 Two sorts of Vapours by his heat exhales  
 From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:  
 Th' one somewhat hot, but heauy, moist, and thick;  
 The other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;  
 Which, through the Welkin roaming all the year,  
 Make the World diuers to it selfe appeare.

E 3

Now,

*Why the air was  
 thus distingui-  
 shed in the 3.  
 Regions.*

*Of exhalations  
 and whereunto  
 they are appro-  
 priate, by the  
 Sun & the  
 Regions of the  
 Aire.*



*Of Mist.*

Now, if a vapour be so thin, that it  
Cannot to Water be transformed fit,  
And that with Cold-lym'd wings, it houer neer  
The flowry Mantle of our Mother deer;  
Our Aire growes dusky; and moist drowly Mist  
Vpon the Fields doth for a time persist.

*Of Dew and Ice.*

And if this vapour fair and softly fly,  
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,  
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)  
In *April*, Dew; in *January*, Ice.

But, if the Vapour brauely can aduenture  
Vp to th' eternall seat of shivering Winter,  
The small thin humour by the Cold is prest  
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and West  
Vpon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain  
It fall into his Grandames lap again:  
Whether som boistrous winde, with stormy puff  
Ioustring the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff;  
Do break their brittle sides, and make them shatter  
In drizzling Showres their swift distilling water:

*Divers Similes  
Shewing how the  
Rain is caused  
through the in-  
counter of the  
Cloudes, which  
are the matter  
of it.*

As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)  
Rashly together two full glasses claps;  
Both being broken, sodainly they pour  
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.  
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath  
Shaking their Tent, their tears disseuereth:  
As after rain another rain doth drop  
In shady Forests from their shaggy top,  
When through their green boughs, whiffing Winds do whirl  
With wanton puffs their wauing locks to curl.  
Or whether th' upper Clouds moist heaviness  
Doth with his waight an vnder Cloud oppress,  
And so one humour doth another crush,  
Till to the ground their liquid pearls do gush:  
As, the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack  
In Vintage-time vpon the hurdles back;  
At's pearced bottom the more fuming liquor  
Runns in the scummy Fat, and falls the thicker.

Then,

*of the first Weeke.*

39

Then, many Heav'n-flouds in our Flouds do lose-am;  
Nought's seen but Showers: the Heav'ns sad sable bosom  
Seems all in tears to melt; and Earths green bed  
VVith stinking Frogs is sometimes couered:  
Either, because the floating Cloud doth fold  
Within it self both moist, dry, hot, and cold,  
VVhence all things heer are made: or else for that  
The actiue windes sweeping this dusty Flat,  
Sometimes in th'aire som fruitfull dust doo heap:  
VVhence these new-formed vgly creatures leap:  
As on the edges of som standing Lake  
VVhich neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,  
The foamy slime, it self transformeth oft  
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,  
Half-made, half-vnmade; round about the Floud,  
Half-dead, half-liuing; half-a frog, half-mud.

Sometimes it happens that the force of Cold  
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold  
In siluer Flakes a heav'nly VVool to fall;  
Then, Fields seem grafs-less, Forests leafe-less all,  
The VVorld's all white; and, through the heaps of Snowe,  
The highest Stag can scarce his armour shoue.

Somtimes befalls, that, when by secret powr,  
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping showr,  
Th'excessiue cold of the mid-Aire (auon)  
Candies-it all in bals of Icy-stone:  
Whose violent storms sometimes (alas) doo proin,  
VVithout a knife, our Orchard and our Vine:  
Reap without sickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,  
Disgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

If Heav'ns bright Torches, from Earth's kidneys, sup  
Som somewhat dry and heatfull Vapours vp,  
Th'ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire  
VVould sodainly neer th' Azure Cirques aspire:  
But scarce so soon their fuming crest hath raught,  
Or toucht the Coldnes of the middle Vault,  
And felt what force their mortall Enemy  
In Garrison keeps there continually;

*Whence it pro-  
ceedeth, that  
sometimes it rai-  
neth Frogs.*

*Of Snow.*

*Of Haile.*

*Of fume Va-  
pours, or exhal-  
ations whirling  
in the Lowe and  
Middle Regions  
of the ayre, and  
whereof the  
windes are in-  
gendred.*



When down again, towards their Dam they bear,  
 Holp by the waight which they haue drawn from hers  
 But in the instant, to their aid arriues  
 Another new heat, which their heart reuiues,  
 Re-arms their hand, and hauing staied their flight,  
 Better resolv'd brings them again to fight.  
 Well fortifi'd then by these fresh supplies,  
 More brauely they renew their enterprize:  
 And one-while th' vpper hand (with honour) getting,  
 Another-while disgracefully retreating,  
 Our lower Aire they toll in sundry sort,  
 As weak or strong their matter doth comport.  
 This lasts not long; because the heat and cold,  
 Equall in force and fortune, equall bold  
 In these assaults; to end this sodaine brall,  
 Th' one stops their mounting, th' other stayes their fall.  
 So that this Vapour, neuer resting stound,  
 Stands neuer still, but makes his motion round,  
 Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies again  
 From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.

But though these blustering spirits seem alwaies blow'n;  
 By the same spirit, and of like Vapour grow'n;  
 Yet, from their birth-place, take they diuersly  
 A diuers name and diuers quality.

*Of the Windes,  
 whereof there  
 are foure princi-  
 pall, compared  
 to the foure Sea-  
 sons, the foure  
 Complexions, the  
 foure Elements,  
 and the foure A-  
 ges of man: and  
 assigned to the  
 foure Corners of  
 the World: And  
 called East, West  
 North & South.*

Feeling the fower Windes, that with diuers blast;  
 From the fower corners of the World doo haste;  
 In their effects I finde fower Temp'raments,  
 Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.  
 Th' *East-winde*, in working, follows properly  
 Fire, Choler, Summer, and soft Infancy:  
 That, which dries-vp wild *Affrick* with his wing,  
 Resembles Aire, Bloud, Youth, and liuely Spring:  
 That, which blowes moistly from the *Western* stage,  
 Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heauy Age:  
 That, which comes shiv'ring from cold Climates solely,  
 Earth, withered Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.  
 Not, but that Men haue long yer this found-out  
 More then these fower Windes, *East, West North, and South*:

Those

Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,  
Vpon their Compass two and thirty count,  
Though they be infinite, as are the places  
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes:  
But wheresoeuer their quick course they bend,  
As on their Chiefs, all on these Foure depend.

One while, with whisking broom they brush and sweep.  
The cloudy Courtains of Heav'n's stages steep:  
Anon, with hotter sighes they dry the Ground,  
Late by *Electra* and her sisters drown'd.

*Diuers effects of  
the Windes.*

Anon refresh they, with a temperate blowing,  
The foultry Aier, vnder the Dog-star glowing:  
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,  
In cods the Poulse, the Corn within the ear:  
Anon, from North to South, from East to West  
With cease-lesse wings they drive a Ship adrest:  
And sometimes whirling, on an open Hill,  
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,  
In flowry motes they grind the purest grain,  
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.

If th'Exhalation hot and oily proue,  
And yet (as feeble) giueth place about  
To th'Airy Regions euer-lasting Frost,  
Incessantly th'apt-tinding fume is tost  
Till it inflame: then like a Squib it falls,  
Or fire-wingd shaft, or sulph'ry Powder-Balls.

*Diuers effects of  
hot exhalations.*

But if This kinde of Exhalation tour  
Aboue the walls of Winters icy bowr  
T-inflameth also; and anon becoms  
A new strange Star, presaging woful dooms:  
And, for this Fier hath more fewell in't  
Then had the first, 't is not so quickly spent:  
Whether the Heav'n's incessant agitation  
Into a Star transforming th'Exhalation,  
Kindle the same: like as a coal, that winkt  
On a sticks end (and seem'd quite extinct)  
Tost in the dark with an industrious hand,  
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:

*Of Comets.*

Or



Or whether th'upper Fire doo fire the same;  
As lighted Candles doo th'vnlight in flame.

*Of other fiery  
impressions in  
the regions, of  
the Aire.*

According as the vapour's thick or rare,  
Euen, or vn-even, long or large, round or square,  
Such are the Forms it in the Aire resembles:  
At sight whereof, th'amazed Vulgar trembles.  
Heer, in the night appears a flaming Spire,  
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;  
Heer a bright Comet, there a burning Beam,  
Heer flying Launces, there a Fiery Stream:  
Heer seems a horned Goat enuiron'd round  
With fiery flakes about the Aire to bound.  
There, with long bloody hair, a Blazing Star  
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:  
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:  
To all Estates, ineuitable Losses:  
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-les Seasons:  
To Saylers, Storms: to Cities, ciuill Treasons.

*A lively descrip-  
tion of thunder  
and lightning.*

But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks  
The Worlds wall shakes, and his Foundation shrinks:  
It seems euen now that horrible *Perisphoné*,  
Looing *Meger*, *Alecto*, and *Tysphoné*,  
Weary of fraigning in black *Erebus*,  
Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and vs.

*How they are  
ingendred.*

'Tis held I knowe that when a Vapour moist  
As well from Fresh as from Salt water's hoist  
In the same instant with hot-Exhalations,  
In th'Aiery Regions secondary stations;  
The Fiery Fume, besieged with the Croud  
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud,  
Strengthens his strength; and with redoubled Volleys  
Ofioyned Heat, on the Cold Leagher sallies.

*A Simile.*

Like as a Lion, very late exil'd,  
From's natue Forests; spit-at and reuil'd,  
Mockt, moov'd, and troubled with a thousand toyes,  
By wanton children, idle girls and boyes;  
With hideous roaring doth his Prison fill,  
In's narrow Cloistre ramping wildely, still,

Runs

Runs to and fro; and furious, less doth long  
For liberty, than to reuenge his wrong:  
This Fire, desirous to break forth again  
From's cloudy Ward; cannot it self refrain;  
But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles,  
It roules and roars, and round-round-round it rumbles,  
Till (hauing rent the lower side in sunder)  
With Sulph'ry flash it haue shot-down his thunder:  
Though, willing to vnite, in these alarms,  
To's Brothers Forces, his own fainting arms;  
And th' hottest Circle of the World to gaine,  
To issue vp-ward, oft it strives in vaine:  
But, 't is there fronted with a Trench so large  
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,  
On this and that side, the Cold Camp about,  
With his Hot Skirmish; yet still, still the stout  
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push;  
So that (despairing) with a furious rush;  
Forgetting honour, it is faine to fly  
By the back-door, with blushing Infamy.

Then th' Ocean boyls for fear; the Fish doo deem  
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them:  
The Earth doth shake; the Shepheard in the field  
In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield:  
Th' affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the vale  
Of *Acheron*, grim *Plutoe's* self lookspale:  
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring Thunder  
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder)  
Sends forth those Flashes which so blear our sight:  
As wakefull Students, in the Winters night  
Against the steel glauncing with stony knocks;  
Strike sodain sparks into their Tinder-box.

Moreouer, Lightning of a fume is fram'd:  
Through 't self-shot-dryness, euermore inflam'd:  
Whose powr (past-credit) without razing skin,  
Can bruiz to powder all our bones within:  
Can melt the Gold that greedy Mizers hoord  
In barred Coffers, and not burn the boord:

*Their effects.*

*Simile.*

*Admirable ef-  
fects of light-  
ning.*

Can



Can break the blade and neuer singe the sheath:  
 Can scorch an infant in the VVomb to death;  
 And neuer blemish, in one sort or other,  
 Flesh, bone, or sinew of th'amazed Mother:  
 Consume the shooes and neuer hurt the feet:  
 Empty a Cask, and yet not perish it.  
 My yonger eyes haue often seen a Dame,  
 To whom the flash of Heav'ns fantastike flame  
 Didels no harm, saue (in a moment's space)  
 With windy Rasor shaua a secret place.

*Of Crownes and  
 circles about the  
 Sunne, Moone,  
 and other Pla-  
 nets.*

Shall I omit a hundred Prodigies  
 Oft seen in forehead of the frowning Skies?  
 Sometimes a Fiery Circle doth appeare  
 Proceeding from the beauctious beams and clear  
 Of Sun and Moon, and other Stars aspect,  
 Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct;  
 When, not of force to thrust their rayes through-out-it,  
 In a round Crown they cast them round about-it:

*Simile.*

Like as (almost) a burning candle, put  
 Into a Closet with the door close shut;  
 Not able through the boords to send his light,  
 Out at the edges round about shines bright.

*Of the Rainbow  
 and how it is  
 made.*

But, in's declining, when *Sols* countenance  
 Direct vpon a wat'rish Cloud doth glance  
 (A wat'rish Cloud, which cannot easily  
 Hold any longer her moist Tympany)  
 On the moist Cloud he limns his light (som front;  
 And with a gawdy Pencill paints vpon't  
 A blew-green-gilt Bowe bended ouer vs:  
 For, th'aduerse Cloud, which first receiueth thus  
*Apollos* rayes, the same direct repells

*Simile.*

On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells  
 Her various colours: like as when the Sun  
 At a bay-window peepeth in vpon  
 A boule of water, his bright beams aspect  
 With trembling lustre it doth far reflect  
 Against th'high feeling of the light (som Hall  
 With stately Fret-work ouer-cruited all.

On

*of the first Weeke.*

45

On th'other side, if the Cloud side-long sit,  
And not beneath, or iustly opposite  
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms  
With strong aspect double or trebble Forms  
Vpon the same. The Vulgar's then affright  
To see at once three Chariots of the Light;  
And, in the Welkin on Nights gloomy Throne,  
To see at once more shining Moons then one.

*How it comes to  
passethat some-  
times appear di-  
uers Suns and  
Moones at once.*

*A check to mans  
Pride in struing  
to yeeld reason  
in Nature, of all  
these accidents.*

But, O fond Mortals! Wherefore doo yee strue  
With reach of Sense, Gods wonders to retriue?  
What proud desire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)  
Boldens you God-less. all Gods works to list?  
I'll not deny, but that a learned man  
May yeeld some Reason (if he list to scan)  
Of all that moues vnder Heav'ns hollow Cope;  
But not so sound as can all scruple stop:  
And though he could, yet should we euer more,  
Praying these tools, extoll His fingers more  
Who works withall, and many-waies doth giue  
To deadeft things (instantly) soules, to liue.

*True Philosophy  
for Christians, to  
apply all to their  
conscience for a-  
mendments of life.*

Me thinks I hear, when I doo hear it Thunder,  
The voice that brings Swayns vp, and *Casars* vnder:  
By that Towr-tearing stroak, I vnderstand  
Th'vndaunted strength of the Diuine right hand:  
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,  
Me thinks I see th' Almightyes glorious eyes:  
When I perceiue it Rain-down timely showrs,  
Me thinks the Lord his horn of Plenty pours:  
When from the Clouds excessiue Water spins,  
Me thinks God weepes for our vnwept-for sins:  
And when in Heav'n I see the Rain-boaw bent,  
I hold it for a Pledge and Argument,  
That neuer more shall Vniuersall Floods  
Presume to mount ouer the tops of Woods  
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,  
Or on the Crowns of *Caucasus* doo ride:  
But, aboue all, my perced soule enclines,  
When th'angry Heav'ns threat with Prodigious Signes;

When



When Natures order doth reuerse and change,  
Preposterously into disorder strange.

*All the learned  
in the World  
cannot out of the  
School of Nature  
giue reason for  
many things that  
are created in  
the High and  
Middle Regions  
of the Aire.*

Let all the Wits, that euer suckt the breast  
Of sacred *Pallas*, in one *VV*it be prest,  
And let him tell me (if at least he can  
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)  
A sound and certain reason of the Cream,  
The *VV*ool, and Flesh, that from the Clouds did stream.  
Let him declare what cause could yerst beget,  
Amid the Aire, those drizzling showers of *VV*heate,  
*VV*hich in *Carinthia*, twice were seen to shed;  
*VV*herof that people made them store of Bread.

*The true cause of  
these Prodigies.*

God, the great God of Heav'n, sometimes delights,  
From top to toe to alter Natures Rites;  
That his *strange* *VV*orks, to Nature contrary,  
May be fore-runners of som misery.

*Exāples drawne  
out of the History  
of the Romāns,  
Iews, Turks, &  
French, both Ec-  
clesiasticall and  
profane.*

The drops of Fire, which weeping Heav'n did showr  
Vpon *Lucania*, when *Rome* sent the Flowr  
Of *Italy* into the wealthy Clime,  
*VV*hich *Euphrates* fatts with his fruitfull slime;  
Prefag'd, that *Parthians* should, the next year, tame  
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.  
The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard  
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd  
Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *Suisses*,  
*Cymbrians*, and *Almans*, hewing all in peeces;  
Gainst *Epicures* profane assertions, shoue  
That 'tis not Fortune guides this *VV*orld belowe.  
Thou that beheld'st from Heav'n, with triple Flashes,  
Cursed *Olympus* smitten all to ashes,  
For Blasphemies gainst Th'ONE Eternall-THREE;  
Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITY?  
Dar'st thou, profane, spit in the face of God,  
*VV*ho for blasphemers hath so sharp a rod?

Iews (no more Iews, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;  
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Lestrignons*)  
Say what you thought; what thought you, when so long  
A flaming Sword ouer your Temple hung;

But

But that the Lord would with a mighty arm  
The righteous vengeance of his wrath perform  
On you, and yours? that what the Plague did leaue,  
Th'insatiate gorge of Famine should bereaue?  
And what the Plague and Famine both did spare,  
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?  
That sucking Infants crying for the teat,  
Self-cruell Mothers should vnkindely eat?  
And that (yer long) the share and coulter should  
Rub off their rust vpon your Roofs of gold?  
And all, because you (curfed) crucifi'd  
Ths Lord of life, who for our ransom dy'd.

The ruddy Fountain that with bloud did flowe:  
Th' huge Fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did throwe:  
Into *Liguria*: and the Bloudy Crosses  
Seen on mens garments, seem'd with open voyces.  
To cry aloud, that the *Turks* swarming hoast  
Should pitch his proud *Moon*: on the *Genoan* coast.

O Frantick *France*! why dost not Thou make vse  
Of strange full Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce  
Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-lesse gaze  
(Euen night by night) on that prodigious Blaze,  
That hairy Comet, that long streaming Star,  
Which threatens Earth with Famine, Plague, and War  
(Th' Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forked fire  
Wherewith he strikes vs in his greatest Ire)?

But what (alas!) can Heauens bare threatnings vrge?  
Sith all the sharp Rods which so houely scourge  
Thy senselesse back, cannot so much as wrest  
One single sigh from thy obdurate brest?  
Thou drink'st thine owne bloud, thine owne flesh thou eatest,  
In what most harmes thee thy delight is greatest.  
O senseless Folk, sick of a Lethargy,  
Who to the death despise your Remedy!  
Like froward Iades that for no striking stir,  
But wax more restif still the more we spur:  
The more your wounds, more your securenes growes,  
Fat with afflictions, as an Ass with blowes:

The Poet severely  
taxeth his  
Countrymen for  
not marking, or  
not making vse  
of strange & ex-  
traordinary to-  
kens of Gods im-  
minent displea-  
sure.

And



And as the sledge hardens with strokes the steel;  
So, the more beaten, still the less ye feel.

And wanton ENGLAND, why hast thou forgot

*Upon like consideration the  
Translator sharply  
citeth Eng. &  
to rouse her from  
her present security,  
proposeth  
fearful examples  
of her own trou-  
blous changes, &  
others terrible  
Chastisements.*

Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?

Thou hast seen signes, and thou hast felt the rod

Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.

The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke

Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman Yoke:

And since (alas!) unkinde wounds then those,

The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:

And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,

Tearing thy limbs (Christs Lambs) in Martyrdom.

Besides Great Plagues, and grievous Dearth, which (yerst)

Have oft the Sinnewes of thy strength renewed.

But thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art

Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:

All this is past; and thou, past fear of it,

In Peace and Plenty, as a Queen doost sit,

Of Rods forgetfull, and for Rest ingratefull

(That, sottish dulnes: this, a sinne most hatefull)

Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;

And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,

By whose pure hand, he hath more blessed Thine,

Then yerst his owne Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:

*Esay chap. 5. 1,  
2, 3. &c.* From whence hee look't for Grapes (as now from thee);

That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):

That was destroy'd, the wilde Boar entred in:

ENGLAND beware: Like punishment, like sinne.

But, O! what boots, or what availes my song

To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,

Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,

Dread-les of danger, drowned in Impurity;

Whose Senses all, all over-grow'n with Fat,

Have left no door for Fear to enter at?

Yet once again (deere Country) must I call:

ENGLAND repent; Fall, to prevent thy Fall.

Though Thou be blinde, thy wakefull watchmen see

Heav'ns Irefull vengeance hanging over thee

In fearfull Signes, threatening a thousand Woes  
 To thy Sinns Deluge, which all over-flows.  
 Thine uncontroll'd, bold, open Atheism:  
 Close Idol-service: Cloaked Hypocrisim:  
 Common Blaspheming of Gods Name, in Oaths:  
 Usuall Profaning of his Sabbaoths:  
 Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepheards, choakt with steeples,  
 That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:  
 Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing States:  
 Bribes and Affection swaying Magistrates:  
 Wealth's mercie-less Wrong, Vsury, Extortion:  
 Poore's Idleness, Repining at their Portion:  
 Thy drunken Surfets; and Excess in Diet:  
 Thy Sensuall wallowing in Lascivious Riot:  
 Thy lust, pusi, painted, curld, purld, Wanton Pride  
 (The Band to Lust, and to all Sinns beside)  
 These are thy Sinns: These are the Signes of Ruin,  
 To euery State that doth the same pursue-in:  
 Such, cost the Iews and Alians Desolation,  
 Now turned Turks, that were the Holy Nation.  
 Happy who take by others dangers warning:  
 All that is writ, is written for our learning:  
 So preach thy Prophets: But who heeds their cry?  
 Or, who beleeuers? Then much less hope haue I.  
 Wherefore (Deer Bartas) hauing warn'd them;  
 From this Digression, turn we to our Theam.

As our All-welcom SOVERAINE (Englands solace,  
 Heav'ns care, Earths comfort) in his stately Palace,  
 Hath next His Person, Princes of His Realms  
 Next him in bloud, extract from Royall Stems;  
 Next those, the Nobles; next, the Magistrates  
 That serue him truly in their seuerall States;  
 As more or less their diuers Dignity  
 Coms neer the Greatnes of his Maiesty:  
 So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th' Element  
 Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament:  
 And then the rest, according as of kin  
 To th' Azure Sphers, or th' Erring Fiers they bin.

F

Simile.

Hauing suffici-  
 ently discoursed  
 of the Aire, he  
 begins to handle  
 the Element of  
 Fire.

Yet



Yet som (more crediting their eyes, then Reason)  
 From's proper place this Essence doo disseisin;  
 And vainly strive (after their Fancies sway)  
 To cut the World's best Element away,  
 The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heat-full *Fire*,  
 Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,  
 Cook, Surgeon, Soldier, Gunner, Alchymist,  
 The source of Motion: briefly, what not is't?  
 Apt for all, acting all; whose arms embrace,  
 Vnder Heav'ns arms, this Vniuersall Mass.

*Their Reasons.*

1.

For, if (say they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between  
 The Heav'ns and vs, it would by night be seen;  
 Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we pass)  
 We see least Glow-worms glister in the grass:  
 Besides, how should we through the *Fiery Tent*,  
 Perceiue the bright eyes of the Firmament?  
 2. Sith heer the soundest and the sharpest ey  
 Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.

*Answers.*

O! hard-beleeuing Wits! if *Zephyrus*,  
 And *Austers* sighes were neuer felt of vs,  
 You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball,  
 And Heav'ns bright Arches, void and empty all:  
 And then no more you would the *Aire* allow  
 For Element, then th'hot-bright *Flamer* now.

*Difference betwene  
 the two Elementary  
 fires.*

Now ev'n as far as *Phaebus* light excels:  
 The light of Lamps, and every Taper els:  
 Wherewith we vse to lengthen th'After-noon:  
 Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too soon;  
 So far in pureness th'Elementall *Flame*  
 Excels the *Fire* that for our vse we frame.  
 For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,  
 Gross, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight:  
 But, that aboue (for being neither blent  
 With fummy mixture of gross nourishment,  
 Nor tost with Winds, but far from vs) coms neer:  
 It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.

*Here for con-  
 clusion of this  
 second booke, bee*

But, of what substance shall I, after-thee  
 (O match-less Master) make Heav'ns Canapey?

Vncertain,

Vncertain, heere my resolutions rock;  
And waver, like th'inconstant Weather-Cock;  
Which, on a Towr turning with every blast,  
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.  
Learned *Lycaum*, now awhile, I walk-in:  
Then th'*Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in,

Treading the way that *Aristotle* went,  
I doo deprivue the Heav'ns of Element,  
And mixture too; and think, th'omnipotence  
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence;  
Sith of the Elements, two still erect  
Their motion vp; two euer down direct:  
But the Heav'ns course, not wandring vp nor down,  
Continually turns onely roundly round.

The Elements haue no eternall race,  
But settle ay in their assigned place:  
But th'azure Circle without taking breath,  
His certain course for euer gallopeth;  
It keeps one paze, and mov'd with waight-less waights,  
It neuer takes fresh horse, nor neuer baits.

Things that consist of th'Elements vniting,  
Are euer tost with an intestine fighting;  
Whence, springs (in time) their life and their deceasing,  
Their diuers change, their waxing and decreasing:  
So that, of all that is, or may be seen  
With mortall eyes, vnder Nights horned Queen,  
Nothing retaineth the same form and face,  
Hardly the half of half an howrs space.  
But, the Heav'ns feel not Fates impartiall rigour:  
Years add not to their stature nor their vigour:  
Vse wears them not; but their green-euer Age  
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.

Then sodainly, turnd studious *Platonist*,  
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist:  
Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps apparant,  
Their bodies fast; Aire makes them all transparant;  
Fire makes their restles circles pure, and cleer,  
Hot, light some, light, and quick in their career:

commeth to dis-  
course of the  
Heavens, & first  
intreateth of  
their matter and  
Essence.  
According to the  
opinion of the  
Philosophers.

Their course.

Heaven not sub-  
iect to alteration,  
as are the  
Elements.

What use of E-  
lements in the  
Heavens.



And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims  
Of th'enter-kissing turning Globes extreame,  
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)  
Which els would set all th'elements a-burning.

*Difference be-  
tween the Ele-  
ments whereof  
the Heavens are  
composed, and  
these inferiour  
Elements.*

Not, that I doo compare or match the Matter  
Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,  
To those gross Elements which heere belowe  
Our hand and ey doth touch and see and knowe:  
'T's all fair, all pure; a sacred harmony  
Those bodies bindes in end-les Vnity:  
That Aier's not flitting, nor that water floating,  
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating:  
Nor one to other aught offensive neither,  
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.

*Detesting the  
presumption of  
those curious  
wits searching  
those secrets,  
He limits him-  
selfe within the  
bounds of Chri-  
stian Sobriety.*

See, see the rage of humane Arrogance:  
See how far dares man's erring ignorance,  
That with vnbridled tongue (as if it oft  
Had try'd the mettle of that vpper Loft)  
Dares, without proof or without reason yeelded,  
Tell of what timber God his Palace builded,  
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,  
Then with mine errour draw my Reader wry;  
Till a Saint *Paule* doo re-descend from Heav'n,  
Or rill my self (this sinfull roab be reav'n,  
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses  
My pilgrim Soule, and euer it deresses)  
Shall see the beauties of that Blessed Place:  
If (then) I ought shall see, saue Gods bright Face.

*Divers opinions  
of the number of  
the Heavens.*

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber  
Th'old Heathen Schools about the Heav'ns number:  
One holds but one; making the Worlds Eys shine  
Through the thin thicknes of that Cry stall line  
(As through the Oceans cleere and liquid Flood  
The slippery Fishes vp and down doo scud.)  
Another, iudging certain by his ey,  
And seeing Seav'n bright Lamps (moov'd diversly)  
Turn this and that way: and, on th'other side,  
That all the rest of the Heav'ns twinkling pride

Keep

Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies  
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.  
Others, amid the Starriest Orb perceiving  
A triple cadence, and withall conceiving  
That but one naturall course one body goes,  
Count nine, som ten; not numbring yet (with those)  
Th'empyreall Palace, where th'eternall Treasures  
Of *Nectar* flowe, where euer-lasting Pleasures  
Are heaped-up, where an immortall *May*  
In blis-full beauties flourisheth for ay,  
Where Life still liues, where God his \* Sifes holds  
Environ'd round with Seraphins, and Soules  
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious Flight  
Yerft mounted Earth aboue the Heav'ns bright.  
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume  
So high a Song and Subiect to assume.

\* *Assises.*

O fair, five-double Round, Sloath's Foe apparant,  
Life of the World, Dayes, Months, and Yeers owne Parent;  
Thine own selfs model, never shifting place,  
And yet, thy pure wings with so swift a pace  
Fly ouer vs, that but our Thought alone  
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion:  
Infinite finite: free from growth and grief,  
Discord and death; dance-louer; to be brief,  
Still like thy self, all thine owne in thee all,  
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this lowe Ball:  
Which in thy wide bout, bound-les all doost bound,  
And claspest all, vnder, or in thy Round;  
Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearse  
Thy various Dances in this very Verse,  
If it were time, and but my bounded Song  
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.  
For, notwithstanding, yet another day  
I fear som Critick will not stick to say,  
My babbling Muse did fail with euery gale,  
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.

*He stoppeth at  
the contemplati-  
on and praise of  
the Heauens.  
Which he conse-  
dereth as distin-  
guished into ten  
stages or Hea-  
uens.*

But knowe, what e'r thou be, that heer I gather  
Iustly to many of Gods works together,

F 3

*The summe of  
what hath been  
Because handled in this*



booke, & what is  
to be understood  
by the firmament  
which Moses  
describeth in the  
first of Gen. v. 6.

Against those  
that think there  
are no waters a-  
bove the firma-  
ment: whom he  
confuteth by  
divers Reasons.

Simile.

1. The word of  
God to be prefer-  
red before the  
voice of man.

2. Gods word  
mentioneth wa-  
ters before the  
firmament.

Gen. 1. 7.  
Psal. 104. 3.  
Psal. 148. 4.

Because by th'Orbe of th'ample Firmament  
Which round *This Day* th'Eternall Finger pent  
Between the lower Waters and the higher;  
I mean the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th'upper Fire,  
Which separate the Oceans waters salt,  
From those which God pour'd o'r th'Ethereal Vault.

Yet haue I not so little seen and sought  
The Volumes, which our Age hath chiefest thought;  
But that I knowe how suttly greatest Clarks  
Presume to argue in their learned Works,  
T'o'rwhelm these Floods, this Crystal to deface,  
And dry this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.  
But as the beauty of a modest Dame,  
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,  
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n)  
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)  
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor set-it-out  
With helps of Art, sufficient Fair without;  
Is more prayse-worthy, then the wanton glance,  
Th'affected gait, th'alluring countenance,  
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,  
Whence Courtifans refresh their beauties fainting:  
So doe I more the *sacred Tongue* esteem,  
Though plain and rurall it doe rather seem,  
Then school'd *Athenian*; and Diuinity,  
For onely varnish, have but Verity;  
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,  
Wherewith men burnish there erroneous vanity.

I'l rather give a thousand times the ly  
To mine own Reason, then but once defy  
The sacred voice of th'ever-lasting Spirit,  
Which doth so often and so loud averr-it,  
That God, above the shining Firmament,  
I wot not, I, what kind of Waters pent:  
Whether, that pure, super-celestiall Water,  
With our inferiour haue no likely nature:  
Whether, turn'd Vapour, it haue round embow'd  
Heav'ns highest stage in a transparent Cloud:

Or whether (as they say) a Cryſtall caſe  
Do (round about) the Heav'nly Orb embrace.

But, with coniectures wherefore ſtrive I thus?  
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty diſcuſs?  
I ſee not, why Mans reaſon ſhould withſtand,  
Or not beleeve, that Hee whoſe pow'rfull hand  
Bay'd-vp the Red-Sea with a double Wall,  
That *Iſraels* Hoſt might ſcape *Egyptian* thrall,  
Could prop as ſure ſo many waves on high  
Above the Heav'n Star-ſpangled Canapy.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each howr  
So many Seas, ſtill threatning down to pour,  
Supported only by th' Aire's agitation  
(Seſſly too weak for the leaſt waight's foundation)?  
See we not alſo, that this Sea belowe,  
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flowe,  
Remains ſtill round, and maugre all the ſurly  
*Aolian* Slaves and Water's hurlyburly,  
Dares not (to levell her proud liquid Heap)  
Neuer ſo little paſt her limits leap?

Why then beleue we not, that vpper Sphear  
May (without falling) ſuch an Ocean bear?  
Vncircumciſed I O hard hearts! at leaſt  
Let's think that God thoſe Waters doth digeſt  
In that ſteep place: for, if that, Nature heer  
Can form firm Pearl and Cryſtall ſhining cleer  
Of liquid ſubſtance; let's beleue it rather  
Much more in God (the Heav'ns and Natur's Father)  
Let vs much more, much more let's peiz and ponder  
Th' Almightyes Works, and at his Wiſedom wonder:

Let vs obſerue, and bouldly-waigh it well,  
That this proud Palace whear we rule and dwell  
(Though built with match-leſs Art) had fall'n long ſince,  
Had't not ben ſee'd-round with moiſt Elements.  
For, like as (in Man's *Little-World*) the Brain  
Doth higheſt place of all our Frame retain,  
And tempers with it's moiſtfull coldneſſe  
Th'exceſſive heat of other parts belowe:

3. The power of  
God ought to be  
of greater au-  
thority then  
Mans Reaſon.

4. The conſide-  
ration of the wa-  
ters which hang  
in the Aire, and  
of the Sea which  
compaſſeth the  
Earth.

5. Diuerſe effects  
continual & ad-  
mirable in Na-  
ture.



Th'eternall Builder of this beautilous Frame  
To enter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,  
And cool the great heat of the *Great-World's* Torches,  
*This-Day* spread Water over Heav'n's bright Arches.

These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas belowe,  
Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho,  
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* builded

*Taking occasion  
by his former dis-  
course, he trea-  
teth of the incoi-  
ter of the upper  
waters with the  
lower: whence  
followed the ge-  
neral flood in the  
daies of Noah:  
Which here he  
liuely represen-  
teth.*

A holy Vessell, where his house was shielded:  
Where, by direction of the King of Kings,  
He sav'd a seed-payr of all living things.  
No sooner shipt, but instantly the Lord  
Down to th' *Æolian* dungeon him bestirr'd,  
There muzled close Cloud-chasing *Boreas*,  
And let loose *Auster*, and his lowring race,  
Who soon set forward with a dropping wing;  
Vpon their beard for every hair a spring,  
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,  
Their wattled locks gulht all in Rivers out;  
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds asunder,  
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, rain and thunder.  
Brooks, Lakes, and Floods, Rivers, and foaming Torrents  
Sodainly swell; and their confused Currents,  
Losing their old bounds, break a neerer way  
To run at randon with their spoys to Sea.  
Th'Earth shakes for fear, and (sweating) doth consume her,  
And in her veins leaues not a drop of humour.  
And thou thy self, O Heav'n, didst set wide ope  
(Through all the Marches in thy spacious cope)  
All thy large sluices, thy vast Seas to shed  
In sodain spouts on thy proud sisters head;  
Whose aw-les, law-les, shame-les life abhord,  
Only delighted to despight the Lord.

Th'Earth shrinks & sinks; now th' Ocean hath no shore:  
Now Rivers run to serue the Sea no more;  
Themselues are Sea: the many sundry Streams,  
Of sundry names (deriv'd from sundry Realms)  
Make now but one great Sea: the World it self  
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulf,

Whose

Whose swelling surges strive to mix their Water  
 With th'other Waves about this round Theater,  
 The Sturgeon, coasting over Castles, mules  
 (Vnder the Sea) to see so many houses,  
 The *Indian* Manat and the Mullet float  
 O'r Mountain tops where yearst the bearded Goat  
 Did bound and brouz: the crooked Dolphin scuds  
 O'r th' highest branches of the hugest VVoods:  
 Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart or Hors,  
 Or Hare, or Grey-hound, their swift speedy cours;  
 For, seeking Land, the more they strain and breath them,  
 The more (alas) it shrinks and sinks beneath them,  
 The Otter, Tortois, and fell Crocodile  
 VVhich did enjoy a double house yer-while,  
 Must be content with only water now.

The VVolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks, do rowe  
 Vpon the VVaters, side by side, suspectless,  
 The Glead and Swallow, laboring long (effect-les)  
 'Gainst certain death, with wearied wings fall down  
 (For want of Perch) and with the rest do drown.

And, for mankinde, imagine som get vp  
 To som high Mountains over-hanging top;  
 Som to a Towr, som to a Cedar tree,  
 (Whence round about a VVorld of deaths they see)  
 But where soeuer their pale fears aspire  
 For hope of safety, th' Ocean surgeth higher;  
 And still still mounting as they still do mount,  
 VVhen they cease mounting doth them soon surmount.

One therefore ventures on a Plank to rowe,  
 One in a Chest, another in a Trough:  
 Another, yet half-sleeping, scarce perceives  
 How's hed and breath, the Flood at once bereaues;  
 Another, labouring with his feet and hands,  
 A while the fury of the Flood with stands  
 (VVhich by his side hath newly droun'd his Mother,  
 His Wife, his Son, his Sister, Sire, and Brother):  
 But tyr'd and spent, weary and wanting strength,  
 He needs must yeeld (too) to the Seas at length;

All,



\* Paræ, à non  
parcen to:  
The none sparing  
Fates, that is to  
say, Death.

All, all must diethen: but \*th' *impartiall Maids*,  
Who went to vse so sundry tools for ayds,  
In execution of their fatall slaughters,  
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.

Safely the while, the sacred Ship did float  
On the proud shoulders of that boundless-Moat;  
Though mast-les, oar-les and from Harbour far,  
For God was both her Steers-man & her Star.  
Thrice fifty dayes that Vniuersall Flood  
Wasted the World; which then the Lord thought good  
To re-erect, in his Compassion great.  
No sooner sounds he to the Seas retreat,  
But instantly wave into wave did sink  
With sodain speed, all Rivers gan to shrink;  
Th' Ocean retires him to his wonted prison;  
The Woods are seen; the Mountain tops are risen  
Out of their slimy Bed: the Fields increase  
And spread apace; so fast the waters cease.  
And (bricfly) th' onely thundring hand of God  
Now Earth to Heav'n, Heav'n vnto Earth re-show'd;  
That he againe *Panchaia* Fumes might see  
Sacred on Altars to his Maiesty.

He concludeth  
with a most god-  
ly prayer accom-  
modated to the  
state of the  
Church in our  
time.

Lord, lieth' hath pleas'd thee likewise in our Age,  
To saue thy Ship from Tyrants stormy rage,  
Increase in Number (Lord) thy little Flock;  
But more in Faith, to build on thee, the Rock.

---

So t' Morne and Euen the second Day conclude,  
And God percein'd that All his Works were good.

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# THE THIRD DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:  
Sener'd a-part: Bounds of the Oceans rage:  
'Timbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:  
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb, and Flowe:  
Rare streames, and fountains of strange operation:  
Earth's firmnes, greatnes, goodnes: sharp taxation  
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Avarice: (price:  
Trees, Shrubs, & Plants: Mines, Metalls, Gemms of  
Right use of Gold: the Load-stones rare effects:  
The Countrey-life preferr'd in all respects.*

**M**Y sacred Muse, that lately soared high  
Among the glistering Circles of the Sky  
(Whose various dance, which the first Moover drives  
Harmoniously, this Vniverse revives)  
Commanding all the Windes and sulphry Storms,  
The lightning Flashies, and the hideous Forms  
Seen in the Aire, with language meetly brave:  
Whilom discourst vpon a Theam so grave:  
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowely by the Ground,  
She seems constrain'd to keep a lowely sound;  
Or, if sometimes, she somewhat raise her voice,  
The sound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noise.

O King of grassie and of glassie Plains,  
Whose powrfull breath (at thy drad will) constrains

*From the Heavens  
& Regions of  
the Aire, the  
Poet descendeth  
to the Earth and  
Sea.*

*He calleth vpon  
the true*

The



*Be assisted in the  
description of  
these two Ele-  
ments, and the  
things therein.*

*God in this third  
Day, gathers to-  
gether the Wa-  
ters, & separates  
them from the  
Earth.*

*By an apt cōpa-  
rison, he sheweth  
how the Water  
withdrew from  
off the Earth.*

*Of the lodging  
and bed of the  
sea.*

The deep Foundations of the Hills to shake,  
And Seas salt billows 'gainst Heav'ns vaults to rake:  
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments  
To bound aright these two rich Elements:  
In learned numbers teach me sing the natures  
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters:  
And with a flowing stile the Flowrs to limn  
Whose Colours now shall paint the Fields so trim,  
All those steep Mountains, whose high horned tops  
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,  
Vnder First Waters their crump shoulders hid,  
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,  
Vntill th' All-Monarch's bountious Maiesty  
(Willing t'enfeof man this worlds Empery)  
Commaunded *Neptune* straight to Marshall forth  
His Floods a part; and to vnfold the Earth:  
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,  
Thaue all the World, for one whole day, possesse.  
As when the muffled Heav'ns haue wept amain,  
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,  
Turn'd Fieldsto Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,  
With vnseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,  
Sups vp it self, in hollow sponges sinks,  
And's ample arms in straighter Chanell shrinks:  
Even so the Sea, to 'tself it self betook,  
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;  
And sodainly in smaller cask did run  
Her Waters, that from euery side did run:  
Whether th'imperfect Light did first exhale  
Much of that primer Humour, wherewithall  
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found  
The Crystall Sphears that he hath spred so round:  
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide  
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide  
Th'Earth's hollow Pores, it pleas'd him to conueigh  
Deep vnder ground som Arms of such a Sea:  
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,  
That cov' red all (as with a cloudy Robe)

He them impris'ned in those bounds of bras,  
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not pass  
Without his licence. For, th'Eternall, knowing  
The Seas commotive and inconstant flowing,  
Thus curbed her; and 'gainst her enuious rage,  
For-ever fenc't our Flowry-mantled Stage:  
So that we often see those rowling Hills,  
With roaring noisethreatning the neighbour Fields,  
Through their owne spite to split vpon the shore,  
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.

*The Sea kept  
within her  
bouds by the  
Almighty power  
of God.*

For, what could not that great, high Admirall  
Work in the Waues, sith at his Seruants call,  
His dreadfull voice (to saue his ancient Sheep)  
Did cleave the bottom of th'Erythraean Deepe?  
And toward the Cry stall of his double source  
Compelled *Jordan* to retreat his course?  
Drown'd with a *Deluge* there rebellious World?  
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purl'd?

*Exod. 14. 11.  
Iosuah. 3. 16.  
Gen. 7. 21.  
Exo. 17. 6.*

Lo, thus the waighty Water did yer-while  
With winding turns make all this world an Ile.  
For, like as molten Lead being poured forth  
Vpon a leuell plot of sand or earth,

*A fit Simile  
shewing the  
winding turns  
of the Sea about  
the Earth.*

In many fashions mazeth to and fro;  
Runs heer direct; thear crookedly doth go,  
Heer doth diuide it self, there meets again;  
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,  
On the smooth table crawling like a worm,  
Almost (in th' instant) euery form doth form:  
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground:  
In sundry figures; som in fashion round,  
Som square, som croffe, som long, som lozenge-wise,  
Som triangles, som large, som lesser size;  
Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)  
To giue the world more wealth and excellence.  
Such is the *German Sea*, such *Persian Sine*,  
Such th'*Indian Gulf*, and such th'*Arabian Brine*,  
And such Our Sea: whose diuers-brancht \*retortions,  
Divide the World in three vnequall Portions.

*\* Windings.*

And



*The arms of the  
Sea distinguish-  
ed into smaller  
members with  
comodities and  
use thereof.*

And, though each of these Arms (how large soever)  
To the great Ocean seems a little Riuer:  
Each makes a hundred sundry Seas besides  
(Not sundry in waters, but in Names and Tides)  
To moisten kindly, by their secret Vains,  
The thirstie thickness of the neighbour Plains:  
To bulwark Nations, and to serue for fences  
Against th'invasion of Ambitious Princes:  
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:  
To further Traffick through all Earthly Climates:  
To abridge long Iourneys; and with ayd of Winde  
Within a month to visit either Inde.

*A Catalogue of  
most of the most  
famous Riuer in  
the World.*

But, th'Earth not only th'Oceans debter is  
For these large Seas: But sh'owes him *Taniis*,  
*Nile* (*Egypt's* treasure) and his neighbour stream  
That in the Desert (through his haste extream)  
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;  
And th'other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:  
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous brother,  
That lends his name vnto their noble Mother:  
*Gold-sanded Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhône*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,  
*Danubius*, *Albis*, *Pô*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;  
The *Darian Plate*, and *Amazonian River*,  
(Where *SPAIN'S* Gold-thirsty Locusts cool their liver):  
Our siluer Medway, (which doth deep indent  
The Flowrie Meadows of My native *KENT*;  
Still sadly weeping (vnder Pensherft valls)  
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's bleeding Funerals)  
Our *Thames* and *Tweed*, our *Severn*, *Trent*, and *Humber*,  
And many moe, too infinite to number.

*Fountains  
Springs and Ri-  
uers welling out  
of the Earth.*

Of him, she also holds her Siluer Springs,  
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:  
And after (greatly) in two sorts repaies  
Th'Humour she borrows by two sundry waies.  
For, like as in a Limbeck, th'heat of Fire  
Raifeth a Vapour, which still mounting higher  
To the Still's top; when th'odoriferous sweat  
Above that Miter can no further get,

*of the first weeke.*

63

It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,  
And Cleer as Cry stall, in the glasse doth hop;  
The purest humor in the Sea, the Sun  
Exhales in th'Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,  
Returns to water; and descends again  
By sundry waies vnto his Mother Main.

For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)  
Through the wide sive of her void entrails searst;  
Giving more room, at length from Rockie Mountains:  
She (night and day) pours forth a thousand Fountains:  
These Fountains make fresh Brooks (with murmuring cur-  
These murmuring Brooks, the swift & violēt Torrents; (rents  
These violēt Torrents, mighty Rivers; These,  
These Rivers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.

And all the highest Heav'n approaching Rocks  
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:

For, soone as *Titan*, having run his Ring,  
To th'ycie climates bringeth back the Spring;  
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,  
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps  
On every side, it foames, it roares, it rushes,  
And through the steep and stony hilles it gushes,  
Making a thousand Brooks; whereof, when one  
Perceiues his fellow striving to be gone;  
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;  
After, another and another hies,

All in one race; ioynt-losing all of them  
Their Names and Waters in a greater stream:  
And He that robs them, shortly doth deliuer  
Himselfe and his into a larger Riuer:

And That, at length, how euer great and large  
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge  
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,

According to th'Eternall *Rendez-vous*.

Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter  
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:  
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,  
Matcht with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;

*A Similie. showing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, & then poured into the Sea.*

*How the Fountains come to breake forth of the Earth.*

*The increasing of Brooks and Rivers, and of their falling into the Sea.*

*Why the Sea receiveth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.*

The



The Sun (as yerst I said) and Windes withall,  
Sweeping the sur-face of the Brinie-Ball,  
Extract as much still of her humours thin,  
As sweeping Aire and welling Earth pours in.

But as the swelting heat, and shivering cold,  
Gnashing and sweat, that th'Ague-sick do hold,  
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order  
Afflict the body with their fell disorder :

*Of the Ebbing  
and Flowing of  
the Sea: & sun-  
dry causes therof*

The Sea hath fits, alternate course she keepes,  
From Deep to Shoar, and from the Shoar to Deeps.  
Whether it were, that at the first, the Ocean  
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double Motion,

*Simile.*

By means whereof, it never resteth stound,  
But (as a turning Whirli-gig) goes round,  
Whirls of it self, and good-while after takes  
Strength of the strength which the first motion makes :  
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call,  
Be but a peece of the *Grand Sea* of all;  
And that his Floods entring the ample Bed  
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried  
Against the Rocks) repulled with disdain,  
Bethence compelled to turn back again :  
Or whether *Cynthia*, that with Change-full laws  
Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause :  
As, on our Shoar, we see the Sea to rise  
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our skies.

*Prooffe of the  
third cause: viz.  
that the waxing  
and waning of  
the Moon, cau-  
seth the flowing  
and ebbing of  
the Sea.*

And when, through Heav'ns Vault vailing toward *Spain*,  
The Moon descendeth, then it Ebbs again.  
Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown  
Begins to shine on th'other *Horizon*,  
It Flowes again : and then again it falls  
When she doth light th'other *Meridionalls*.

Wee see more-over, that th' *Atlantick Seas*  
Doo Flowe far farther then the *Genôese*,  
Or both the *Bosphores* ; and that *Lakes*, which growe  
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe :  
Because (they say) the siluer fronted Star,  
That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)

Pours

Pours with les powr her plentious influence  
Vpon these straight and narrow stream'd Fennes,  
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,  
Then on an Ocean vast and void of bounds:  
Euen as in Sommer, her great brothers Ey,  
When winds be silent, doth more easily dry  
Wide spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,  
Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hills.

*Simile.*

*Why the tide is  
not so well per-  
ceined at sea as  
by the shoare.*

If we perceiue not in the Deep, so well  
As by the shoar, when it doth shrink and swell;  
Our sprightfull Pulse the tide doth well resemble,  
Whose out-side seems more then the midst to tremble.

*The cause of the  
saltnes of the sea.*

Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars les mighty  
Then his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitrite*.  
For *Phæbus*, boyling with his lightsom Heat  
The Fish-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,  
And supping vp still (with his thirsty Rayes)  
All the fresh humour in the floating Seas,  
In *Thetis* large Cells leaveth nought behind,  
Sauer liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.

*Of waters sepa-  
rated from the  
Sea.*

But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)  
Through thousand Seas hath caried me away,  
In feare t'haue drown'd my selfe and Readers so,  
The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.  
Therefore a-shore; and on the tender Lee  
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's see  
The soverain vertues of their severall Waters,  
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,  
That with incredible rare force of theirs,  
Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears.

*Wonderfull ef-  
fects of diuers  
Fountains.*

Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phæbus* Torch is light,  
Is cold as Ice; and (opposite) all night  
(Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,  
And boiles and bubbles like a seething Pot.

They say (forsooth) the Riuer *Silarus*,  
And such another, call'd *Eurimeneus*,  
Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaues, and all,  
To very stone, that in their Waters fall.



O! should I blanch the *Iewes* religious River,  
Which every *Saboth* dries his Chanell over,  
Keeping his Waues from working on that Day  
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay?

If neere vnto the *Eleusinian* Spring,  
Som sport-full Iig, som wanton Shepheard sing,  
The Ravisht Fountain falls to daunce and bound,  
Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.  
*Cerona*, *Xanth*, and *Cephisus*, doe make  
The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,  
Black, red, and white. And neer the crimson Deep,  
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimson Sheep.

*Salonian* Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,  
Out of what Cellars do you daily bring  
The Oyl and Wine that you abound with, so?  
O Earth! do these within thine entrails grow?  
What? bethere Vines and Orchards vnder ground?  
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Art there found?

What should I, of th' *Illyrian* Fountain, tell?  
What shall I say of the *Dodonean* Well?  
Whereof, the first sets any cloathes on-fire;  
Th' other doth quench (who but will this admire?)  
A burning Torch; and when the same is quenched,  
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.  
Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables  
I should enroule most of these admirables;  
Saue for the reuerence of th' vnstained credit  
Of many a witnes where I yerst haue read it:  
And sauing that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,  
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.

Of all the Sources infinite to count,  
Which to an ample Volume would amount,  
Far hence on Forrain vnfrequented Coast,  
I'le onely chuse som five or sixe at most,  
Strangeto report, perhaps beleeu'd of few;  
And yet no more incredible then true.

*A continuation  
of the admirable  
effects of certain  
Waters.*

*\* Insule fortun-  
ate.*

In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of those same seav'n  
Whereto our Elders *\* Happy* name had giv'n)

The Savage people neuer drink the streams  
Of Wells and Riuers (as in other Realms)  
Their drink is in the Aire; their gushing spring  
A weeping Tree out of it selfe doth wring:  
A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spread  
In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed  
A most sweet liquor; and (like as the Vine  
Vntimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her wine,  
In pearled tears) incessantly distills  
A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills,  
Through all the Island: for all hither hy;  
And all their vessels cannot draw it dry.

In frosty *Islands* are two Fountains strange:  
Th'one flowes with Wax: the other stream doth change  
All into Iron, yet with scalding steam  
In thousand bubbles belcherth vp her stream.

In golden *Perú*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount  
A stream of Pitch comes from a springing Fount.

What more remains? That *New-found World*, besides,  
Toward the West many a faire River guides;  
Whose floating Waters (knowing th' vse aright  
Of Work-fit Day, and Rest-ordained Night,  
Better then men) run swiftly, all the Day;  
But rest, all Night, and stir not any way.

Great Engineer, Almighty Architect,  
I fear, of Enuy I should be suspect,  
Enuy of thy Renown and sacred glory,  
If my ingratefull Rimes should blanch the Story  
Of Streams, distilling through the Sulphur-Mines,  
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;  
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure  
A thousand Griets we mortals heere endure,  
Old in the Aprill of our age therewith,  
Whose rigour striues to ante-date our death.

Now, as my happy *Gascony* excells,  
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els;  
So doth she also in free *Bathes* abound;  
Where strangers flock from every part around.

Of Bathes and  
Medicinable  
Waters.

Of the excellens  
Bathes in *Gas-*  
*cony*.



The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight,  
 Th'v'lcerous, gowrie, deaf, and decrepit,  
 From East and West arriving, fetch from hence  
 Their ready help with small or no expence.  
 Witnes *Ancoffa*, *Caudrets*, *Aignescald*,  
*Barege*, *Baigners*; *Baigners*, the pride of all,  
 The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise  
 Of all those Mountains mounting to the skies,  
 Where yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot  
 (Wanton *Alcmena's* Bastard, meane I not)  
 On faire *Piréne* (as the fame doth go)  
 The famous Father of the *Gascons*; who  
 By noble deeds, do worthily averr  
 Their true descent from such an Ancestor.  
 On th'one side, Hills hoar'd with eternall Snowes,  
 And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* doe inclose:  
 The other side is sweetly compast in  
 With fragrant skirts of an immortal Green,  
 Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,  
 The famous praise of the *Peneian Vale*:  
 There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;  
 Th'even-slated Roofs reflect with glistering blew:  
 To keep the Pavement ever cleane and sweet,  
 A Crystall River runs through every Street,  
 Whose Silver stream, as cold as Ice, doth slide  
 But little off the *Physick Waters* side;  
 Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a iot  
 To intermix his cold with th'others hot.

But, all these Wonders that adorn my Verse,  
 Yet come not neer vnto the wondrous *Lers*:  
 If it be true, that the *Stagyrian Sage*  
 (With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate rage)  
 Because his Reason could not reach the knowing  
 Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,  
 Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,  
 Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend.

What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain,  
 Which springs at *Belestat* neere the famous Mountain

Of the most wonderfull Fountain  
 of Belestat.

Of Foix; whose Floods bathing *Masérian Plains*,  
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tbolousains*?  
As oft as *Phœbus* (in a compleat Race)  
On both th' *Horizons* shews his radiant Face,  
This wondrous Brook (for foure whole months) doth Flowe,  
Foure-times-six-times, and Ebbs as oft as lowe.  
For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list:  
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist.  
Whose foaming Stream strives proudly to compare  
(Even in the birth) with Fame-full 'st Floods that are.  
O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician*!  
Clock-lesse, so iust to measure *Time's* partition.

And little *LAMBS-BOVRN*, though thou match not *Lers*,  
Nor hadst the Honor of *Du BARTAS* Verse;  
If mine haue any, Thou must needs partake,  
Both for thine Owne, and for thine Owners sake;  
Whose kind Excellences Thee so neerly touch,  
That Yeerely for them Thou dost weepe so much,  
All Summer-long (while all thy Sisters shrinke)  
That of thy teares a million daily drinke;  
Besides thy Waast, which then in haste doth run  
To wash the feet of *CHAVCER'S* *Donnington*:  
But (while the rest are full vnto the top)  
All Winter-long, Thou never show'st a drop,  
Nor send'st a doitt of need-lesse Subsidie,  
To *Cramm* the *Kennet's* Want-lesse *Treasurie*,  
Before her Store be spent, and Springs be staid:  
Then, then, alone Thou lendst a liberall Aid;  
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (Mine, of late)  
How, When, and Where to right-participate  
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,  
And not to greaz, still the too-greazy Swine:  
Neither, for fame, nor forme (when others doo)  
To giue a Morfel, or a Mite or two;  
But senerally, and of a selfly motion,  
When others miss, to giue the most devotion.

Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator  
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:

The intermed-  
ling of the Earth  
and Sea, and of



the commodities  
thence arising,  
& contrariwise  
of the confusion  
that would fol-  
low, if they were  
separated.

For, sith th'one could not without drink subsist,  
Nor, th'other without stay, bottom and list,  
God intermixt them so, that th'Earth her brest  
Op'ning to th'Ocean, th'Ocean winding prest  
About the Earth, a-thwart, and vnder it:  
For the World's Center, both together fit.  
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly  
Iust the iust midst of the Worlds Axle-tree,  
All Climats then should not be serv'd a-right  
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:  
The *Horizons* il-leuell'd circle wide,  
Would sag too-much on th'one orth'other side:  
Th' *Antipodes*, or we, at once should take  
View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiack*:  
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,  
And setled Seasons would be then vncertaine.

The Masse of  
the Earth and  
Water together  
make a perfect  
Globe.

This also serueth for probation sound,  
That th'Earth and Waters mingled Mass is Round,  
Round as a Ball; seeing on euery side  
The Day and Night successiue to slide.  
Yea, though *Vespucio* (famous *Florentine*)  
*Marke Pole*, and *Columb*, braue *Italian Trine*,  
*Our* (Spain's Dread) *Drake*, *Candish*, and *Cumberland*,  
*Most valiant Earle*, most worthy *High Command*,  
And thousand gallant modern *Typhis* else,  
Had neuer brought the *North-Poles* *Parallels*  
Vnder the *South*; and, sayling still about,  
So many *New-worlds* vnder vs found out:  
Nay, neuer could they th' *Artike Pole* haue lost,  
Nor found th' *Antartike*, if in euery Coast  
Seas liquid *Glass* round-bow'd not euery-where,  
With sister Earth, to make a perfect *Spear*.

How it cometh  
to passe that the  
Sea is not flat  
nor leuel; but  
rising round and  
bowed about the  
Earth.

But, perfect *Artist*, with what *Arches* strong,  
*Props*, *staies*, and *Pillars*, hast thou stay'd so long  
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery *Water-Ball*,  
From falling out, and ouer-whelming all?  
May it not be (good Lord) because the *Water*  
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;

And

And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,  
Willing to fall, doth yet remain still round?  
Or may't not be, because the surly Banks  
Keep Waters captiue in their hollow flanks?  
Or that our Seas be buttrest (as it were)  
With thousand Rocks disperfed heere and there?  
Or rather, Lord, is't not Thine onely Powr  
That Bowes it round about Earths branchy Bowr?

Doubtles (great God) 'tis doubtles thine owne hand  
Whereon this Mansion of *Mankind* doth stand.  
For, though it hang in th' Aire, swim in the water,  
Though euery way it be a round Theater,  
Though All turn round about it, though for aye  
It selfs Foundations with swift Motions play,  
It rests vn-moouable: that th' Holy Race  
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

The Earth receiues man when he first is born:  
Th' Earth nurses him; and when he is forlorn  
Of th' other Elements, and Nature loaths-him,  
Th' Earth in her bosom with kind buriall cloaths-him.  
Oft hath the Aire with Tempests set-vpon-vs,  
Oft hath the Water with her Floods vndon-vs,  
Oft hath the Fire (th' vpper as well as ours)  
With wofull flames consum'd our Towns and Towrs:  
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,  
Vnto Mankind is kind without offence:  
Onely the Earth did neuer iot displace  
From the first seat assign'd it by thy grace.

Yet, true it is (good Lord) that mov'd sometimes  
With wicked Peoples execrable crimes,  
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,  
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,  
With ayd of Windes: which (as imprisoned deep)  
In her vast entrails, furious murmurs keep.  
Fear chills our hearts (what hart can fear dissemble?)  
When Steeples stagger, and huge Mountains tremble  
With wind-les wind, and yawning Hell deuours  
Sometimes whole Cities with their shining Towrs.

*The second part  
of this 3. Booke  
intreating of the  
Element of earth  
and first of the  
firmnes thereof.*

*Earth is the Mo-  
ther, Nurse, and  
Hosesse of man-  
kind.*

*Of Earth-quakes  
and of the ope-  
ning of the earth*



*The Globe of the Earth & Sea, is but as a little point, in comparison of the great circumference of Heaven :*

*Sith by the Doctrine of Astronomers, the least Starre in the Firmament is 18 times bigger then at the earth.*

*By consideration wherof, the Poet taketh occasion to censure sharply the Ambitiō, Bribery, Fury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Couetousnes of Mankind.*

Sith then, the Earth's, and Waters blended Ball  
Is center, heart, and nauel of this All;  
And sith (in reason) that which is included,  
Must needs be less then that which doth include it;  
'Tis question-less, the Orb of Earth and Water  
Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater.

Let any iudge, whether this lower Ball  
(Whose endless greatness we admire so, all)  
Seem not a point, compar'd with th' vpper Sphear  
Whose turning turns the rest in their Career;  
Sith the least Star that we perceiue to shine  
Aboue, disperst in th' Arches cry stalline  
(If, at the least, Star-Clarks be credit worth)  
Is eighteen times bigger then all the Earth:  
Whence, if we but subtract what is possest  
(From North to South, & from the East to West)  
Vnder the Empire of the Ocean  
*Atlantike, Indian, and American;*  
And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these,  
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:  
And also what the two intemperate Zones  
Doo make vnfit for habitations;  
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in respect):

Lo heer, Omen! Lo wherefore you neglect  
Heav'ns glorious Kingdom: Lo the largest scope  
Glory can giue to your ambitious hope.

O Princes (subiects vnto pride and pleasure)  
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the measure  
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,  
Cover the Fields with bloody Carcases:

O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)  
Make sale of *Iustice*, on your sacred Seat;  
And, broaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,  
To leaue a Leek to your vnthankfull Race:  
You strict Extorters, that the Poor oppress,  
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,  
To leaue your Off-spring rich (of others good)  
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood:

You

You Citty-Vipers, that (incestuous) ioyne  
*Use upon use*, begetting Coyn of Coyn :  
 You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,  
 Gain-greedy Chap-men, periur'd Hypocrites,  
 Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,  
 Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights,  
 'T inrich your selues, and your vnthrifty Sons  
 To Gentilizewith proud possessions :  
 You that for gain betray your gracious Prince,  
 Your native Country, or your deereſt Friends :  
 You, that to get you but an inch of ground,  
 With curſed hands remoue your Neighbours bound:  
 (The ancient bounds your Anceſtors haue ſet)  
 What gain you all ? alas ! what do you get ?  
 Yea, though a King by wile or war had won  
 All the round Earth to his ſubiection ;  
 Lo heer the Guerdon of his glorious pains :  
 A needles point, a Mote, a Mite, he gains,  
 A Nit, a Nothing (did he All poſſeſs) ;  
 Or, if then nothing any thing be leſs.

When God, whoſe words more in a moment can,  
 Then in an Age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,  
 Had ſeuered the Floods, leuell'd the Fields,  
 Embas't the Valleys, and embos't the Hills ;  
 Change, change (quoth hee) O fair and firmeſt Globe,  
 Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe ;  
 Cheer thy ſad brows, and ſtarely garniſh them,  
 With a rich, fragrant, ſlowry Diadem ;  
 Lay forth thy locks, and paint thee (*Lady-like*)  
 With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow cheek.  
 And let from hence-forth thy abundant breſts  
 Not only Nurſe thine own Wombs native gueſts,  
 But frankly furniſh with fit nourishments  
 The future folk of th' other Elements ;  
 That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court,  
 May all ſeem iealous of thy praiſe and port.

No ſooner ſpoken, but the lofty Pine  
 Diſtilling-pitch, the Larch yeeld-Turpentine,

*God hauing diſ-  
 couered the earth  
 commands it to  
 bring forth eue-  
 ry green thing,  
 herbs, trees, ſto-  
 wers and fruits.*

*Of Trees grow-  
 ing in Moun-  
 tains and in  
 Valleys.*

Th' euer



Th'ever-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar* sprout,  
 And th' Airy Mountaines mantle round about:  
 The Mast-full *Oke*, the vse-full *Ash*, the *Holm*,  
 Coat changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, shady *Elm*,  
 Through Hill and Plain ranged their plumed *Ranks*.  
 The winding Rivers bordered all their banks  
 With slice-Sea *Alders*, and green *Osfars* final,  
 With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,  
 And many Trees beside, fit to be made  
 Fewell, or Timber, or to serue for Shade.

*Of fruit-trees.*

The dainty *Apricock* (of *Plums* the Prince)  
 The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orange*, downy *Quince*,  
 All-ready bear grav'n in their tender barks,  
 Gods powerfull prouidence in open marks.  
 The sent-sweet *Apple*, and astringent *Pear*,  
 The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Maddeler*,  
 The milky *Fig*, the *Damson* black and white,  
 The *Date*, and *Olyue*, ayding appetite,  
 Spread euery-where a most delightfull Spring,  
 And euery-where a very *Eden* bring.

*Of shrubs.*

Heere, the fine *Pepper*, as in clusters hung,  
 There *Cinamon* and other *Spices* sprung.  
 Heer, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains  
 Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains;  
 There growes (th' *Hesperian* Plant) the precious *Reed*  
 Whence *Sugar* sirrops in abundance bleed;  
 There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from whence  
 Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankinsence*.

*Of the Vine, and  
 the excellent vse  
 of Wine temper-  
 ately taken.*

There, th' amorous *Vine*, coll's in a thousand sorts  
 (With winding arms) her Spouse that her supports:  
 The *Vine*, as far inferiour to the rest,  
 In beauty, as in bounty past the best:  
 Whose sacred liquor, temperately taen,  
 Reuiues the spirits and purifies the brain,  
 Cheers the sad heart, increaseth kindly heat,  
 Purgeth gross blood, and doth the pure beget,  
 Strengthens the stomach, and the colour mends,  
 Sharpens the wit, and doth the bladder cleanse,

Opens

Opens obstructions, excrements expels,  
And easeth vs of many Languors els.

And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly state  
Our Parents barr'd vs) th' Earth degenerate  
From her first beauty, bearing still vpon her  
Eternall Scars of her fond Lords diffonour:  
Though with the Worlds age, her weak age decay,  
Though she becom less fruitfull every day  
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming worn;  
Who with the Babes of her owne body born,  
Having almost stor'd a whole Towne with people,  
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)  
Yet doth shee yeeld matter enough to sing  
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.

Neuer mine eyes in pleasant Spring behold  
The azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,  
The *Violet's* purple, the sweet *Rose's* stammell,  
The *Lillie's* snowe, and *Pansy's* various ammell;  
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,  
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,  
Then fresh *Aurora's* rosie cheeks display,  
When in the East she vs hers a fair Day:  
Or *Iris* Bowe, which bended in the Sky  
Boades fruitfull dewes when as the Fields be dry.

Heer (dear *S. BARTAS*) giue thy Sernant leane  
In thy rich Garland one rare Flowr to weane,  
Whose vondrous nature had more worthy been  
Of thy diuine, immortalizing Pen:  
But, from thy sight, when *SEIN* did swell with Bloud,  
It sunk (perhaps) under the *Crimsin Flood*  
(When *Beldam*, *Medices*, *Valois*, and *Guise*,  
Stain'd Hymens Roab with Heathen cruelties)  
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,  
His Chamber kept; and wept with *Bartholmew*.

For so, so soon as in the Western Seas  
Apollo sinks, in siluer *Euphrates*  
The *Lotos* dines, deeper and deeper ay  
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:

He preuenteth  
an obiection, &  
sheweth that  
notwithstanding  
mans fall, the  
Earth yeeldeth  
vs matter i-  
nough to praise  
and magnifie  
her Maker.  
Simile.

Of Flowers.

An addition by  
the Translator  
of the rare  
Sun-louing  
*LOTOS*.

But



But not above the Water, till the Sun  
 Doo re-ascend above the Horizon.  
 So ever true to Titans radiant Flame,  
 Semper eadem. That (Rise he, Fall hee) it is Still the same.

A Real Emblem of her Royall Honour  
 That worthily did take that Word upon-her;  
 Sacred ELIZA, that ensu'd no less  
 Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousnes;  
 Whose lively lamp (what ever did betide-her)  
 In either Fortune vvas her onely Guider.  
 For, in her Fathers and her Brothers Daies,  
 Fair rose this Rose with Truth's new-springing raies:  
 And when again the Gospels glorious Light  
 Set in her Sisters superstitious Night,  
 She sunk withall under afflictions streams  
 (As sinks my Lotos with Sols setting beams):  
 But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,  
 There-with, again her Royal Crown she rear'd;  
 And in an Ile amid the Ocean set  
 (Mauger the Deluge that Romes Dragon spet,  
 With spightfull storms strining to ouer-flowe her.  
 And Spain conspyring ioynly t'ouer-throw-her)  
 Her Maiden Flowr flourish'd above the Water;  
 ELIZABETHA REGINA. For, still Heav'ns Sun cherisht his louing Daughter:  
 Anagram. Bel fiord' Honor, ch'in Mare'l Mondo ammira,  
 Ei ben t'alza c Al Sole sacro, ch'Ei BEN T' ALZA E GIRA  
 gira. (So, my deere Wiat, honouring Stil the same,  
 In-sou'd an Imprese with her Anagramm):  
 And last, for guerdon of her constant Loue,  
 Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above.

So set our Sun; and yet no Night ensu'd:  
 So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:  
 For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings  
 Another Flowr (or rather Phoenix) springs;  
 Another like (or rather Still the same)  
 No lesse in Loue with that Supernall Flame.  
 So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,  
 Th'honour of England, and the Royall blood,

of the first Weeke.

77

Long happy Monark may king IAMES persist;  
And after him, His; Still the same in Christ.

Of diuers hearbs  
and Plants, and  
of their excellent  
vertues.

Simile.

\* Esculapins.

\* Hyppolitus.

God, not content t'haue given these Plants of ours  
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, plenty, pleasant Flowrs,  
Infused Physick in their leaues and Mores,  
To cure our sicknes, and to salve our sores:  
Else doubt-les (Death assaults so many waies)  
Scarce could we liue a quarter of our Daies;  
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and falls,  
One Feast would serue our Birth and Burials:  
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,  
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.

Good Lord! how many gasping Soules haue scap't  
By th'ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Graue hath gap't;  
Who, euen about to touch the *Strygian* strand,  
Haue yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!  
Beard-les *Apollo's* beardy \* Sonn did once  
With iuice of Hearbs reioin the scattered bones  
Of the chaste \* Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court  
Preferred Death before incestuous sport.

So did *Medea*, for her *Iason's* sake,  
The frozen limbs of *Aeson* youthfull make.

O sacred Simples that our life sustain,  
And when it flies vs, call it back again!

'Tis not alone your liquor, inly taen,  
That oft defends vs from so many a baen:  
But euen your saour, yea, your neighbourhood,  
For som Diseases is exceeding good;  
Working so rare effects, that only such  
As feel, or see them, can beleue so much.

Blew *Succorie*, hangd on the naked neck,  
Dispels the dimness that our sight doth check.

*Swines-Bread*, so vsed, doth not onely speed  
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)

If ouer it a Child-great Woman stride,  
Instant abortion often doth betide.

The burning Sun, the banefull *Aconite*,

The poysonie Serpents that vnpeople quite

The vertue of  
*Succorie*.  
Of *Swines-*  
bread.

*Cyrenian*.



*Cyrenian* Defarts, neuer Danger them  
 That weare about them th' \* *Artemisian* Stem.  
 About an Infants neck hang *Peonie*,  
 It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladic.  
 If fuming boawls of *Bacchus*, in excess,  
 Trouble thy brains with storms of gyddines  
 Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,  
 And that mad humour will be quickly gon.  
 Th'enchating Charms of *Syrens* blandishments,  
 Contagious Aire ingendring Pestilence,  
 Infect not those that in their mouthes haue taen  
*Angelica* that happy counter-baen,  
 Sent down from Heav'n by some Celestiall scout,  
 As well the name and nature both avow't.  
 So *Pimpernell*, held in the Patients hand,  
 The bloody *Flix* doth presently with-stand:  
 And ruddy *Madder's* roor, long handeled,  
 Dies th'handlers vrine into perfect red.  
 O Wondrous *Wood!* which, touching but the skin,  
 Imparts his colour to the parts within.  
 Nor (powerfull Hearbs) dowe alonely find  
 Your vertues working in fraile humane kind;  
 But you can force the fiercest Animals,  
 The fellest Fiends, the firmest Mineralls,  
 Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie  
 Havenot bely'd the Hags of *Theffalie*).  
 Onely the touch of *Choak-Pard* \* *Aconite*,  
 Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of sense and might:  
 As (opposite) *Helleborus* doth make  
 His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake.  
 With *Betonic*, fell Serpents round beset,  
 Lift vp their heads, and fall to his and spet,  
 With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes,  
 Breaking all truce, with infinite desies:  
 Pust vp with rage, to't by the eares they goe,  
 Baen against baen, plague against plague they throwe,  
 Charging each other with so fierce a force  
 (For friends turn'd foes haue lightly least remorse)

That

That wounded all (or rather all a wound)  
 With poysoned gore they cover all the ground;  
 And nought can stint their strange intestine strife,  
 But onely th'end of their detested life.  
 As *Betonic* breaks friendships ancient bands,  
 So *Willow-wort* makes wonted hate shake hands:  
 For, being fastned to proud Courfers collers,  
 That fight and sling, it will abate their cholers.  
 The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*,  
 Consume their spleen. The like effect there is  
 In *Finger-Fern*: which, being given to Swine,  
 It makes their Milts to melt away in fine,  
 With ragged tooth choosling the same so right  
 Of all their Tripes to serue it's appetite.  
 And Horse, that, feeding on the grassey Hills,  
 Tread vpon \* *Moon-woort* with their hollow heeles;  
 Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,  
 Their Maister musing where their shooes become.  
 O *Moon-woort*! tell vs where thou hid'st the Smith,  
 Hammer, and Pincers, thou vnshoo'st them with?  
 Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't  
 That can thy subtil secret strength resist;  
 Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoo:  
 So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst vndoo?  
 But I suppose not, that the earth doth yeeld  
 In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,  
 A rarer Plant then *Candian* \* *Dittanie*,  
 Which wounded Dear eating, immediatly  
 Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,  
 But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.  
 Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine  
 That every where, in every Turfe we find  
 Such multitude of other Plants to spring,  
 In form, effect, and colour differing?  
 And each of them in their due Seasons taen;  
 To one is Physick, to another baen:  
 Now gentle, sharp anon: now good, then ill:  
 What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.

*Willow-wort.*

*Tamarice.*

*Finger-Fern.*

\* *Lunaria.*

\* *Dictamnium*  
*Candies.*

Great varietie  
 in colour and  
 form of Plants,  
 and strange con-  
 trariety of ef-  
 fects, according  
 to the bodies that  
 they worke vpon.

Th'hearb



\* *Fenelgyant*. Th'hearb \* *Sagapen* serues the slowe Asse for meat,  
 But kils the Ox if of the same he eat.  
 \* *Hemlocke*. So branched \* *Hemlock* for the Stares is fit;  
 But, death to man, if he but taste of it.  
 \* *Rose-bay*. And \* *Oleander* vnto bealts is poyson;  
 But, vnto man a speciall counter-poyson.  
 What ranker poyson? what more deadly baen  
 Then \* *Aconite*, can there be toucht or taen?  
 \* *Wolfebane*. And yet his iuice best cures the burning bit  
 Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.  
 O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!  
 Disdainfull Poyson! noble combatant!  
 That scorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,  
 That none partake the glory of his might:  
 For, if he find our bodies fore-posselt  
 With other Poyson, then he lets vs rest,  
 And with his Rivall enters secret Duel,  
 One to one, strong to strong, cruel to cruel,  
 Still fighting fierce, and never over-giue  
 Till they both dying, giue Man leave to liue.

Of grain, silke,  
 Cotton-Wool (or  
 Bombace) Flax  
 & Hemp which  
 the Earth pro-  
 duceth.

And to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,  
 Rush through the Woods, or clamber vp the Hills,  
 I find God every-where; Thence all depend,  
 He giueth frankly what we thankly spend.  
 Heer for our food, Millions of flow'rie grains,  
 With long Mustachoes, waue vpon the Plains;  
 Heere thousand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,  
 In Sérean Forrests hang in silken Globes:  
 Heer shrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner vse)  
 The fine white balls of *Bombace* do produce.  
 Heereth'azure-flowred Flax is finely spun  
 For finest Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:  
 Heere fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmarke* doth afford,  
 Doth furnish vs with Canualls, and with Cord,  
 Cables and Sayles; that, Winds assisting either,  
 We may acquaint the East & West together,  
 And dry-foot daunce on *Neptunes* Watty Front,  
 And in adventure lead whole Towns vpon't.

Heer

Heer of one grain of \* *Maiz*, a Reed doth spring,  
That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring;  
Which (after) th' *Indians* parch, and pun, and knead,  
And thereof make them a most holeſom bread.

\* *Indian-wheat.*

Th' Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty Ball,  
Still, ſtill rebounds and ecchoes ouer all:  
That, that alone, yeerly the World revives;  
Through that alone, all ſprings, all lives, all thrives:  
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain  
Our ſkillfull Seed-man ſcatters not in vain;  
But beeing covered by the tooth-full Harrow,  
Or hid a while vnder the folded furrow,  
Rots to revive; and, warmly-wet, puts-forth  
His root beneath, his bud about the Earth;  
Enriching ſhortly with his ſpringing Crop,  
The Ground with green, the Husband-man with hope:  
The bud becoms a blade, the blade a reed,  
The reed an ear, the ear another ſeed:  
The ſeed, to ſhut the waſtefull Sparrows out  
(In Harveſt) hath a ſtand of Pikes about,  
And Chaffe Husks in hollow Cods incloſe-it;  
Leaſt heat, wet, wind, ſhould roſte, or rot, or loſe it:  
And, leaſt the Straw ſhould not ſuſtaine the ear,  
With knotty ioynts 'tis ſheathed heer and there.

An exact deſ-  
cription o' the  
growing of  
wheat & other  
like kinds of  
grains.

Pardon me (Reader) if thy raviſht Eyes  
Have ſeen *To-Day* too great varieties  
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains,  
In theſe my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Plains;  
Sixth *Ile* of *Zebul*'s admirable Tree  
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)  
The which, alone, far richer Wonders yields  
Then all our Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Fields.  
What? wouldſt thou drink? the wounded leaues drop wine.  
Lack'ſt thou fine linnen? dreſs the tender rine,  
Dreſs it like Flax, ſpin it, and weaue it wel,  
It ſhal thy Cambrik and thy Lawn excel.  
Long'ſt thou for Butter? bite the poulpy part,  
And never better came to any Mart.

Of the Indian  
*Cocos* a moſt  
admirable fruit.

H

Needeſt



Needest thou Oyle? then bould it to and fro,  
 And passing oyle it soone becommeth so.  
 Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?  
 Then sun it wel, and it will sharply bite.  
 Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,  
 And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.  
 'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:  
 Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.  
 And God (I think) to crown our life with ioyes,  
 The Earth with plenty, and his Name with praise,  
 Had don enough; if he had made no more:  
 But this one Plant, so full of wondrous store:  
 Save that, the World (where one thing breeds satiety)  
 Could not be fair, without so great varietie.

Butth' Earth not onely on her back doth bear

Abundant treasures glistering every where

(*As glorious unbrists, crost with Parents Curse,*

*Wear golden Garments; but an empty Purse:*

*Or Venus Darlings, fair without; within*

*Full of Disease, full of Deceit and Sinne:*

*Or stately Tombses, externally gilt and garnisht;*

*With dust and bones inwardly fill'd and furnisht.)*

But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches,

Nay rather more (which more our soules bewitches).

Within the deep folds of her fruitfull lap,

So bound-les Mines of treasure doth she wrap,

That th' hungry hands of humane avarice

Cannot exhaust with labour or device.

For, they be more then ther be Starrs in Heav'n,

Or stormy billows in the Ocean driv'n,

Or ears of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,

Or Savage Beasts vpon a thousand Hills,

Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods,

Or scattred Leaves in Winter in the Woods.

*Slat, Iet, and Marble* shall escape my pen,

I over-pas the Salt-mount *Oromene*,

I blanch the *Brine-Quar Hill* in *Aragon*,

Whence (there) they powder their provision.

Of the riches.  
 Under or within  
 the Earth.

Of Minerals.

I'll onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,  
Dye't with *Vermilion*, deck't with *Copernass*,  
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,  
*Tin*, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy* :  
And on my Gold-work I will onely place  
The *Cryshall* pure, which doth reflect each face ;  
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,  
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,  
The *Cassidone*, full of circles round,  
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,  
The various *Opal*, and green *Emerald*,  
The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,  
The skie-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethysts*,  
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames relists.

Of pretious  
stones.

I knowe, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)  
No more a Mother, but a Step-dame rather :  
Because (alas ! ) vnto our losse she bears  
Blood-shedding *Steele*, and *Gold* the ground of cares :  
As if these Metalls, and not Man's amiss,  
Had made Sin mount vnto the height it is.  
But, as the sweet bait of abundant Riches,  
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches :  
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings  
To raise their thoughts vnto the rarest things.  
The wise, not onely Iron well apply  
For household turns, and Tools of Husbandry ;  
But to defend their Country (when it calls)  
From forrain dangers, and intestine bralls :  
But, with the same the wicked never mell,  
But to do seruice to the Hagg of Hell,  
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purse,  
To break a House, or to doo something worse ;  
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,  
To spoyle his Country, murder Innocents.  
Even so, profaning of a gift diuine,  
The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine :  
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,  
Excuse rich wrong, and cast poore Innocence :

The use, or abuse  
of things, makes  
shē good or euill:  
he pull a hurt-  
fu to himselfe.



So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,  
 Miss-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuse.  
 For, as a Cask, through want of vse grow'n fusty,  
 Makes with his stink the best *Greeke* Malmsey musty:  
 So God's best gifts, vsurpt by wicked Ones,  
 To poyson turn through their contagions.

*Of the rare ver-  
 tue of the Load-  
 stone.*

But, shall I baulk th'admired *Adamant*,  
 Whose dead-live power, my Reasons power doth dant.  
 Renowned *Load-stone*, which on Iron acts;  
 And by the touch the same aloofe attracts;  
 Attracts it strangely with vnclapsing crooks,  
 With vnknow'n cords, with vnconceived hooks,  
 With vnseen hands, with vndiscerned arms,  
 With hidden Force, with sacred secret charms,  
 Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Mistress*,  
 And never leaves her till he get a kifs;  
 Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosom,  
 Never to part (except we, love less, loose-*em*)  
 With so firme zeal and fast affection  
 The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone:  
 And though sometime som Make-bate come betwixt,  
 Still burns their first flame; tis so surely fixt  
 And, while they cannot meet to break their minds,  
 With mutuaill skips they shew their loue by signes  
 (As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,  
 Parley in silence with their hand or eye).  
 Who can conceiue, or censure in what sort  
 One Loadstone-touched Ann'let doth transport  
 Another Iron-Ring, and that another;  
 Till foure or fve hang dangling one in other:  
 Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)  
 Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:  
 Sith Reason-scanners haue resolued altho  
 That heauie things, hangd in the Aire, must fall.  
 I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks  
 In *Romane* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeke*,  
 Whose iealous wife, weening to home-revoke-him  
 With a Love-potion, did with poyson choak-him;

Hath

Hath sought to shoue, with arguing subtilty,  
The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.  
But say (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cause  
That toward the *North-Star* still the needle draw's,  
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? loose this knot,  
And still-green *Laurell* shall be still thy Lot:  
Yea, Thee more learned will I then confesse,  
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.

Of the excellent  
use of the Ma-  
riners Compass.

W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,  
Neyther to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,  
As (*Signor Flauio*) to thy witty triall,  
For first inuventing of the Sea-mans Diall  
(Th' vse of the Needle, turning in the same)  
Diuine deuice! O admirable Frame!  
Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkeſt night,  
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right:  
Whereby w' are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, and Lamp  
To search all corners of the watery Camp:  
Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns haue whurld  
Neer in one Night into another World,  
Knowes where she is; and in the *Card* descries  
What degree thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.  
*Cleer-fighted Spirits*, that cheer with sweet aspect  
*My sober Rymes*, though subiect to defect;  
If in this Volume, as you ouer-read it  
You meet som things seeming exceeding credit,  
Because (perhaps, beere proued yet by no-man)  
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common:  
Think, yet, to som the Load-stone's use is new;  
And seems as strange, as we haue try'd it true:  
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw such  
To credit more then what they see or touch.

Of medicinable  
Earths.

Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praise eternall,  
For the rarer riches on her back externall,  
Or in her bosom: but her own self's worth  
Solicits me to sound her glory forth.  
I call to witnes all those weak diseased,  
Whose bodies oft haue by th' effects been cas'd



Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Eretrian* Soil,  
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.

The Earths En-  
comion.

All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towns,  
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physik, and Fruits, and Flowrs,  
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,  
Sumptuously cloath'd in a Mantle meet  
Of mingled-colour; laç't about with Floods,  
And all embrodered with fresh blooming buds,  
With rarest Gemmes richly about embolt,  
Excelling cunning and exceeding cost.  
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root;  
Of All the World, the Worlds strong fixed foot,  
Heav'ns chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,  
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedestall.  
All hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse,  
Of the Worlds Sovrain: of thy liberall purse,  
W' are all maintayned: match-lesse Emperers,  
To doo thee service with all readines,  
The Sphears, before thee bear ten thousand Torches:  
The Fire, to warm thee, foldes his heatfull arches  
In purest flames about the floating Cloud:  
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd  
About the Waues and well content to suffer  
Milde Zephyrs blasts, and Boreas bellowing rougher:  
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains,  
Wraps her moist arms, Seas, riuers, lakes and fountains.

Commendations  
of the Country-  
lifes.

O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)  
Most of best wits condemn thee now a-days:  
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quight  
Study of Hearbs, and Country-lifes delight,  
To bruteest men, to men of no regard,  
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.  
Such were not yerst the reuerend Patriarks,  
Whose prayse is penn'd by the sacred Clarks.  
*Noah* the iust, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*,  
(Who Father of the Faithfull Race becam)  
Were Shepheards all; or Husbandmen (at least)  
And in the Fields pass'd their Dayes the best.

Such

Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philemetor*,  
*Archelaus*, *Hiero*, and many a Pretor;  
 Great Kings and Consuls, who haue oft, for blades  
 And glittering Scepters, handled hooks and spades.  
 Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,  
*Serranus*, *Curius*, who vn-self-delicious,  
 With Crowned Coultars, with Imperiall hands,  
 With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman* lands.  
 Great *Scipio*, sated with fain'd curtie-capping,  
 With Court-*Eclipses*, and the tedious gaping  
 Of golden beggers: and that Emperour,  
 Of Slave, turn'd King; of King, turn'd Labourer;  
 In Country Granges did their age confine:  
 And ordered there, with as good Discipline,  
 The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first;  
 And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.

O thrice, thrice happy He, who shunns the cares  
 Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;  
 And, seruing *Ceres*, Tills with his own Teem  
 His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!  
 Never pale Enuie's poysonic heads do hiss  
 To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Auarice:  
 His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never supps,  
 For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups;  
 Neither in golden Platters doth he lick  
 For sweet *Ambrosia* deadly *Arsenicke*:  
 His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glasse)  
 The silver Brook his sweetest *Hypocrasse*:  
 Milk, Cheefe, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeuour)  
 Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.

Falſe Counſailours (Concealers of the Law)  
 Turn-coat Attourneys, that with both hands draw;  
 Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,  
 Proud Purle-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,  
 With fained chiding, and foul iarring noyse,  
 Break not his brain, nor interrupt his ioyes:  
 But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrrows*,  
 With Natures Mulick do beguile his sorrows;

Free from enuy,  
 ambition, & a-  
 uarice: and con-  
 ſequently from  
 the diuelliſh pra-  
 ctises of Machi-  
 auilian Politiks.

Not vexed with  
 counterſaie wre-  
 ſtings of wrang-  
 ling Lawyers.



Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,  
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading  
Shipwracke, nor  
in danger of  
Pirates,

His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,  
On th'irefull Ocean (as the Windes do blowe)  
With sodain Tempest is not ouer-whurld,  
To seek his sad death in another World:  
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,  
Always in sight of his own smoak; no Seas,  
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,  
Then that which waters, with his siluer Current  
His Natiue Medowes: and that very Earth  
Shall giue him Buriall, which first gaue him Birth.

Not diseased in  
body through de-  
licious Idlenes.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need  
*Ethyop's* cold Rush, nor drowlie *Poppy*-seed;  
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecenas* did)  
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should haue said);  
But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Beuer,  
Frengeing the round skirts of his winding Riuer,  
The streams milde murmur, as it gently gushes,  
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drawn by  
factions to an  
vntimely Death.

Drum, Fife, and Trumpet, with their loud A-larms,  
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms:  
Nor deer respect of som great *Generall*,  
Him from his bed vnto the block doth call.  
The crested Cock sings *Hunt is vnto him*,  
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,  
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,  
Impearld with tears, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not choaked  
with contagion  
of a corrupted  
Ayre.

Neuer gross Aire, poysond in stinking Streets,  
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets;  
But th'open Sky, where at full breath he liues,  
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach giues:  
And Death, drad Seriant of th'eternall Iudge,  
Coms very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

Not (Chamele-  
like) changing,  
with enery ob-  
iect, the colour of  
his conscience.

His wretched yeers in Princes Courts he spends not:  
His thralld will on Great mens wils depends not:  
He, changing Master, doth not change at once  
His Faith; Religion, and his God renounce:

With

With mercenary lies he doth not chaunt,  
 Praying an Emmet for an Elephant:  
*Sardanapalus* (drown'd in soft excess)  
 For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*;  
*Thersites* foul, for *Venus* louely Loue;  
 And euery Changeling for a Turtle-Doue;  
 Nor lavishes in his lasciuious layes,  
 On wanton *Flora*, chaste *Alceste* prayse.  
 But all self-priuatie, serving God, he writes  
 Fear-les, and sings but what his heart indites.

No fallow Fear doth day or night afflict-him:  
 Vnto no fraud doth night or day addict-him;  
 Or if he muse on guile, 't is but to get  
 Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or snare, or net.

What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuff  
 With sumptuous silks (pinked, and pounc't, and puse)  
 With gold-ground Veluers, and with siluer Tissue,  
 And all the glory of old *Eues* proud Issue?  
 What though his feeble Coffers be not cram'd  
 With Misers Idols, golden Ingots ram'd?  
 He is warme-wrapped in his own-grown Wooll;  
 Of vn-bought Wines his Cellar's ever full;  
 His Garner's stor'd with grain, his Ground with flocks,  
 His Barns with Fodder, with sweet streams his Rocks.

For, heer I sing the happy Rustiks weal,  
 Whose handsom house seems as a Common-weal:  
 And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,  
 Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde;  
 The pined Fisher, or poor-Daiery-Renter  
 That liues of whay, for forfeiting Indenture;  
 Who scarce haue bread within their homely Cotes  
 (Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.

Let me, good Lord, among the Great vn kend,  
 My rest of dayes in the calm Countrey end.  
 Let me deserve of my deer *Eagle*-Brood,  
 For Windsor-Forest, walks in Almes-wood:  
 Bee Hadley Pond my sea; Lambs-bourn my Thames;  
 Lambourn my London; Kenner's siluer streams,

*Nor soothing  
 Sin: nor licking  
 the Tayl of  
 Greatnesse.*

*Neither prest  
 with Fear, nor  
 plotting Fraud.*




My fruitfull Nile; my Singers and Musicians;  
 The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;  
 My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;  
 My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill;  
 Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,  
 That times to-come may wonder at the same.

Or, if the new North-Star, my Souerain, I AMES  
 (The secret vertue of whose sacred beams  
 Attracts th' attentive service of all such  
 Whose mindes did euer Vertue's Load-stone touch)  
 Shall euer daigne t'innite mine humble Fate  
 T'approach the Presence of his Royall State:  
 Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,  
 Shall drine or draw me neer their pleasing-Troubles;  
 Let not their Favours make me drunk with folly:  
 In their Commands still keep my Conscience holy:  
 Let me, true Honour, not the false delight;  
 And play the Preacher, not the Parasite.

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So Morne and Euening the Third Day conclude,  
 And God percein'd that All his Works were good.

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# THE FOVRTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK

## THE ARGVMENT.

*The twinkling Spangles of the Firmament :  
The wandring Seav'n ( Each in a severall Tent ) ;  
Their Course, their Force, their Essence is disputed,  
That they (as Beasts) do eat and drink ; refused.  
Heav'ns (not the Earth) with rapid motion roule :  
The famous Stars observ'd in either Pole:  
Heav'ns sloaping Belt : the Twelve celestiall Signes,  
Where Sol the Seasons of the Year confines :  
Dayes glorious Prince: Nights gloomy Patroness :  
His Light and Might : Her constant Change-fulnes.*

**P**Vre Spirit that rap'st above the Firmest Sphear,  
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Messenger,  
Who smiting Jordan with his pleighted Cloak,  
Did yerst divide the Waters with the stroak :  
O! take me vp ; that, far from Earth, I may  
From Sphear to Sphear, see th' azure Heav'ns To-Day.  
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Ioule  
With Phœbus Chariot let my Chariot roule ;  
Drive on my Coach by Mars his flaming Coach ;  
Saturn and Lina let my wheels approach :  
That having learn'd of their Fire breathing Horses,  
Their course, their light, their labour, and their forces,  
My Muse may ling in sacred Eloquence,  
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Ecclence :

*In the beginning  
of the fourth  
booke, calling  
vpon the God of  
Heauen, our  
Poet prayeth to  
be lift vp in the  
Heauen, that he  
mayd scourse (as  
he ought) of the  
stars, fixed and  
wandring.*

And



And with the Load-stone of my conquering Verse,  
Aboue the Poles attract the most peruerse.

And you fair learned soules, you spirits diuine,  
To whom the Heav'ns so nimble quils assigne,  
As well to mount, as skilfully to limn  
The various motion of their Tapers trim;  
Lend me your hand; lift me aboue *Parnassus*;  
With your loud *Trebbles* help my lowly *Bassus*.  
For sure, besides that your wit-gracing Skill  
Bears, in itself, iit self's rich guerdon still;  
Our Nephews, free from sacrilegious brauls,  
Where Horror swims in bloud about our wals,  
Shall one day sing that your deer Song did merit  
Better Heav'n, better hap and better time to hear-it.

And, though (alas) my now new-rising Name  
Can hope heer-after none, or little Fame:  
The time that most part of our better wits  
Mis-spend in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,  
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,  
Without affection, in affected words:  
I mean to spend, in publishing the Story  
Of Gods great works, to his immortall glory.  
My rymes begot in pain, and born in pleasure,  
Thirst not for Fame (the Heathen hope's chieftreasure):  
'T shall me suffice, that our deer *France* doo breed  
(In happy season) som more learned seed,  
That may record with more diuine dexterity  
Then I haue don these wonders to Posterity.

*Much less may these abortive Brats of Mine  
Expect Respect (but in respect of Thine):  
Yet sith the Heav'ns haue thus entaskt my layes  
(As darkly Cynthia darts her borrow'd rayes)  
To shadow Thine; and to my Countrey render  
Som small reflection of thy radiant splendor;  
It is enough, if heer-by I incite  
Som happier spirit to do thy Muse more right;  
And with more life giue thee thy proper grace,  
And better follow great du BARTAS trace.*

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,  
Who, at the best abandon their designses,  
Working by halves; as rather a great deal,  
To do much quickly, then to do it well:  
But rather, as a work man neuer weary,  
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carry  
To happy end; and to perfection,  
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

Hauiug therefore the Worlds wide Curten spread:  
About the circuit of the fruitfull Bed,  
Where (to fill all with her vnnumbred Kin)  
Kind Natures selfe each moment lyeth in:  
To make the same for euer admirable,  
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;  
He th' Azure Tesser trimm'd with golden marks,  
And richly spangled with bright glistring sparks.

I knowe, those Tapers, twinkling in the sky,  
Doo turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,  
That man can neuer (rightly) reach, to seeing  
Their Course and Force, and much-much less their Being:  
But, if coniecture may extend aboue  
To that great Orb, whose moving All doth moue,  
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,  
Which for Heav'ns Eyes did shining matter fit:  
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,  
Garnisht Heav'ns ceiling with those Torches bright:  
Or else diuided it; and pressing close  
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those

But, if thy wits thirst rather seeke these things,  
In Greekish Cisterns then in Hebrew Springs,  
I then conclude, that as of moist full matter,  
God made the people that frequent the Water,  
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn Orcus  
That haunt the Hills and Dales and Downs and Groues;  
So, did he make by his Almighty might,  
The Heav'ns and Stars, of one same substance bright,  
To th' end these Lamps, dispersed in the Skies,  
Might with their Orb, it with them, sympathize.

And,

Heere resuming  
his course, hee  
prosecutes the  
worke of the  
Creation.

In the fourth  
day, God crea-  
ted the fixed  
Stars, the two  
great Lights,  
(vid.) the Sun  
and the Moone,  
together with  
the other fine  
Planets.

Of their Course,  
Force, Essence,  
and Substance.

Opinion of the  
Greeks touching  
the matter of  
the Stars.



*Simile.*

And as (with vs) vnder the Oaken bark  
The knurly knot with branching veins, we mark  
To be of substance all onewith the Tree,  
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:  
So those gilt studs in th'vpper story driven,  
Are nothing but the thickest part of Heav'n.

*Their substance  
is of Fire.*

When I obserue their Light and Heat yblent  
(Meere accidents of th'vpper Element)  
I thinke them Fire: but not such Fire as lasts  
No longer then the fuel that it wastes:  
For then, I thinke all th'Elements too-little  
To furnish them only with one dayes victual.

*Refutation of  
such as haue  
thought that the  
Stars were li-  
uing creatures  
that did eat and  
drinke.*

And therefore smile I at those Fable-Forges,  
Whose busy-idle stile so stily vrges,  
The Heav'ns bright Cresters to beliving creatures,  
Ranging for food, and hungry fodder-eaters;  
Still sucking-up (in their eternall motion)  
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.  
Sure, I perceive no motion in a Star,  
But natural, certain, and regular;  
Where-as, Beasts motions infinitely vary,  
Confus'd, vncertain, diuers, voluntary.  
I see not how so many golden Posts  
Should scud so swift about Heav'ns azure coasts,  
But that the Heav'ns must ope and shut som-times,  
Subiect to passions, which our earthly climes  
Alter, and tosse the Sea, and th'Aire estrange  
From it selfs temper with exceeding change.  
I see not how, in those round blazing beams,  
One should imagine any food-fit limbs:  
Nor can I see how th'Earth, and Sea should feed  
So many Stars, whose greatnes doth exceed  
So many times (if Star-Diuines say troth)  
The greatnes of the Earth and Ocean both:  
Sith heer our Cattle, in a month, will eat  
Seav'n-times the bulk of their owne bulk in meat.  
These Torches then range not at random, o're  
The lightsom thicknes of an vn-firm Floor:

As heer below, diuersly mooving them,  
The painted Birds between two aires do swim.  
But rather fixed vnto turning Sphears,  
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers:  
As Cart-nailes fastned in a wheel (without  
Selfs-motion) turn with others turns about.

*Simile.*

*A comparison.*

As th'Ague-sicke, vpon his shivering pallet,  
Delaies his health oft to delight his palat;  
When wilfully his taste-less Taste delights  
In things vnfauiory to sound Appetites:  
Even so, some brain-sicks liue there now-adaies,  
That lose themselues still in contrary waies;  
Preposterous Wits that cannot rowe at ease,  
On the smooth Chanell of our common Seas.  
And such are those (in my conceit at least)  
Those Clarke that think (think how absurd a iest)  
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turn at all,  
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;  
But th'Earth it self, this Massie Globe of ours,  
Turns round-about once euery twice-twelue houres:  
And wee resemble Land-bred nouices  
New brought aboard to venture on the Seas;  
Who, at first lanching from the shoar, suppose  
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.  
So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill,  
Equally distant should continue still.  
So, neuer should an Arrow, shot vpright,  
In the same place vpon the shooter light;  
But would doo (rather) as (at Sea) a stone  
Aboard a Ship vpward vprightly throw'n;  
Which not within-boord fall's, but in the Flood  
A-stern the Ship, if so the wind be good.  
So, should the Fowls that take their nimble flight  
From Western Marshes toward Mornings Light,  
And Zephyrus, that in the Summer time  
Delights to visit *Eurus* in his clime,  
And Bullets thundred from the Cannons throat  
(Whose roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunders note)

*Opinion of Com-  
parisons confused.*

Should



Should seem recoil: fithens the quick career,  
That our round Earth should daily gallop heer,  
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold (for swift)

Birds, Bullets, Winds; their wings, their force, their drift:

Arm'd with these reasons, 'twere superfluous

T'ailaile the reasons of *Copernicus*;

Who, to salve better, of the Stars th'appearance,

Vnto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:

Making the Sun the Center of this All,

Moon, Earth, and Water, in one only Ball.

But fithens heer, nor time, nor place doth sure,

His *Paradox* at length to prolecut;

I will proceed, grounding my next discourse

On the *Heav'ns motions*, and their constant course:

I oft admire greatnes of mighty Hills,

And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields,

And count-les number of the Ocean's sand,

And secret force of sacred Adamant:

But much-much more (the more I mark their course)

Stars glistering greatnes, beauty, number, force:

Even as a Peacock, prick't with loues desire,

To woo his Mistress, strowting stately by her,

Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,

His azure wings and starry-golden tail,

With rattling pinions wheeling still about,

The more to set his beautious beautie out:

The Firmament (as feeling like about)

Displays his pomp; pranceth about his Loue,

Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks,

Set with gilt spangles, sow'n with glistering sparks,

Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright,

Poudred with Starrs streaming with glorious light,

T'inflame the Earth the more, with Louers grace,

To take the sweet fruit of his kind imbrace.

Hee, that to number all the Stars would seek,

Had need inuent some new Arithmetick;

And who, to cast that Reck'ning takes in hand,

Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand:

*Leauing to dispute farther vpon the former Paradox, he proceedeth in his discourse, and by a liuely comparison representeth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.*

*Simile.*

*The number of Stars vnder both the Poles innumerable.*

*of the first Weeke.*

97

Yet haue our wife and learned Elders found  
*Four*-dozen *Figures* in the Heav'nly Round,  
 For aid of memory; and to our eyes  
 In certain *Houses* to diuide the Skyes.  
 Of those, are *Twelve* in that rich *Girdle* grest  
 Which God gaue Nature for her New-years-gift  
 (When making All, his voice Almighty most,  
 Gaue so fair Laws vnto Heav'ns shining Hoast)  
 To wear it biaz, buckled ouer-thwart-her;  
 Not round about her swelling waste to girt-her.

This glorious *Baldrick* of a Golden tindge,  
 Imboist with Rubies, edg'd with Siluer Frindge,  
 Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glittering bright,  
 Heav'ns biaz-wise enuirones day and night.  
 For, from the period, whear the *Ram* doth bring  
 The day and night to equall ballancing,  
 Ninetic degrees towards the North it wends,  
 Thence iust as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,  
 As many thence toward the South; and thence  
 Towards th'Years Portall, the like difference.

*Nephelean* Crook-horn, with bras Cornets crown'd,  
 Thou buttest brauely 'gainst the *New-years* bound;  
 And richly clad in thy fair Golden Fleece,  
 Doo'st hold the *First House* of Heav'ns spacious Meese.  
 Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:  
 Who, least that fodder by the way he lack,  
 Seeing the World so naked; to renew't,  
 Coats th'infant Earth in a green gallant sute;  
 And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling  
 Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.  
 The *Twins*, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and feet,  
 God fill'd with Starrs to shine in season sweet,  
 Contend in Course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,  
 That neither will nor may attend their match.  
 Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing soft,  
 With his eight owres through the Heav'ns azure lost;  
 To bring vs yeerly, in his starry shell,  
 Many long daies the shaggy Earth to swele,

I

*And why the  
 ancient Astro-  
 nomers observed  
 48.*

*Of the signes in  
 the Zodiacke.*

*The Zodiacke.*

*Aries in Mid-  
 March begins  
 the Spring.*

*Taurus in mid-  
 Aprill.*

*Gemini in mid-  
 May.*

*Cancer in mid-  
 Iune begins the  
 sommer.*

Almost



Leo in mid-  
July.

Almost with like pafe leaps the *Lion* out,  
All clad with flames, bristled with beams about;  
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,  
Both grasse and grain to cinders withereth.

Virgo in mid-  
August.

The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'ns azure Globe  
With stately train of her bright Golden robe,  
Milde proudly marching in her left hand brings  
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand wings.

Libra in mid-  
September begin  
neth Autumn.

After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,  
Equall diuider of the Day and Night:

In whose gold Beam, with three gold rings, there fastens  
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Balens;  
The spitefull *Scorpion*, next the *Scale* addrest;

Scorpio in mid-  
October.

With two bright Lamps covers his loathsome brest;  
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,  
Would spit his venom ouer euery thing;

Sagittarius in  
mid-November.

But that the braue *Half-horse Phylirean Scout*,  
Galopping swift the heav'nly Belt about,  
Ay fiercely threatens, with his flame-feathered arrow  
To shoot the sparkling starry *Viper* thorough.

Capricornus in  
mid-December,  
beginneth Win-  
ter.

And th'hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,  
Is so attentue to this onely chase,  
That dread-les of his dart, Heav'ns shining *Kid*  
Coms iumping light, iust at his heels vnspid.

Aquarius in  
mid-January.

Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,  
After the *Goat*, a siluer stream pours out;  
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire  
Riuers of Water (who but will admire?)

Pisces in mid-  
February.

In whose cleer channel mought at pleasure swim  
Those two bright *Fishes* that doo follow him;  
But that the Torrent slides so swift away,  
That it out-runs them ever, even as they  
Out-run the *Ram*, who euer them pursues;  
And by renewing Yearely, all renews.

The names of the  
Principall stars  
of the North-  
Pole.

Besides these *Twelve*, toward the *Artik* side,  
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* diuide;  
After, the *Wainman* coms, the *Crown*, the *Spear*,  
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*.

Of th'hatefull Snake (whether we call the same  
By *Aesculapius*, or *Alaides* name)  
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, louing man;  
*Ioues* stately *AEgle*, and the siluer *Swan*:  
*Andromeda*, with *Cassiopeia* neer-her,  
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* deerer:  
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's* Tress,  
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.

The names of  
the Stars of the  
South-Pole.

Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,  
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath't *Sirius*,  
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,  
The *Centaure*, *Wolf*, the *Censer*, and the *Fowl*  
(The twice-foul *Rauen*) the *Southern Fish* and *Crown*,  
Through Heav'ns bright Arches brandish vp and down.

The fixed stars  
are in the eight  
Heauen.

Thus, on *This-Day* working th' eighth azure Tent,  
With Art-les Art, diuinely excellent;  
Th' Almightyes finger fixed many a million  
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavilion:  
But in the rest (vnder that glorious Heav'n)  
But one a-peece, vnto the seuerall Seav'n;  
Lest, of those Lamps the number-passing number  
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,  
That we should neuer, in the cleereft night,  
Starrs diuers Course see or discern aright.

And the seven  
Planets vnder  
them each in his  
proper Spheare.

And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers  
He made to twinkle with such trembling capers;  
But, the *Seauen Lights* that wandervnder them,  
Through various passage, neuer shake a beam:  
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;  
But, th'hoast of Sparks spred in the Firmament  
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,  
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:  
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold  
To th' Earth and Sea, we doo more brim behold.  
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced,  
But th'vndermost by th'vpper be embraced,  
And more or less their roundels wider are,  
As from the Center they be neer or far:

Why the Planets  
twinkle not, and  
the fixed stars  
do twinkle.

The firmament  
much farther  
from the Earth  
then the Sphears  
of the Planets.



*Simile.*

*Two smiles representing the motion of the eight inferiour Heav'ns, through the swift turning of the ninth which is the Primum Mobile.*

As in an Egg, the shell includes the skin,  
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.

Now as the Winde, buffing vpon a Hill  
With roaring breath against a ready Mill,  
Whirls with a whiff the sails of swelling clout,  
The sails doo swing the winged shaft about,  
The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,  
And that the stone which grindes the flowry corns:  
Or like as also in a Clock well tended,  
Iust counter-poize, iustly thereon suspended,  
Makes the great Wheel goe round, and that anon  
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,  
The trembling watch and th' iron Maule that chimes  
The intire Day in twice twelue equall times:  
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty houres,  
Surueying all this various house of ours,  
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth moue,  
Whose radiant glances gild the World about,  
And driues them euery day (which swiftnes strange is)  
From *Gange* to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.

*Each of the 8. Heavens so transported by the Primum Mobile hath also his proper oblique and distinct course each from other.*

But, th' vnder-Orbs, as grudging to be still.  
So straightly subject to another will,  
Still without change, still at anothers pleasure  
After one pipe to dance one onely measure;  
They from-ward turn, and traueising aside,  
Each by himself an oblique course doth slide:  
So that they all (although it seem not so)  
Forward and backward in one instant goe,  
Both vp and down, and with contrary pases,  
At once they passe to two contrary places:  
*Like as myself, in my lost Marchant-years*  
*(A loss, alas, that in these lines appears)*  
*Wasting to Brabant, Englands golden Fleece*  
*(A richer prize then Iason brought to Greece)*  
*While toward the Sea, our (then, Swan-poorer) Thames*  
*Bare downe my Bark upon her ebbing streams:*  
*Vpon the bathees, from the Prow to Poup*  
*Walking in compass of that narrow Coop,*

*The same explained by a proper Simile.*

## of the first Weeke.

101

*Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doo,  
Hane gone at once towards LEE and LONDON too.*

But now, the neerer any of these Eight,  
Approach'th' Emphyreall Palace walls in height,  
The more their circuit, and more dayes they spend,  
Yer they return vnto their Iourneys end.

It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,  
The which th' vn-niggard hand of Maiesty  
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,  
Spends in his voyage nigh seaven thousand year.

Ingenious *Saturn*, spouse of Memory,  
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,  
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,  
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:  
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run  
Yer it arriue where thy Career begun.

Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Iupiter*,  
Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear,  
And while thou doost with thy more milde aspect  
His froward beams disast'rous frowns correct,  
Thy Tinnen Chariot shod with burning bolles,  
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six twelue months crosses.

Braue-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,  
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)  
His furious Coursers lasherh night and day,  
That he may swiftly passe his course away:  
But in the road of his eternall Race,  
So many rubs hinder his hasty pace,  
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*  
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod,  
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,  
Yer his steel whels haue done their business.

Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honour-g'uer,  
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reviver,  
Thou, in three hundred threescore dayes and five,  
Dooft to the period of thy Race arrive.  
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' Year,  
And measur'st Daies with thy constrain'd career.

*Why som of these  
Heauens haue a  
flower course &  
shorter compasse  
then ether some.*

*The terme of the  
reuelation of the  
Firmament.*

*Of the seuenth,  
which is the  
Spheare of Sa-  
turn.*

*Of the 6. which  
is the Sphear of  
Iupiter.*

*Of the 5. which  
is the Sphear of  
Mars.*

*Of the 4. which  
is the Sphear of  
Sol.*



Of the 3. which is  
the Sphear of  
Venus.

Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde  
With happy fruit get all the world with-childe  
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,  
Smiles, wittie wives, youth, loue, and beauty bright,  
With soft blind *Cupids* evermore consort)  
Of lightsom Day opens and shuts the port;  
For, hardly dare her siluer Doves go far  
From bright *Apollo's* glory-beaming Car.

Of the 2. which is  
the Sphear of  
Mercury.

Not much vnlike so, *Mercury* the witty,  
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or Citty:  
Smooth Orator, swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,  
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,  
Fortunat Marchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;  
To end his course takes neer a twelue-months leasure:  
For, all the while, his nimble winged heels  
Dare little bouge from *Phæbus* golden wheels.

Of the 1. which is  
the Sphear of  
Luna.

The lowest Pla-  
net nearest the  
Earth.

And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,  
Regent of humours, parting Months aright,  
Chaste Emperesse to one *Endymion* constant;  
Constant in Love, though in thy looks inconstant  
(Vnlike our *Lones*, whose hearts dissemble soonest)  
Twelue times a year through all the *Zodiak* runnest.

Of the necessity  
of diuers motions  
of the Heauens.

Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,  
Should still stand still as in a sloathfull slumber,  
Then should some Places (alwayes in one plight)  
Have alwayes Day, and some haue alwayes Night:  
Then should the Summers Fire, and Winters Frost,  
Rest opposite still on the self same Coast:  
Then nought could spring and nothing prosper would  
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.  
Or, without change of distance or of dance,  
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,  
Th' inconstant parts of this lowe Worlds contents  
Should neuer feel so sundry accidents,  
As the Coniunction of celestiall Features  
Incessantly pours vpon mortall Creatures.

Of the force and  
influence of the

I'll n'er beleeve that the Arch-Architect  
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt

*of the first weeke.*

103

Onely for Shewe, and with these glistering shields  
T' amaze poore Shepheards watching in the fields.  
I'll n'er beleeeve that the least Flowr that pranks  
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,  
And the least stone that in her warming Lap  
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,  
Hath som peculiar vertue of it owne;  
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none:  
But shine in vain, and haue no charge precise,  
But to be walking in heav'ns Galleries,  
And through that *Palace* vp and down to clamber  
As *Golden Gulls* about a PRINCES CHAMBER.

Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies  
What to sound senses most apparant lies  
And 'gainst Experience he that speakes Fallacians,  
Is to be hyst from learned Disputations:  
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars  
To have no force on these inferiours;  
Though heav'ns effects we most apparant see  
In number more then heav'nly Torches be.

I will alleadge the Seasons alteration,  
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:  
I will not vrge, that neuer at noon daies  
His enuious Sister intercepts his Raies  
But som great State eclipseth, and from Hell  
*Alecto* looses all these Furies Fell,  
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foul infectious *Plague*;  
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:  
Heer pouring down Woes vniuersall Flood,  
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.

I'l overpass how Sea doth Eb and Flowe,  
As th' Horned *Queen* doth either shrink or growe;  
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,  
The more the Marrow doth in Bones abound,  
The Blood in Veins, the sap in Plants, the Moisture  
And luscious meat, in Creuise, Crab and Oyster:  
That Oak, and Elm and Firr, and Alder, cut  
Before the *Crescent* have her Cornets shut,

I 4

*Cæstiaall body  
vpon the terre-  
striaall.*

*Sundry proofes  
of the same.*

1. *The diuers  
seasons.*  
2. *The fearfull  
accidents that  
commonly suc-  
ceed Eclipses.*

3. *The ebbing &  
flowing of the  
Sea.*

4. *The increase  
and decrease of  
marrow, blood  
and humours in  
diuers creatures.*

Are



3. The apparant  
alterations in  
the bodies of sick  
persons.

A particular  
prooffe by the ef-  
fects of certaine  
notable stars, or-  
dinarily noted in  
some Month of  
the year.

Reiecting the  
Stoicks, he shew-  
eth that God, as  
the first Cause,  
doth order all  
things, and what  
use we should  
make of the force  
Course, & Light  
of the celestiall  
bodies.

Are neuer lasting, for the builder sturn,  
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn :  
And also, that the Sick, while she is filling,  
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thrilling.  
So that, this Lamp alone approoves, what powrs,  
Heav'ns Tapers have even on these soules of ours :  
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)  
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,  
Through Sympathy, which while this Flesh we carrie,  
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marrie.

I'll only say, that sith the hot aspect  
Of th'Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect  
A thousand vnseen Fires, and dries the Fields,  
Scorches the Vallies, parches vp the Hills,  
And often times into our panting hearts,  
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts :  
And (opposit) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,  
Bright-glittering *Orion* and the weeping *Hyades*,  
Neuer (almost) look down on our aboard,  
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad ;  
With Cloudy horror of their wrathfull frown,  
Threatning again the guilty World to drown :  
And (to be brief) sith the gilt azure Front  
Of Firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark vpon't  
But poureth down-ward som apparant change,  
Toward the Storing of the Worlds great Grange ;  
We may coniecture what hid powr is given  
T'infuse among vs from the other Seaven,  
From each of those which for their vertue rare  
Th'Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.

Not that (as *Stoicks*) I intend to tye  
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessity*  
Th'Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock  
In *Destinies* hard Diamantin Rock :  
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n  
Light, Course, and Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n :  
That still he guides them, and his Providence  
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:

And

And that therefore (the rather) we belovve  
Should study all, their Course and Force to knowe:  
To th'end that, (seeing) through our Parents Fall)  
T' how many Tyrants we are waxen thrall,  
Euer since first fond Womans blind Ambition,  
Breaking, made *Adam*, break Heav'ns *High-Commission*:  
We might vn puff our Heart, and bend our Knee,  
T' appease with sighs Gods wrathfull Maiestie;  
Beseeching him to turn away the storms  
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth, and dreadfull Arms,  
Which oft the angry Starrs, with bad Aspects,  
Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks:  
To give vs Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivitie  
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativitie:  
To pour som Water of his Grace, to quench  
Our boyling Fleshes fell Concupiscence,  
To calm our many passions (spirituall tumours)  
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.

*Latonian* Twins, Parents of Years and Months,  
Alas! why hide you so your shining Fronts?  
What? nill you shew the splendor of your ray,  
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds, I pray?  
I pray pul-off your mufflers and your moorning,  
And let me see you in your native burning:  
And my deer Muse by her eternall flight;  
Shall spread as far the glory of your Light  
As you your selues run, in alternat Ring,  
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.

Thou radiant Coach-man, running end-les course,  
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively scurse,  
Life of the World, Lamp of this Vniverse,  
Heav'ns richest Gemm: O teach me where my Verse  
May but begin thy praise. Alas! I fare  
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare  
To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover  
Th' *Italian* Sea, when soaring hither over,  
Fain of a milder and more fruitfull Clime,  
They com, with vs to pass the Summer time:.

*Heer proceeding  
to the second  
part of this book.  
he treateth at  
large of the Sun  
and Moon.*

*Of the Sun: en-  
tring into the  
descriptiō wher-  
of he confesseth  
that he knowes  
not well where  
to begin.*



No sooner he begins one shoal to summe,  
But more and more, still greater shoals do come,  
Swarm vpon Swarm, that with their count-les number  
Break off his purpose, and his sense incumber.

Daies glorious Eye! even as a mighty King,

*The Sun as*

*Prince of the Ce-  
lestiall lights  
marcheth in the  
midst of the o-  
ther six Planets  
which enuiron  
him.*

About his Countrie stately Progressing,  
Is compast round with *Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Knights,*  
(Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rites)

*Esquires and Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde

And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;

And there is nought in all his Royal Muster,

But to his Greatness addeth grace and lustre:

So, while about the World thou ridest ay,

Which only lives by vertue of thy Ray,

Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted euer more,

Wayt on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,

Besides the Hoasts of th' vpper Twinklers bright,

To whom, for pay thou giuest onely Light.

And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)

Within the middle of the body, bears

His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion

Supplieth spirits to all, and euery portion:

Even so (O Sun) thy Golden Chariot marches

Amid the six Lamps of the six lowe Arches

Which feel the World, thatequally it might

Richly impart them Beauty, Force, and Light.

Praying thy Heat, which subtilly doth pearce

The solid thickness of our Vniuerse,

Which in th' Earths kidneys *Mercury* doth burn,

And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metal turn;

I do digress, to praise that Light of thine,

Which if it should, but one Day, cease to shine,

Th' vnpurged Aire to Water would resolve,

And Water would the mountain tops inuolve.

Scarce I begin to measure thy bright Face,

Whose greatness doth so oft Earths greatness pass,

And with still running the Cœlestiall Ring,

Is seen and felt of every liuing thing;

*The Sun is in  
Heaven, as the  
heart in mans  
body.*

*His notable ef-  
fects vpon the  
Earth.*

But that fantastikly I change my Theam  
To sing the swiftnes of thy tyer-les Teem;  
To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Waue,  
Thou seem'st (*O Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,  
Who, from his Chamber early issuing out  
In rich array, with rarest Gems about;  
With pleasant Countenance, and lovely Face,  
With golden tresses, and attractive grace,  
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng,  
That for his presence earnestly did long,  
Blessing the day, and with delightfull glee,  
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Then, as a Prince that feesles his Noble heart,  
Wounded with *Loves* pure *Honor*-winged dart  
(As *HARDY LAELIUS*, that great *GARTER-KNIGHT*,  
Tilting in Triumph of *ELIZA's* Right  
(Peerly that Day that her deer reign began)  
Most brauely mounted on proud *RABICAN*,  
All in gilt armour, on his glistering Mazon  
A stately Plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,  
In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,  
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)  
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,  
Runnest so swift we scarce conceive thy pace.

When I record, how firly thou dost guide  
Through the fourth heav'n thy flaming Coursers pride,  
That as they pass, their fiery breaths may temper  
*Saturn's* and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper  
(For, if thou gallop'st in the neather Room  
Like *Phaëton*, thou would'st the World consume:  
Or, if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky,  
For want of heat, then euery thing would dy)  
In the same instant I am prest to sing,  
How thy return reviveth every thing;  
How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloath, Sleep, and Night,  
Snowes, Fogs, and Fancies, take their sodain Flight.  
Th'art (to be brief) an Ocean wanting bound,  
Whear (as full vessels haue the lesser sound)

Excellent com-  
parisons borrow-  
ed out of the 19.  
Psalme.

The same exem-  
plified in an ho-  
norable perso-  
nage of our time  
now very aged:  
but in his yong  
years, the glory  
of Arms and  
Chivalrie.

Of Gods wonder-  
ful providence in  
placing the Sun  
in the midst of  
the other Pla-  
nets, and of the  
commodities  
that come thereof.

Plenty.



*Of the Sunnes  
continuall and  
daily course.*

Plenty of Matter makes the speaker mute;  
As wanting words thy worth to prosecute.

Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong so many rare  
And match-les Flowrs as in thy Garland are,  
Som one or two shall my chaste sober *Muse*  
For thine Immortall sacred Sisters chuse.  
I'll boldly sing (bright Sovrain) thou art none  
Of those weak Princes Flattery works vpon  
(No second *EDVVARD*, nor no *RICHARD* Second,  
*Vn-kinged both, as Rule-unworthy recon'd*)  
Who, to enrich their *Minions* past proportion,  
Fill all their Subiects with extream extortion;  
And charm'd with Pleasures (O exceeding Pity!)  
Ly alwayes wallowing in one wanton City;  
And, loving only that, to mean Lieutenants  
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as vnto Tenants.  
For, once a day, each Country vnder Heav'n  
Thou bidst *Good-Morrow*, and thou bidst *Good-Ev'n*.  
And thy far-seeing Ey, as *Censor*, views  
The rites and fashions Fish, and Foule do vse,  
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)  
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Ephesian* Moan.

*Of his oblique or  
By-course, cause  
of the foure sea-  
sons: and of the  
commodities of  
all Climats in  
the world.*

But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull lew  
May every Climat in histime renew,  
And that all men may neerer in all Realms  
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beames;  
Thy sumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,  
From the same Portall mounts not every Morning:  
But, to make know'n each-where thy daily drift,  
Doo'st every day, thy Coursers Stable shift:  
That while the Spring, prankt in her greenest pride,  
Raigns hee r, elf-where *Autumn* as long may bide;  
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,  
Cold Winters Ice may other Countries gripe.

*A pleasant and  
lively description  
of the foure sea-  
sons of the yeare.*

No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule  
From highest *Zenith* toward *Northern Pole*,  
To sport thee for three Months in pleasant Inns,  
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinns*,

But that the meale Mountains (late vnseen)  
Change their white garments into lusty green,  
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,  
The Meads with grasse, with leaues the naked Woods,

Sweet Zephyrus begins to bus his *Flora*,

Swift-winged Singers to salute *Aurora*;

And wanton *Cupid*, through this Vniuerse,

With pleasing wounds, all Creatures hearts to percer:

When, backward bent, *Phlegon* thy fiery Steed,

With *Cancer*, *Lea*, and the *Maid*, doth feed;

Th' Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his *Ceres*

With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is:

The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,

With crooked Rator shaves the tufted Plain;

And the good Husband, that due season takes,

Within a Month his year's Provision makes.

When from the mid Heav'n thy bright flame doth fly

Toward the *Cross-Stars* in th' *Antarick* Sky,

To be three months, vprising, and down-lying

With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,

Th' Earth by degrees her louely beauty bates,

*Pomona* loads her lap with delicacies,

Her Apron and her Ostar basket (both)

With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumns* tooth

(Her healthless spouse) who bare-foot hops about:

To tread the iuice of *Bacchus* clusters out.

And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem

For three Months more, to sojourne still doth seem

With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fishes*

(While we in vaine reuoke thee with our wishes)

In stead of Flowrs, chill shivering Winter drestes

With Iicles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses:

About her brows a Periwig of Snowe,

Her white Freez mantle freng'd with Ice belowe,

A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,

So doth she march *Orythias* loue to meet;

Who with his bristled, hoarie, hogle-beard,

Comming to kisse her, makes her lips asfeard;

The Spring.

The Summer.

Haruest.

Winter.

When



*The fourth Day*

Whear-at, he sighs a breath so cold and keen,  
 That all the Waters Crystallized been;  
 While in a fury with his boystrous wings,  
 Against the *Scythian* Snowie Rocks he flings,  
 All larks in floath, and till these Months do end,  
*Bacchus* and *Vulcan* must vs both befrend.

*Of the Moon &  
 her alterations.*

O second honour of the Lamps supernal,  
 Sure Calendar of Festivals eternal,  
 Seas Soueraintess, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrims guide,  
 Peace-loving Queen: what shall I say beside?  
 What shall I say of thine inconstant brow,  
 Which makes my brain wauer, I woat not how?  
 But, if by th' Ey, a mans intelligence

*Of her roundnes  
 and brightnesse  
 borrowed of the  
 Sunne.*

May ghes of things distant so far from hence,  
 I think thy body round as any Ball,  
 Whose superface (nigh equall ouer all)  
 As a pure Glas, now vp, and down anon,  
 Reflects the bright beams of thy spouse, the Sun,  
 For as a Husband Nobles doth illustre

*Simile.*

A mean-born wife: so doth the glorious lustre  
 Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright  
 Thy gloomy Front, that selfly hath no light.

*Of her waxing  
 & waning when  
 she is in her last  
 quarter, & when  
 she rennes and  
 commeth to her  
 Full.*

Yet 'tis not alwayes after one self sort;  
 For, for thy Car doth swifter thee transport,  
 Then doth thy Brothers, diversly thou shin'st,  
 As more or less thou from his sight declin'st.  
 Therefore each month, when *Hymen* (blest) about  
 In both your bodies kindles ardent loue,  
 And that the Starrs-king all inamoured on thee,  
 Full of desire, shines down direct vpon thee;  
 Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball  
 (After it's Nature) is obserued all  
 But, him aside thou hast no sooner got,  
 But on thy side a silver file wenoat,  
 A half-bent Bowe, which swels, the less thy Coach  
 Doth the bright Chariot of thy spouse approach,  
 And fills his Circle. When the Imperiall Star  
 Beholds thee iust in one Diameter,

Then

## of the first Weeke.

III

Then by degrees thy *Full* face falls away,  
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display:  
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lovers arms,  
Thou wink'st again, vanquish't with pleasures charms.

Thus dost thou *Wax* and *Wane*, thee oft renewing;  
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing  
(As subiect to thee) thy selfe transmutation,  
Feel th' vnfelt force of secret alteration.

Not, but that *Phœbus* alwayes with his shine,  
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect diuine;  
But 't seems not so: because we see but heere  
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemispher:  
Though waxing vs-ward, Heav'n-ward thou dost wane;  
And waning vs-ward, Heav'n-ward grow'st again.

Yet, it befalls, even when thy face is *Full*,  
When at the highest thy pale Counters pull,  
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,  
From liuing eyes, thy broad, round, glistering Ray,  
Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are feel'd,  
Couered with shadow of a rusty shield.  
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe  
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Ecliptick* ligne,  
And th' Earth between; thou lovest for a space,  
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:

But, to reuenge thee on the Earth, for this  
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lovers kiss,  
Sometimes thy thick Orb thou doo'st inter-blend  
Twixt *Sol* and vs, toward the later end:  
And then (because his splendor cannot pass  
Or pearce the thicknes of thy gloomy Mass)  
The Sun, as subiect to Deaths pangs, vs sees-not,  
But seems all Light-less, though indeed he is not.

Therefore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;  
For thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:  
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;  
His doth not him, but vs bereave of Light:  
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;  
It is thy shadow, that the Sunne obscures:

Of the cause of  
the diuers aspect  
of the Moone.

Of the cause of  
the Eclips of the  
Sunne.

Difference be-  
tween the Eclips-  
es of the Sun, &  
of the Moone.

East-



East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;  
 West-ward, his brows begin their frowning black:  
 Thine at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;  
 His, in thy *Wane*, when beautie most declines:  
 Thine's generall, toward Heav'n and Earth together;  
 His, but to Earth, nor to all places neither.

Of the admirable  
 & extraordinary  
 Eclipse of the  
 Sun, on the Day  
 that our Saviour  
 suffered on the  
 Crosse, for our  
 Redemption.

Mat. 27. vc. 45

Mar. 15. vc. 33

Luk. 23. ver. 44

\* *Quinzay.*

For, th' hideous Cloud, that cov' red so long since  
 With nights black vail th' eyes of the Starry-Prince  
 (When as he saw, for our soul Sinfull slips,  
 The Match-les Maker of the Light, eclipse)  
 Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moors*,  
 That sweating toyl on *Guinnes* wealthy shoars:  
 Those whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract  
 With roaring noise for euer deaf doth make:  
 Those, that suruaying mighty \* *Cassagale*,  
 Within the Circuit of her spacious Wall  
 Do dry-foot dance on th' *Orientall Seas*;  
 And pass, in all her goodly crossing ways  
 And stately streets fronted with sumptuous Bows,  
 Twelue thousand Bridges, and twelue thousand Towns:  
 Those that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase  
 The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;  
 Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland Seas*  
 (Congeal'd to Cry stall) slide about at ease;  
 Were witness all of his strange grief; and ghest,  
 That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.  
 Moreover *Cynthia*, in that fearfull stound,  
 Full fild the compass of her Circle round;  
 And, being so far off, she could not make  
 (By Natures course) the Sun to be so black:  
 Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,  
 Darken that beauty, which her owne had given.  
 In brief, mine ey, confounded with such Spectacles  
 In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles.

What could'st thou doo les, then thy Self dishonour  
 (O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?  
 Then for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear  
 A moorning Roab on th' hatefull *Hemi-sphere*?

Then

Then at high noon shut thy fair eye, to shun  
A Sight, whose sight did Hell with horror stun?  
And (pearc't with sorrow for such iniuries)  
To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?

So, from the South to North to make apparant,  
That God revoak't his Sericant Death's sad Warrant  
'Gainst *Ezechias*: and that he would giue  
The godly King fifteen years more to live:  
Transgressing Heav'ns eternall Ordinance;  
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path didst prance:  
And, as desirous of another nap,  
In thy vermillion sweet *Aurora's* Lap,  
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating Horse  
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:  
*Dials* went false, and *Forrests* (gloomy black)  
Wondred to see their mighty shades goe back.

So, when th'incensed Heav'ns did fight so fell  
Vnder the Standard of deere *Israel*,  
Against the Hoast of odious *Ammorites*,  
Among a million of swift-Flashing Lights,  
Rayning down Bullers from a stormy Cloud,  
As thick as Hail, vpon their Armies proud:  
That such as scaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thunder,  
Victorious swords might after heaw in-sunder;  
Coniur'd by *Iosuah*, thy braue steeds stood still,  
In full Career stopping thy whirling wheel;  
And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd  
In midst of Heav'n, for sacred Armies ayd:  
Least th'Infidels, in their disordred Flight,  
Should saue themselves vnder the wings of Night.

Those, that then liv'd vnder the other *Pole*,  
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,  
To hide so long his lovely face away,  
Thought never more to haue re-seen the Day;  
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,  
Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.  
In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone;  
And in twelue Houres the *Dials* shew'd but one.

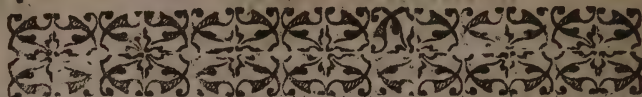
Of the going  
back of the Sun  
in the time of  
*Ezechias*.

1. King. 26.  
ver. 11.  
Esay 38. ver. 8.

Of the Sunnes  
standing still in  
the time of *Iosuah*.

*Iosu*. 12. 13.





# THE FIFT DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Fish in the Sea, Fowls in the Aire abound:  
The Forms of all things in the Waters found:  
The various Manners of Sea-Citizens;  
Whose constant Friendship far exceedeth Mens:  
Arions strange escape: The Fowls attend  
On th'only Phoenix, to her end-less end:  
Their kinds, their customs, & their plumes variety;  
Some presidents of Prudence, som of Piety:  
The gratefull Aegle, burning in the Flame  
With her dead Mistres, the fair Seltian Dame.*

*After a Porti-  
call manner he  
craveth time &  
opportunity to  
discourse in this  
Day of the crea-  
tion of Fishes &  
of Fowles.*

*To which pur-  
pose especially he  
calleth on the  
true God.*

**L** *Aronian Lamps, conducting divers ways,  
About the World, successiue Nights and Days;  
Parents of winged Time, haste, haste your Carrs,  
And passing swiftly both th'opposed Barrs  
Of East, and West, by your returning Ray,  
Th'imperfect World make elder, by a Day.  
Yee Fish, that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrik shine,  
If you would see the Waters waving brine  
Abound with Fishes, pray Hyperion  
T'abandon soon his liquid Mansion,  
If he expect, in his pretext Career,  
To hoast with you a Month in every Yeer.  
And thou, eternall Father, at whose wink  
The wrathfull Ocean's swelling pride doth sink,*

And

And stubborn storms of bellowing Windes be dumb,  
Their wide mouthes stopt, and their wild pinions num;  
Great Sovrain of the Seas, whose hooks can draw  
A man alive from the Whales monstrous maw,  
Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boat,  
That through the vast Seas I may safely float:  
Or rather teach me dyue, that I may view  
Deep vnder water all the Scaly crew;  
And dropping wet, when I return to land  
Laden with spoils, extoll thy mighty hand.

IN VAIN had God stor'd Heav'n with glistring fluds,  
The Plain with grain, the Mountain tops with woods,  
Severd the Aire from Fire, the Earth from Water,  
Had he not soon peopled this large Theatre  
With living Creatures: Therefore he began  
(This-Day) to quicken in the Ocean,  
In standing Pools, and in the straggling Rivers  
(Whose folding Channell fertill Champain severs)  
So many Fishes of so many features,  
That in the Waters one may see all Creatures;  
And all that in this All is to be found;  
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

Seas haue (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:  
(As well as Aire) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares:  
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Millions,  
Pinks, Gilliflowrs, Mushrooms, and many millions  
Of other Plants (more rare and strange then these)  
As very Fishes living in the Seas:  
And also Rarns, Calfs, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,  
Wolves, Lions, Vrchins, Elephants, and Dogs,  
Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)  
The Mytred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryer:  
Whereof, examples (but a few yeers since)  
Were shoven the Norways, and Polonian Prince.

You divine wits of elder Dayes, from whom  
The deep Invention of rare Works hath com,  
Took you not pattern of your chiefest Tools  
Out of the Lap of Thetis, Lakes, and Pools?

K 2

Which

*The first part of  
this Book; wherein  
he handleth how  
by the Command-  
ment of the  
Lord, the Fishes  
began to move  
in the Waters.*

*The Seas no lesse  
stor'd with pri-  
uiledges & pre-  
sidents of Gods  
glorious power,  
then Heauen &  
Earth: & of the  
strange Fishes  
that live therein.*



Which partly in the Waues, part on the edges  
Of craggy Rocks, among the ragged sedges,  
Bring forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,  
Pikes, Percers, Needles, Mallers, Pipes, and Yoaks,  
Owers, sayls, and swords, saws, wedges, Razors, Rammers,  
Plumes, Cornets, Kniues, Wheels, Vices, Horns, & Hammers.  
And, as if Neptune, and fair Panopé,  
Palamon, Triton, and Leucothoé,  
Kept publik Roules, there is the Calamary;  
Who, ready Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth cary.

Why God crea-  
red so many sorts  
of strange Fishes

As a rare Painter draws (for pleasure) heer  
A sweet Adonis, a foul Satyre there:  
Heer a huge Cyclop, there a Pigmé Elf;  
Somtimes, no less busying his skilfull self,  
Vpon som vgly Monster (seldom seen)  
Then on the Picture of faire Beauties Queen:  
Even so the Lord, that, in his Work's varietie,  
We might the more admire his powerfull Déitie,  
And that we might discern by differing features  
The various kinds of the vast Oceans creatures,  
Forming this mighty Frame, hee every Kind  
With diuers and peculiar Signet sign'd.

Examples.  
The Pour-Cut-  
tle.  
Cuttle.  
Crab.  
Sea-Hare.  
Oyster.

Som haue their heads groveling betwixt their feet  
(As th'inky Cuttles; and the Many-feet):  
Som in their breast (as Crabs): some head-less are,  
Foot-less, and finn-less (as the bane-full Hare,  
And heat-full Oyster) in a heap confus'd,  
Their parts vnparted, in themselves diffus'd.

The Tortoise.

The Tyrian Marchant, or the Portuguese  
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:  
But of one Tortoise, when he list to float,  
Th' Arabian Fisher-man can make a Boat;  
And one such Shell, him in the stead doth stand  
Of Hulk at Sea, and of a House on land.

Shall I omit the monstrous Whirl-about,  
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,  
Where-with huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)  
Are over-whelm'd and sunken sodainly?

Shall

*of the first Weeke.*

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*The Tunnye.*

Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet  
Th' *Eoan* Monarchs neuer daunted Fleet,  
And beard more brauely his victorious powrs  
Then the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;  
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;  
Or great *Darius*, that three Battails lost?  
When on the Surges I perceiue, from far,  
Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-pool*, *Whale*, or huffing *Physeter*,  
Methinks I see the wandring *Ile* again  
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Main.  
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,  
Me seems som Tempest all the Sea doth tosse.  
Our fear-les Sayers, in far Voyages  
(More led by Gain's hope then their Compasses)  
On th' *Indian* shoare, haue somtime noted som  
Whose bodies couered two broad Acres room:  
And in the *South-Seas* they haue also seen  
Som like high-topped and huge-armed Treen;  
And other som whose monstrous backs did bear  
Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes, that were  
Much like the winged and wide spreading sayls  
Of any *VVinde-mill* turn'd with merry gales.

*Diuers kindes of  
Whales.*

*Of their mon-  
strous shape, and  
huge greatnes.*

But God (who Nature in her nature holdes)  
Not onely cast them in so sundry moldes:  
But gaue them manners much more differing,  
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring  
In admiration; that men euer more,  
Praying his Works, might praise their Maker more.  
Som loue fresh *VVaters*, som the salt desire,  
Som from the Sea vse yeerly to retire  
To the next Rivers, at their owne contenting,  
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting;  
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt:  
For *VVinter* th' one, th' other for *Sommers* heat.

*Of the diuers  
qualities of  
Fishes.*

As Citizens, in som intestine brail,  
Long coop'd vp within their Castle wall;  
So soon as Peace is made, and Siedge remov'd,  
For sake a while their Town so strong approv'd;

*Simile.  
Describing the  
custome of cer-  
tain Sea-Fishes.*



*frequenting the  
fresh Waters in  
some seasons of  
the year.*

*Comparison.*

*The Fishes feed-  
ing.*

And, tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,  
Crowned with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:  
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Chevi*ns thunder-scar'd,  
Featt-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-starr'd,  
In the Spring Season the rough Seas forsake,  
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take:  
And yet the plenty of delicious foods,  
Their pleasant Lodging in the crystill floods,  
The fragrant sent of flowry banks about,  
Cannot their Countrys tender loue wipe out  
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,  
In th'irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:  
*Like English Gallants, that in Youth doo go*  
*To visit Rhine, Sein, Ilter, Arn, and Po;*  
*Where though their Sense be dandled, Days and Nights,*  
*In sweetest choise of changeable Delights,*  
*They neuer can forget their Mother-Soyl,*  
*But hourly Home their hearts and eyes recoyle,*  
*Long languishing with an extream Desire*  
*To see the smook of their deer Native Fire.*

One (like a Pirat) only liues of prizes,  
That in the Deep he desperately surprises:  
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam:  
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,  
Nibbling on Weeds: another, hating thieuing,  
Eats nought at all, of liquor only liuing;  
For, the salt humor of his Element  
Serues him (alone) for perfect nourishment.

Som loue the clear streams off swift tumbling Torrents,  
Which through the rocks straining their struggling currents  
Break Banks and Bridges; and doo neuer stop,  
Till thirsty Sommer com to drink them vp:  
Som almost alwayes pudder in the mud  
Of sleepey Pools, and neuer brook the flood  
Of crystill streams, that in continuall motion  
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:  
As the most part of the Worlds Peers, prefer  
Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War:

And

And som again (of a far differing humour)  
Holde Rest so deer, that but the only rumour  
Of War far off, affrights them at the first;  
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurst.

O watry Citizens, what Vmpeer bounded  
Your liquid Liuing? O! what Monarch mounded  
VVith walls your City? What severest Law  
Keeps your huge Armies in so certain aw,  
That you encroach not on the neighbouring Borders  
Of your swim-brethren? as (against all Orders)  
Men dayly practice, ioyning Land to Land,  
House vnto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,  
Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insaci'ble)  
World vnto World, if they could work it possible.  
And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation,  
Or for your seeds securer propagation,  
Doo sometimes shift your ordinary Dwelling;  
What learned *Chalde* (skill'd in Fortune-telling)  
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth shoue?  
What Herralds Trumpet summons you to go?  
What Guide conducteth, Day and Nighr, your Legions  
Through path-les paths in vnacquainted Regions?  
What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel, and Star,  
Measures your course in your Adventures far?  
Surely, the same that made you first of Nought,  
Who in your Nature som *Ideas* wrought  
Of good and Euill; to the end that we,  
Following the Good, might from the Euill flee.

Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change  
Wiues euery day, in the deep streams; but (strange)  
As if the honey of Sea-loues delights  
Could not suffice his ranging appetites,  
Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shoar,  
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;  
Contrary to the constant *Cantharus*,  
Who, euer faithfull to his deereft Spouse  
In Nuptiall Duties spending all his life,  
Loves never none but his owne onely wife.

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Of the prouidence  
of God in their  
diuers and nota-  
ble manner of  
liuing: affording  
many Lessons to  
Man-kinde.

Strange nature  
of the fish *Sar-  
gus*.

Of *Cantharus*.

But,



*Of the Mullet.*

But, for her Loue, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;  
 For, if the Fisher haue surpriz'd her Pheer,  
 As mad with wo to shoar she followeth,  
 Prest to consort him both in life and death:

*Simile.*

As yerst those famous, louing *Thracian Dames*  
 That leapt a liue into the funerall flames  
 Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gon,  
 Those loyall VViues hated to liue alone.

O! who can heer sufficiently admire

*The Vrano-Scopus.*

That *Gaping-Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire  
 Still toward Heav'n? as if beneath the skies  
 He found no object worthy of his eyes.  
 As the VVood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill  
 Out of the clov'n-pipe of his horny bill,  
 To catch the Emmets; when, beguil'd with-all,  
 The busie swarms vpon it creep and crawl:  
 Th' *Vrano-scope*, so, hid in mud, doth put  
 Out of his gullet a long limber gut,  
 Most like vnto a little VVorm (at sight)  
 Wher-at est-soons many small Fishes bite;  
 Which ther-withall this Angler swallows straight,  
 Alwayes self-armed with hook, line, and bait.

*\* The OXena.*

The suttle \* *Smell-strong-Many-foot*, that faine  
 A dainty feast of *Oyster-flesh* would gaine,  
 Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,  
 Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips,  
 Least else (before that he haue had his pray)  
 The *Oyster*, closing clip his limbs away,  
 And (where he thought t'haue ioy'd his victories)  
 Himself becom vnto his prize a prize.

*The Torpedo.*

The *Cramp-fish*, knowing that she harbourth  
 A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath;  
 A secret *Poppy*, and a sense-less Winter,  
 Benumbing all that dare too-neer her venter;  
 Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Ice  
 On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,  
 That she not only staves them in the Deep,  
 But stuns their sense, and lul's them fast a sleep;

And

And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed;  
 VVhose frozen limbs (still liuing) seem but dead;  
 'Tis this *Torpedo*, that when she hath took  
 Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook;  
 Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle  
 VVhen they be prickt, and plunge, and strive, and struggle;  
 And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,  
 Faster and faster on the hooke doo tangle:  
 But, wily, clasping close the Fishing Line,  
 Sodainly spews into the Siluer Brine  
 Her secret-spreading, sodain-speeding bane;  
 Which, vp the Line, and all along the Cane,  
 Creeps to the hand of th' Angler, who with-all  
 Benumm'd and sens-less, sodainly lets fall  
 His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:  
 Becomm like one that (as in bed helies)  
 Seems in his sleep to see som gastly Ghost;  
 In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,  
 He cals his wife for ayd, his friends, his folks,  
 But his stult stomach his weak clamour choaks:  
 Then would he strike at that he doth behold;  
 But sleep and feare his feeble hands doo hold:  
 Then would he run away; but, as he strives,  
 He feels his feet fetterd with heavy Gyues.

*Simile.*

But, if the *Scolopendra* haue suckt-in  
 The sower-sweet morsell with the barded Pin,  
 She hath as rare a trick to rid her from-it:  
 For instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;  
 And having clear'd them from the danger, then  
 She fair and softly sups them in again,  
 So that not one of them within her womb  
 Changeth his Office or his wonted room.

*The Scolopendra.*

The thruiuing *Amia* (neer *Abydos* breeding)  
 And suttle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-loue exceeding)  
 VVithout so vent'ring their dear life and lyming,  
 Can from the Worm-clasp compass their vntwining:  
 For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair,  
 About the hook they it in sunder shear;

*The Amia.*

*The Sea-Fox.*



So that their foe, who for a Fish did look  
Lift vp a bare line, robd of bait and hook.

*The Barbel.*

But timorous *Barbels* will not taste the bit,  
Till with their tails they haue vnhooked it:  
And all the baits the Fisher can deuise  
Cannot beguile their wary icalousies.

*The Cuttle.*

Euen so almost, the many spotted *Cuttle*  
Wel-neer insnared, yet escapeth futtle;  
For, when she sees herself within the Net,  
And no way left but one, from thence to get,  
She sodainly a certain Ink doth spew,  
Which dyes the Waters of a fable hew;  
That, dazling so the Fishers greedy sight,  
Shethrough the Clouds of the black Waters night,  
Might scape with honour the black streames of *Stryx*,  
Wherof already, almost lost, she licks.

*Simile.*

And, as a Prisoner, (of som great transgression,  
Conuict by Witnes and his owne Confession)  
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,  
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;  
Spies euery corner, and pries round about  
To finde som weake place where he may get out:

*The Golden-eye  
or Guilt-head.*

The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-Eye*,  
Kept in a Weyre, the widest space doth spy,  
And thrusting in his tail, makes th' *Osiars* gape  
With his oft flapping, and doth so escape:  
But, if his fellow finde him thus bested,  
He lends his tail to the Imprisoned;  
That thereby holding fast with gentle iaw,  
Him from his Durance, he may friendly draw.  
Or, (if before that he were captiuat)  
He see him hooked on the biting bait,  
Halting to help, he leapeth at the line,  
And with his teeth snaps-off the hairy twine,

*Sundry instru-  
ctions that Fishes  
giue to men.*

You stony hearts, within whose stubborn Centre  
Could neuer touch of sacred friendship enter,  
Look on these Seas my Songs haue calmed thus;  
Heer's many a *Damon*, many a *Thefess*.

of the first Weeke.

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The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blast  
Begins to threat, themselues together cast,  
In heaps like balls, and heating mutually,  
Liue; that alone, of the keen Cold would die.  
Those small white Fish to *Venus* consecrated,  
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created  
Of th' Ocean scum; seeing themselues a pray  
Expos'd in euery Water-Rouers way,  
Swarming by thousands, with so many a fold  
Combine themselues, that their ioint strength doth hold  
Against the greediest of the Sea-thieues sallies;  
Yea, and to stay the course of swiftest Gallies.

*The Sparlings.*

As a great Carrak, cumbred and opprest  
With her selfs-burthen, wends not East and West,  
Star-boord and Lar-boord, with so quick Careers.

*Simile.*

As a small Fregat, or swift Pinnas steers:  
And as a large and mighty limbed Steed,  
Either of *Friseland*, or of *German* breed,  
Can neuer manage half so readily,

*Another.*

As *Spanish* Tennet, or light *Barbarie*:  
So the huge *Whale* hath not so nimble motion,  
As smaller Fishes that frequent the Ocean;  
But sometimes rudely 'gainst a Rock he brushes,  
Or in som roaring Straight he blindly rushes,  
And scarce could liue a Twelve-month to an end;

*Of the Whale  
and his friend  
Musculus.*

But for the little *Musculus* (his friend)  
A little Fish that swimming still before,  
Directs him safe from Rock, from shelf and shoar:  
Much like a Childe that louing leads about  
His aged Father when his eyes be out;  
Still waisting him through euery way so right,  
That rest of eyes he seems not rest of sight.

*Simile.*

Waues-Mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace  
The World about, within thine ample space,  
A firmer League of friendship is not seen  
Then is the *Pearl-fish* and the *Prawn* betweene;  
Both haue but one repast, both but one Palace,  
But one delight, one death, one sorrow, and one solace:

*Strange League  
betweene the  
Pearl-Fish and  
the Prawn.*

That



That, lodgeth this; and this remunerates  
 His Land-lords kindnes with all needfull Cates.  
 For, while the *Pearl-Fish* gaping wide doth glister,  
 Much Fry (allur'd with the bright siluer lustre  
 Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;  
 Then with a prick the *Prawn* a sign doth mak-her  
 That instantly her shining shell she close  
 (Because the Prey worthy the pain he knowes):  
 Which gladly done, she ev'nly shareth-out  
 The Prey betwixt her, and her faithfull scout.

Also between  
 the Sponge and  
 his spy.

The Galley-Fish.  
 The Sayle-Fish.  
 Boat-Crab.  
 Sea-Vrchin.

And so the *Sponge-Spy*, warily awakes  
 The Sponges dull sense, when repast it takes.  
 But O! what stile can worthily declare  
 (O! *Galley-Fish*, and thou *Fish-Mariner*,  
 Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Vrchin*) your dexteritie  
 In Saylers Art, for safeness and celeritie?  
 If *Iaffa* Marchants, now *Comburgers* seem  
 With *Portugalls*, and *Portugalls* with them:  
 If Worlds of Wealth, born vnder other Sky,  
 Seem born in Ours: if without wings we fly  
 From North to South, and from the East to West,  
 Through hundred sundry way-les waies adrest:  
 If (to be brief) this VVorld's rich compass round,  
 Seem as a Common, with but hedge or mound,  
 Where (at his choice) each may him freely store  
 With rarest fruits; You may we thank therefore.  
 For, whether *Typhis*, or that *Pride of Greece*  
 That sayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-Fleece*,  
 Or *Belus* Son, first builded floating bowrs,  
 To mate the Windes storms, and the Waters stowrs;  
 What e'r he were, he surely learn'd of you  
 The Art of Rowing and of Sayling too.

The sea-Hermit.

Heer would I cease, saue that this humorous song,  
 The *Hermite-Fish* compels me to prolong.  
 A man of might that builds him a Defence  
 'Gainst VVeathers rigour and VVarr's insolence,  
 First dearly buies (for, VVhat good is good-cheap?)  
 Both the rich Matter and rare VVorkmanship:

But

But, without buying Timber, Lime, and stone,  
Or hiring men to build his Mansion,  
Or borrowing House, or paying Rent therefore,  
He lodgeth safe: for, finding on the shoar  
Some handfom shell, whose Natiue Lord, of late  
Was dispossessed by the Doom of Fate;  
Therein he enters, and he takes possession  
Of th'empty Harbour, by the free concession  
Of Natures Law; who Goods that Owner wants  
Alwaies allots to the first Occupant.  
In this new Cace, or in this Cradle (rather)  
He spends his Youth: then, growing both together  
In age and Wit, he gets a wider Cell  
Wherein at Sea his later Daies to dwell.

But *Clio*, wherefore art thou tedious  
In numbering *Neptunes* busie Burgers: thus  
If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth  
Of the Seas Soverain, bring but only forth  
One little *Fish*, whose admirable Story  
Sufficeth sole to shewe his might and glory.  
Let all the Windes in one Winde gather them,  
And (seconded with *Neptunes* strongest stream)  
Let all at once, blowe all their diffident gales  
A-sterne a *Galley*, vnder all her sails;  
Let her be holpen with a hundred *Owers*,  
Each lively handled by sixe lusty *Rowers*:  
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn  
Into the tempest-beaten Vessels sterne,  
Stayes her stone-still; while all her stout *Consorts*  
Saile thence at pleasure to their wished Ports;  
Then loose they all the sheats, but to no boot:  
For, the charmd Vessell bougeth not a foot;  
No more then if three fadom vnder ground,  
A score of Anchors held her fastly bound:  
No more then doth an Oak, that in the Wood  
Hath thousand Tempests (thousand times) withstood,  
Spreading as many massy roots belowe,  
As mighty arms about the ground do growe.

The strange and  
secret property  
of the *Remora* or  
*Stop-ship*.



O *Stop-Ship* say, say how thou canst oppose  
 Thy selfe alone against so many foes?  
 O! tell vs where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide,  
 Whence thou resistest Sayls, Owers, Wind, and Tide?  
 How on the sodain canst thou curb so short  
 A Ship whom all the Elements transport?  
 Whence is thine Engin and thy secret force  
 That frustrates Engins, and all force doth force?

*Dolphin.* I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,  
 And ev'n already set one foot a-shoar;  
 When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating\* gainst the bank,  
 'Gan mine obliuion moodily mis-thank:  
 Peace Princely Swimmer, sacred *Fish*, content thee;  
 For, for thy praise, th'end of this Song I meant thee.  
 Braue Admirall of the broad briny Regions,  
 Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,  
 Who liuing, ever liv'st (for neuer sleep,  
 Deaths liuely Image in thy eyes doth creep)  
 Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody,  
 Thou vp and down through the moyst World doest ply  
 Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou louest so,  
 That lacking that, thy life thou doest forgo:  
 Thou (gentle Fish) wert th' happy Boat, of yore  
 Which safely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-shoar.

*The strange ad-  
 uenture of Arion  
 saved by a Dol-  
 phin.*

*Arion*, match-les for his Musiks skill,  
 Among the *Latines* hauing gain'd his fill  
 Of gold and glory, and exceeding faine  
 To re-salute his learned *Greece* again;  
 Vnwares, imbarks him in a Pyrates ship:  
 Who loath to let so good a Booty slip.  
 Soon waighes his Anchors, packs on all his sail,  
 And Windes conspiring with a prosperous gale,  
 His winged Fregat made so speedy flight,  
*Tarentum* Towers were quickly out of sight;  
 And all, saue Skies, and Seas, on every side;  
 Where, th'oncly Compass is the Pylots guide.  
 The Saylours then (whom) many times we finde  
 Falser then Seas, and fiercer then the Winde)

Fall straight to strip him, ryfling (at their pleasure)  
 In every corner to find out his treasure:  
 And, hauing found it, all with one accord  
 Hoist th' Owner vp, to heaue him ouer-board.  
 Who weeping said, ô *Nereus* noble issue,  
 Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:  
 For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes  
 (And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize  
 The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,  
 That vnder-foot all worldly wealth they throwe.)  
 No (braue Triumphers ouer Winde and Waue,  
 Who in both Worlds your habitation haue,  
 Who both Heav'ns Hooks in your adventures view)  
 'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue:  
 I but beseech you, offer no impieties  
 Vnto a person deer vnto the Deities.  
 So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,  
 Be euer mute when you your voyage make,  
 And *Tritons* Trumpet th'angry Surges swage,  
 When (iustly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.  
 But if (alas!) I cannot this obtain  
 (As my faint eye reads in your frown too plain)  
 Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voice,  
 My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:  
 That so the Sea-Nymphs (rapt in admiration  
 Of my diuine, sweet, sacred lamentation)  
 Dragging my corps to shoar, with weeping shows  
 May deaw the same, and it entoomb in flows.  
 Then play (said they) and giue vs both together  
 Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.  
 His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent  
 Th'enchanting sinnews of his Instrument:  
 Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,  
 That crook-tooth'd *Lanpreys* and the *Cangers* towe  
 Friendly together, and their natue hate  
 The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,  
 And *Lobsters* floated fear-les all the while  
 Among the *Polyps*, prone to theft and guile.

But,



But among all the Fishes that did throng  
 To daunce the Measures of his Mournfull song,  
 There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord,  
 His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:  
 Who gently sliding neer the Pinnas side,  
 Seem'd to inuite him on his back to ride:  
 By this time, twice the Saylours had essayd  
 To heave him o're; yet twice him selfe he staid:  
 And now the third time stroue they him to cast;  
 Yet by the throwds the third time held he fast:  
 But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,  
 And him too-feeble to withstand their force,  
 The trembling *Dolphin*s shoulders he beltrid;  
 Who on the Oceans azure surges slid,  
 So, that far-off (his charge to cheered him)  
 One would haue thought him rather fly, then swim:  
 Yet fears he every shelve and euery Surge  
 (Not for him selfe, but for his tender charge)  
 And, sloaping swiftly overthwart those Seas  
 (Not for his owne, but for his Riders ease)  
 Makes double haste to find some happy strand,  
 Where his sweet *Phæbus* he may safely land.  
 Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,  
 Paies his deer Pylot his delightfull fare.  
 And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)  
 To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty;  
 O thou Almighty! who Mankind to wrack,  
 Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,  
 And yet didst saue, from th'vniuersall Doom,  
 One sacred Household, that in time to come  
 (From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise;  
 Looke downe (ô Lord) from thy supernall rayes;  
 Look, look (alas!) vpon a wretched man,  
 Halfe Toomb'd already in the Ocean:  
 O! bee my Steers-man, and vouchsafeto guide  
 The stern-les Boat, and bit-les Horse I ride;  
 So that, escaping Windes and Waters wrath,  
 I once againe may tread my natiue path:

And

And hence-forth, heer with solemn vowes I sacre  
Vnto thy glory (O my God and Maker)  
For this great fauour's high Memoriall,  
My heart and Art, my voyce, hand, Harp, and all.

Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,  
The Clowdy Welkin waxed cleer again,  
And all the Windes did sodainly conuert  
Their mouths to ears, to hear his wondrous Art.  
The *Dolphin* then, discrying Land (at last)  
Storms with himself, for hauing made such haste,  
And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,  
T'haue ioy'd the while his Musiks excellence.  
But, fore his owne delight, preferring far  
Th'vnhop'd safety of the Minstrell rare,  
Sets him a shoar, and (which most strange may seem)  
Where life he took, there life restoreth him.

But now (deere *Muse*) with *Ionas* let vs hie  
From the Whales belly; and from ieopardy  
Of stormfull Seas, of wreakfull Rocks and Sand,  
Com, com (my Darling) let vs haste to Land.

While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,  
I sing of *Fishes* (that there Quarter keep)  
See how the *Fowls* are from my fancy fled,  
And their high prayes quight out of my head:  
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muse almost  
The better half of this bright *Day* hath lost.  
But, cheer ye, *Birds*: your shadows (as ye pass)  
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,  
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,  
Both what my duty, and your due concerns.

But first I pray (for meed of all my toyl  
In bringing you into this *HAPPY ILE*)  
Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes  
The sense-less senses of those drowisie Sots;  
Whose eye-lids laden with a waight of Lead  
Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rymes are read.  
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes  
Among the Water's silent Colonies;

The second part  
of this book, treat-  
ing of *Fowles*.



How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound  
Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean doth redound?

*Of the admir-  
ble and Onely  
Phoenix.*

The Heav'nly *Phoenix* first began to frame  
The earthly *Phoenix*, and adorn'd the same  
With such a plume, that *Phœbus*, circuiting  
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:  
Such form, such fethers, and such Fate he gaue her,  
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:  
Two sparkling eyes; vpon her crown, a crest  
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest)  
A golden down about her dainty neck,  
Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,  
Her wings and train of fethers (mixed fine)  
Of orient azure and incarnadine.

*Her description.*

*Her life.*

He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,  
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her heer  
Her life again, which neuer shall expire  
Vntill (as she) the World consume in fire.  
For, hauing passed vnder diuers Climes,  
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;  
Worn-out with yeers, wishing her endles end,  
To shining flames she doth her life commend:  
Dies to reuiue, and goes into her Graue  
To rise again more beautifull and braue.  
Perched, therefore, vpon a branch of Palm;  
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm,  
By break of Day shee builds (in narrow room)  
Her Vrn, her nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:  
Where, while she sits all gladly-fad expecting)  
Som flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)  
To burn her sacred bones to seed-full cinders  
(Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders)  
The *Phrygian* Skinker, with his lauish Ewer,  
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;  
The shivering *Coach-man* with his Icy Snowe  
Dares not the Forrests of *Phœnicia* strowe:  
*Ausser* presumes not *Libyan* shoars to pass  
With his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*

*Her death.*

of the first Weeke.

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(As the most boistrous and rebellious slaue)  
Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Caue:  
For, Nature now propitious to her End,  
To her liuing Death a helping hand doth lend:  
And stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly steepe  
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:  
And *Sol* himself, glauncing his golden eyes  
On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies,  
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes  
Th' immortall *Phoenix*, both her flesh and plumes.  
But instantly out of her ashes springs  
A Worm, an Egg then, then a bird with wings,  
Iust like the first (rather the same indeed)  
Which (re-ingendred of it's selfy seed)  
By nobly dying a new Date begins,  
And where she loseth, there her life shewins:  
End-les by'r End, eternall by her Toomb;  
While, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom  
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)  
Her own selfe Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, and Sire:  
Teaching vs all, in *Adam* heer to dy,  
That we in *Christ* may liue eternally.

The *Phoenix*, cutting th' vnfrequented Air,  
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair  
Of wings in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,  
With diuers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,  
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bowe,  
When (use and Art, and strength confedered)  
The skillfull Archer draws them to the head:  
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where  
She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear  
Her round-front Palace in a place secure,  
Whose Plot may serue in rarest Arch'tecture:  
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,  
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws,  
Whereof she Morter makes, and there-with-all  
Apely she builds her semi-circle Wall.

L 2

Her re-genera-  
tion.

The best appli-  
cation.

Birds that follow  
the *Phoenix* and  
their natures.

The *Swallow*.

The



*The Lark.*

The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin cleer,  
 Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer, peer-I neer my Deer*;  
 Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)  
*Adieu* (she saith) *adien, deer Deer, adieu.*

*The Linot.**The Finch.*

The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold-Finch* fill  
 All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.

*The Nightingale.*

But all This's nothing to the *Nightingale*,  
 Breathing, so sweetly from a brest so small,  
 So many Tunes whose Harmony excels  
 Our Voice, our Violls, and all Musick els;  
 Good Lord! how oft in a green Oken Grove,  
 In the cool shadow haue I stood and strove  
 To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,  
 Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!  
 And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear  
 A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly-cleer:  
 One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,  
 Anon the Trebble, then the Counter-Tenor:  
 Then, all at once; (as it were) chalenging  
 The rarest voices with her self to sing:  
 Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,  
 Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,  
 Iust Note for Note, and adds som Strain at last,  
 That she hath conned all the Winter past:  
 The first replies, and descants there-vpon;  
 With diuine warbles of Division,  
 Redoubling Quauers; And so (turn by turn)  
 Alternatly they sing away the Morn:  
 So that the Conquest in this curious strife  
 Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:  
 Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,  
 And after count her Mistresse of the Quire.  
 At break of Day, in a Delicious song  
 She sets the *Gam-ut* to a hundred young:  
 And, when as, fit for higher Tunes she sees them,  
 Then learnedly she harder Lessons giues them;  
 Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,  
 And follow all their Mistresse Rules aright.

of the first Weeke.

133

Diners other de-  
licate, and gen-  
tle Birds.

The Colchian Pheasant, and the Partridge rare,  
The lustfull Sparrow, and the fruitfull Stare,  
The chattering Pye, the chafteft Turtle-Dove,  
The grizel Quoit, the Thrush (that Grapes doth love)  
The little Gnat-snap (worthy Princes Boords)  
And the greene Parrot, fainer of our words,  
Wait on the Phoenix, and admire her tunes,  
And gaze themselves in her blew-golden plumes.

Ravenous Birds.

The ravening Kite, whose train doth well supply  
A Rudders place; the Falcon mounting high,  
The Marlin, Lanar, and the gentle-Tercell,  
Th' Ospray, and Saker, with a nimble farcell  
Follow the Phoenix, from the Clouds (almost)  
At once discovering many an vnknow'n Coast.

In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies  
The Indian Griffin with the glistering eyes,  
Beak Eagle-like, back sable, sanguin breft,  
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons, alwaies prest  
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears  
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:  
With these, our Grandams fruitfull panch he pulls,  
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,  
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep  
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:  
With these, he guards against an Army bold  
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;  
As wroth, that men vpon his right should rove,  
Or theevish hands vsurp his Tresor-trone.

Detestation of  
Avarice, for her  
execrable &  
dangerous effects.

O! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Foul)  
For this dire bane of our seduced soule;  
And (with thee) may the Dardan Ants, so ward  
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,  
That hence forth hopeles, mans frail mind may rest her  
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters matter:  
O odious poyson! for the which we dive  
To Pluto's dark Den: for the which we rive  
Our Mother Earth; and not contented with  
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,



With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,  
 And ranſack deeply in her boſom tender,  
 While Vnder ground wee liue in hourly fear  
 When the frail Mines ſhall over-whelm vs there:  
 For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule  
 Through thouſand Seas to ſeek another Pole;  
 And, maugre Windes and Waters enmity,  
 We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds deſcry:  
 For which (alas!) the brother ſels his brother,  
 The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,  
 The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,  
 The Friend his Friend: O! what not ſell wee heer,  
 Sithence to ſatiate our Gold-thirſty gall,  
 We ſell our ſelues, our very ſoules and all?

Night-Fowles  
 and ſolitary  
 Birds.

Neer theſe, the *Crowe* his greedy wings diſplayes,  
 The long-liv'd *Raven*, th'*infamous* Bird that layes  
 His baſtard Egges within the neſts of other,  
 To have them hatcht by an vnkindely Mother:  
 The *Skrutch-Owl*, vs'd in falling Towns to lodge,  
 Th'vn lucky *Night-Raven*, and thou laſie *Madge*:  
 That fearing light, ſtill ſeekeſt where to hide,  
 The hate and ſcorn of all the Birds beſide.

Water fowles.

But (gentle *Muſe*) tell me what Fowls are thoſe  
 That but even-now from flaggy Fenns aroſe?  
 Tis th' hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,  
 The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doo haunt,  
 The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* ſtrong in flight,  
 The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight*:  
 The ſilver *Swan*, that dying ſingeth beſt,  
 And the *Kings-Fiſher*, which ſo builds her neſt  
 By the Sea-ſide in miſt of Winter Season,  
 That man (in whom ſhines the bright Lamp of Reason)  
 Cannot deviſe, with all the wit he ha's,  
 Her little building how to raiſe or raze:  
 So long as there her quiet Couch ſhe keeps,  
*Sicilian* Sea exceeding calmly ſleeps;  
 For, *Eolus*, fearing to drown her brood,  
 Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.

The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)  
In's Calendar her building Dayes doth mark:  
And the rich Marchant resolutely venters,  
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.  
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were)  
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where  
The huge Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)  
In his vast mouth, shee feeds vpon his hart.

Strange admi-  
rable Birds.

NEVV-SPAIN'S *Cucnio*, in his forehead brings  
Two burning Lamps, two vnderneath his wings:  
Vvhose shining Rayes serue oft in darkest night,  
Th' Imbroderer's hand in royall VVorks to light:  
Th' ingenious Turner, with a waketull eye,  
To polish fair his purest Ivory:  
The Vsurer, to count his glistering treasures:  
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.

But note we now, towards the rich *Moliques*,  
Those passing strange and wondrous (birds) \* *Mamugues*  
(VVond'rous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky,  
Saw ever wonder, swim, or goe, or fly)

\* With'stald  
Birds of Para-  
dise.

None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that breeds  
Food-lessthey live; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them: (them:  
VVing-lessthey fly; and yet their flight extends,  
Till with their flight, their vnknow'n lives-date ends.

Charitable Birds.

The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Theffalie*,  
The *Pelican* conforteth cheerfully:  
Prayse-worthy Payer, which pure examples yield  
Offaithfull Father, and officious Childe:  
Th'one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,  
From whom shee had her birth and tender breeding;  
Not onely brooding vnder her warm brest  
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;  
Nor only bearing them vpon her back  
Through th' empty Aire, when their own wings they lack;  
But also, sparing (This let Children note)  
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,  
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held  
From forraging, with heavy Gyves of Eld.

The



The other, kindly, for her tender Brood  
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood  
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort  
Vnto her Children doth her life transport:  
For, finding them by som fell Serpent slain,  
She rents her brest, and doth vpon them rain  
Her vitall humour; whence recovering heat,  
They by her death, another life do get:  
A Type of *Christ*, who, lin'd thrall'd man to free,  
Became a Captive; and on shamefull Tree  
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by 's wounds to save vs;  
And salue the wounds th' old Serpent firstly gave vs:  
And so became, of meer immortall, mortall;  
Therby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.

Lessons for man.  
kinde, out of the  
Consideration of  
the natures of  
diuers creatures.

Thus doo'st thou print (O Parent of this All)  
In every brest of brutest Animall  
A kinde Instinct, which makes them dread no less  
Their Childrens danger, then their own decease;  
That so, each Kinde may last immortally,  
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively  
So fights a *Lion*, not for glory (then)  
But for his Duer Whelp taken from his Den  
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,  
He wounds, he kills; amid the thickest rout,  
He rushes-in, dread-les of Spears, and Darts,  
Swords, shafts, & staves, though hurt in thousand parts;  
And, brave-resolved, till his last breath lack  
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:  
Wrath salves his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)  
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,  
He needs must dy; dying, he more bemoanes,  
Then his own death, his Captiue little-Ones.  
So, for their yong our *Maske Currs* wil fight,  
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs, and bite.  
So, in the Deep, the *Dog-Fish* for hot Frye  
*Lucina's* throes a thousand times doth try:  
For, seeing when the suttile Fisher follows them,  
Againe alive into her womb shee swallows them;

And

And when the perill's past shee brings them thence,  
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;  
And (thousand lyes to their dear Parent owing)  
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.  
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe  
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge:  
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill  
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.

I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry,  
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y,  
By the brave orders practiz'd vnder her,  
Instructeth Souldiers in the Art of War.  
For, when her Troops of wandring *Cranes* forsake  
Frost-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take  
Truce with the *Northern Dwarfs*, to seek adventure  
In *Southern Climates* for a milder Winter;  
Afront each Band a forward Captaine flies,  
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the skies;  
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,  
And with their voice hasten their tardy Flight;  
And when the honey of care-charming sleep  
Sweetly begins through all their veins to creep,  
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-molt,  
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,  
Still houlding in his claw a stony clod,  
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod.  
Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,  
Vntill, by turns, the Night be turned forth.

There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully brave,  
Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave,  
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displays  
His glorious eyes to *Phæbus* golden rayes.  
Close by his side stands the courageous *Cock*,  
Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,  
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,  
The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,  
Who dayly riseth when the Sun doth rise,  
And when *Sol* setteth, then to roost he hies.

The Crane.

Y

The Peacock.

The Cock.

There,



*The Eſtridge.*

There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain  
The mighty *Eſtridge*, ſtriving oft in vain  
To mount among the flying multitude  
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd):  
VVhoſe greedy ſtomack ſteely gads digeſts;  
VVhoſe criſped train adorns triumphant creſts.

*Of Inſects in the  
Creation whereof  
the wiſdom of  
their Maker ſhine  
eth admirably.*

Thou happy Witneſſe of my happy Watches,  
Bluſh not (my Book) nor think it thee diſmatches,  
To bear about, vpon thy paper-Tables,  
*Flies, Butterflies, Gnats, Bees,* and all the rabbles  
Of other *Inſects* (end-leſſe to rehearſe)  
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verſe;  
Sith Theſe are alſo His wiſe VVorkmanſhips,  
VVhoſe fame did never obſcure Work eclipse:  
And ſith in Theſe he ſhowes vs every howr  
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr  
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,  
Or whatſoeuer other Monſter haunts  
In ſtorm-leſſe Seas, raiſing a ſtorm about,  
While in the Sea another Sea they ſpout.  
For, if olde Times admire *Callicrates*  
For Ivory *Emmets*; and *Mermécides*  
For framing of a rigged Ship, ſo ſmall  
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all  
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,  
Fit for no uſe were but inuentions vain)  
Admire we then th' all-wiſe Omnipotence,  
Which doth within ſo narrow ſpace diſpence  
So ſtiff a ſting, ſo ſtout and valiant hart,  
So loud a voice, ſo prudent wit and Arr.

*Of Flies.*

For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,  
That doth excell the Bees for Government?  
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whoſe eternall Race  
Once every Day about the World doth paſe,  
Sees heere no City, that in Rites and Laws  
(For Equity) neer to their Juſtice draws:  
Not \* That, which flying from the furious *Hun*,  
In th' *Adrian-Sea* another World begun.

*Of Bees.*

\* *Venice.*

Their

Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires,  
That, durst I loose the Rains of my desires,  
I gladly could digress from my designe,  
To sing a while their sacred Discipline:  
But if, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare  
To counterfai't th' Almighty's Models rare,  
None yet durst finish that fair Peece, wherein  
Learned *Apelles* drew *Lowe's* wanton Queen;  
Shall I presume *Hymetus* Mount to climbe,  
And sing the *Bees* prayse in mine humble rime?  
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince  
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

Yet many I not that little \* *Worm* pass-by,  
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:  
Two births, two deaths, heer Nature hath assign'd-her,  
Leaving a Post-hume (dead-liue) seed behinde-her,  
Which soon transforms the fresh and tender leaues  
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to those slender leaues  
(On ovall clews) of soft, smooth, *Silken* flakes  
Which more for vs, then for her self, shee makes.  
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn  
The sacred loyns of Princes heer toforn:  
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuse,  
Hath so profan'd th' old honorable vse,  
That Shifters now, who scarce haue bread to eat,  
Disdain plain *Silk*, vnless it be beset  
With one of those deer Metals, whose desire  
Burns greedy soules with an immortall fire.

Though last, not least; brave *Egle*, no contempt:  
Made me so long thy story hence exempt  
(Nor LESS-E X told shall thy true vertues be,  
For th' *Eyrie's* sake that owes my *Muse* and mee;  
Where *Iov's* and *Iuno's* stately Birds be billing,  
Their azure Field with fairest *Eaglets* filling  
(Azure they bear three *Eaglets Argentine*,  
A *Cheuron Ermin* grailed Or between)  
Wit, CHIEFTIE, RICHES, to THEM, all I wish  
In Earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown of Bliss.)

The Silk-worm.

For,



For, well I knowe, thou holdest (worthily)  
 That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,  
 As doth the *Dragon* or the *Cocatrice*  
 Among the banefull Creeping Companies:  
 The noble *Lion* among savage beasts:  
 And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dyving guests.  
 I knowe thy course, I knowe, thy constant sight  
 Can fixly gaze against Heav'ns greatest Light.  
 But, as the *Phoenix* on my Front doth glister,  
 Thou shalt the Finials of my Frame illustre.

*A strange and  
 notable story of  
 the love and  
 death of an  
 Eagle.*

On *Thracian* shore of the same stormy stream,  
 Which did inherit both the bones and name  
 Of *Phryxus* Sister (and not far from thence  
 Whear love-blind *Hero*s hap-les diligence,  
 In steed of Loves lamp lighted Deaths cold brand,  
 To waite *Leanders* naked limbs to land)  
 There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,  
 As faire as *Hero*, but more chaste by much:  
 For, her steel brest still blunted all the Darts  
 Of *Paphos* Archer, and eschew'd his Arts.

One day, this Damsell through a Forest thick  
 Hunting among her Friends (that sport did seek)  
 Vnto a steep Rocks thorny-thrummed top  
 (Whear, one (almost) would fear to clamber vp)  
 Two tender *Eglets* in a nest espies,  
 Which 'gainst the Sun sat trying of their eyes;  
 Whose callow backs and bodies round about  
 With soft short quills began to bristle out;  
 Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape  
 For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.  
 Of these two *Fowles* the fairest vp she takes  
 Into her bosom, and great haste she makes  
 Down from the Rock, and shiuering yet for fear  
 Tripps home as fast as her light feet can bear:  
 Even as a Wolf, that hunting for a pray,  
 And having stoln (at last) som Lamb away;  
 Flies with down-hanging head, and leereth back  
 Whether the Masty doo pursue his tracke.

In time, this *Egle* was so thoroughly mann'd,  
That from the Quarry, to her Mistresse hand  
At the first call 't would com; and saun vpon her,  
And bill and bow, in signe of loue and honour:  
On th' other side, the Maiden makes as much  
Of her deer Bird; stroking with gentle touch  
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voice:  
It wantonly doth cherish and reioyce:  
And (prety-fondling) she doth prize it higher  
Then her owne beauties; which all else admire.

But (as fell Fates mingle our single ioyes,  
With bitter gall of infinit annoyes)  
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones  
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once).  
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace  
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her louely face.  
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Fairest* both a-like;  
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick:  
So that, to note their passions, one would gather  
That *Lachesis* spun both their liues together.  
But oft the *AEgle*, striving with her Fitt,  
Would fly abroad to seek som dainty bitt,  
For her deer Mistresse, and with nimble wing,  
Som *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring;  
Paying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,  
From those fair, Ivory, Virgin-fingers soft,  
During her nonage, yea she durst essay  
To cleave the sky; and for her self to prey.  
The Fever now with spitefull fitts had spent  
The bloud and marrow of this Innocent;  
And Life resign'd to cruell Death her Right;  
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.

The fearefull Hare durst now frequent the Down;  
And round about the Walles of *Hero's* Town,  
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,  
Dread-les of th' *AEgle* that so well they knew:  
For she (alas) lies on her Ladies bed,  
Still sadly mourning; though a-liue yet dead:

For,



For, O! how should she liue, such Fatall knife  
Hath cut the thread of her liues deereſt life?

O're the deer Corps ſometimes her wings ſhe hovers,  
ſometimes the dead breſt with her breſt ſhe covers,  
ſometimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,  
ſometimes ſhe kiſſes the cold lips and face;  
And with ſad murmurs ſhe lamenteth ſo,  
That her ſtrange moan augments the Parents wo.

Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot run  
Paſt the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas* ſon,  
ſince the fair Virgin paſt the fatall Ferry  
Whear (laſtly) Mortals leaue their burthens weary;  
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,  
All comfort-leſ, Reſt and Repaſt forbears:  
So much (alas!) ſhee ſeemeth to contend,  
Her life and ſorrows both at once to end.

But laſtly, finding all theſe means too-weak,  
The quick diſpatch, that ſhe did wiſh, to wreak;  
With ire and anguiſh both at once enraged,  
Vnnaturally her proper breſt ſhe gaged,  
And tears her bowells, ſtorming bitterly  
That all theſe deaths could yet not make her dy.  
But, lo the while, about the lightſom door  
Of th'hap-leſ houſe, a mournfull troop, that bore  
Black on their back, and Tapers in their fiſts,  
Tears on their cheeks, and ſorrow in their breſts;  
Who, taking vp the ſacred Load (at laſt)  
Whoſe happy ſoule already Heav'n embrac't;  
With ſhrill, ſad cries, march toward the fatall Pile  
With ſolemn paſe: The ſilly Bird, the while,  
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails,  
Honoring with conuoy, two ſad Funerals.  
No ſooner had the Ceremonious Flame  
Embrac't the Body of her tender Dame,  
But ſodainly, diſtilling all with blood,  
Down ſouſt the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:  
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his ſacred wand  
A hundred times to beat her from her ſtand;

*of the first Weeke.*

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For, to the midst still of the Pyle she plies;  
And, singing sweet her Ladies Obsequies,  
There burns her self: and blendeth happily  
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.

O happy Payr! vpon your sable Toomb,  
May *Me!* and *Manna* euer showring come;  
May sweetest Myrtles euer shade your Herse,  
And euermore liue you within my Verse.

---

*So Morne and Euening the Fift Day conclude,  
And God percein'd that All his Works were good.*

---



THE





# THE SIXT DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

## THE ARGVMENT.

*Inuiting all, which through this world, aspire  
Vnto the next, Gods glorious Works t'admire;  
Heer, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings  
Beasts of the Earth, Cattell, and Creeping things:  
Their hurt and help to vs: The strange euents  
Between Androdus, and the Forrest Prince.  
The little-World (Commander of the greater)  
Why formed last: his admirable Feature:  
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wondrous operation:  
His deereft Rib. All Creatures generation.*

*An' exhortation  
to all which  
through the Pil-  
grimage of this  
life, tend toward  
the euerlasting  
City, to consider  
well the excel-  
lent works of  
God, heer repre-  
sented by our  
Poet.*

**Y**OU Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City) wend.  
Toward th' happy City, whear withouten end  
True ioyes abound; to anchor in the Port  
Whear Deaths pale horrors neuer do resort:  
If you will see the fair Amphitheatres,  
Th' Arks, Arcenalls, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,  
Colosses, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces  
Proudly diuersed in your Passages;  
Com, com with me: for, ther's not any part  
In this great Frame, where shineth any Art,  
But I will show 't you: Are you weary, since?  
What I tyr'd so soon? Why, will you not (my friends)  
Hauing already ventur'd forth so far  
On Neptun's back (through Windes and Waters w<sup>o</sup>

Rowe yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,  
Whose shoars already my glad eyes discover?

*Invocation.*

Almighty Father, guide their Guide along,  
And sur vpon my faint vnfluent tongue  
The sweetest hony of th' *Hyantian* Fount,  
Which freshly purleth from the Muses Mount.  
With the sweet charm of my Victorious Verse,  
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;  
Make all the wilde Beasts, laying fury by,  
To com with Homage to my Harmony.

OF ALL THE Beasts which thou *This-Day* didst build, *The Elephant.*  
To haunt the Hills, the Forest, and the Field,  
I see (as vice-Roy of their brutish Band)  
The *Elephant*, the Vant-gard doth command:  
Worthy that Office; whether we regard  
His Towred back, whear many Souldiers ward;  
Or else his Prudence, whear withall he seems  
To obscure the wits of human-kind sometimes:  
As studious Scholar, he self-rumineth  
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoreth,  
Adores the Moon: mooved with strange desire,  
He feels the sweet flames of th' *Idalian* fire,  
And (pierc'd with glance of a kinde-cruell ey)  
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dy.  
Yea (if the *Gracians* doo not mis-recite)  
With's crooked trumpet he doth sometimes write.  
But, his huge strength, nor subtle wit, can not  
Defend him from the sly *Rhinocerot*:  
Who never, with blinde fury led, doth venter  
Vpon his Fo, but (yer the Lists he enter)  
Against a Rock he whetters round about  
The dangerous pike vpon his armed snout:  
Then buckling close, doth not (at randon) hack  
On the hard Cuirass on his Enemies back;  
But vnder's belly (cunning) findes a skipp,  
Whear (and but thear) his sharpned blade will in.  
The scaly *Dragon*, being else too lowe  
For h' *Elephant*, vpon a thick Tree doth goe;

*His combat with  
the Rhinocerot.*



*His combat with  
the Dragon.*

*The true Image  
of Civil War.*

*Simile.*

*Simile.*

So, closely ambusht almost every Day,  
To watch the Carry-Castle, in his way:  
Who, once approaching, straight his stand he leaues,  
And round about him he so closely cleaues  
With's wrything body; that his Enemy  
(His stinging knots vnable to vn-ty)  
Hastes to som Tree, or to som Rock, whearon  
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,  
The fell embraces of whose dismall clasp  
Haue almost brought him to his latest gasp.  
Then, sodainly, the Dragon slips his hold  
From th' Elephant, and sliding down, doth fold  
About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,  
That stockt thear, he now can stir no furdere:  
Whileth' Elephant (but to no purpose) strives  
With's windlag Trunk t' vndoo his wounding gyves,  
His furious so thrusts, in his nose, his nose,  
Then head and all; and thear-withall doth close  
His breathing passage: but, his victory,  
Hee ioyes not long; for his huge Enemy,  
Falling down dead, doth with his waighty Fall  
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death, withall:  
Like factious French-men, whose fell hands pursue  
In their own breasts their furious blades t' embrew,  
While pittie-les, hurried with blinded zeal,  
In her own bloud they bathe their Common-weal,  
When as at Dreux St Denis, and Mountcogunter,  
Their parricidiall bloody swords incounter;  
Making their Country (as a Tragik Tomb)  
T' inter th' Earth's terror in her hap-les womb.  
Or, like our own (late) YORK and LANCASTER,  
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War,  
Which did the womb of their own Dameds nour,  
And spoyl'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S Flowr;  
When (WHITE and RED) ROSE against ROSE, they stood,  
Brother gainst Brother, to the knees in blood:  
While WAKEFIELD, BARNET and S. ALBAN'S streets  
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:

*W. L. ar,*

Whear, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;  
Sick, by them both, was but their Owne vndon.

Neer th' Elephant, coms th' horned \* Hirable,  
Stream-troubling Camell, and strong-necked Bull,  
The lazy-pased (yet laborious) Ass,  
The quick, proud Courser, which the rest doth passe  
For apt address; Mars and his Master loving,  
After his hand with ready lightnes moving:  
This, out of hand, will self aduance, and bound,  
Corvet, pafe, manage turn, and trot the Round:  
That follows loose behinde the Groom that keeps him;  
This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps him:  
This, runs on Corn Ears and ne'r bends their quills;  
That, on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.

\* Alias Gyraffa  
alias Anabular  
an Indian Sheep  
or a wilde Sheep.  
The Hirable.  
Camell.  
Bull.  
Ass.  
Horse.

In a fresh Troup, the fearfull Hare I note,  
Th' oblivious Conney and the brouzing Goat,  
The sloathfull Swine, the golden furred Sheep,  
The light-foot Hart, which euery yeer doth weep  
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,  
That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.  
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them  
Take soyl in Sommer in som spacious stream!  
One swims before: another on his chine,  
Nigh half-vpright, doth with his brest incline;  
On that, another; and so all doe ride  
Each after other: and still, when their guide  
Growes to be weary, and can lead no more,  
He that was hindmost coms and swims before:  
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate  
Bears not the Burthen of the common State;  
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge  
On others shouldiers his sweet bitter Charge.

The Hare.  
The Connis.  
Goat.  
Sheep.  
Swine.  
Deere.

But, of all Beasts, none steadeth man, so much  
As, loth the Dog; his diligence is such:  
A watchfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell;  
A painfull Purveyor, that with perfect smell



Provides great Princes many a dainty mess,  
A friend till death, a helper in distress,  
Dread of the Wolf, Feare of the fearfull Thief,  
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.

*Squirrel.*

There skips the *Squirrill*, seeming Weather-wise,  
Without beholding of Heav'ns twinkling eyes:  
For, knowing well which way the wind will change,  
Hee shifts the portall of his little Grange.

*Weazell.*

There's th' wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*,  
The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks:

*Foxe.*

The sweat-sweet *Ciuit*, deerly fetcht from far  
For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.

*Monkey.*

*Ciuit Cat.*

*Beuer, or Bezar.*

There, the wise *Beuer*, who, pursu'd by foes,  
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes;  
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontik* Heath  
Doo more desire that ransom, then his deatch.

*Hedgehog.*

There, the rough *Hedge-hog*; who, to shun his thrall,  
Shrinks vp himself as round as any Ball;  
And fastning his slowe feet vnder his chin,  
On 's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in.  
But th' Ey of Heav'n beholdeth nought more strange

*Chameleon.*

Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change  
Receiues the colour that each object giues,  
And (food-lesse) of th' Aire alonely liues.

My blood congeals, my sodain swelling breſt  
Can hardly breathe, with chill cold cakes opprest;  
My hair doth flare, my bones for fear do quake,  
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:  
And, round about, Deaths Image (ghastly-grim)  
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.  
O! who is he that would not be aſtound,  
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round

*Creatures veno-  
mous, and offen-  
ſive to man.*

With cruell'ſt Creatures, which for Maſtery,  
Haue vow'd againſt vs end-leſſe Enmity?  
*Phœbus* would faint, *Achides* ſelf would dread,  
Although the firſt drad *Python* conquered,  
And th' other vanquiſht th' *Erymanthian* Boar,  
The *Nemean* Lion and a many more.

What

of the first Weeke.

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What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,  
From Nile's fell Rover could deliver them,  
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land and Water  
'Gainst Men and Fishes, subiect to his slaughter?

The Crocodile.

Or from the furious Dragon, which alone  
Set-on a Roman Army, whear upon  
Stout Regulus as many Engines spent,  
As to the ground would Carthage walls haue rent?

Dragon.

What shot-free Cori let, or what counsaile crafty,  
'Gainst th' angry Aspick could assure them safety,  
Who (faithfull husband) over hill and Plain

Aspick.

Pursues the man that his deer Pheer hath slain,  
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,  
And in an instant venge him of his wrong?

What shield of Ajax could avoid their death  
By th' Basilisk, whose pestilentiall breath  
Doth pearce firm Marble, and whose banefull ey  
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dy?

Basilisk.

Lord! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear  
This rich round Mansion (glorious euery whear)  
Alas! why didst thou on This-Day create  
These harmfull Beasts, which but exasperate  
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form  
Th' innammel'd Scorpion, and the Viper-worm,  
Th' horned Ceraustes, th' Alexandrian Skink,  
Th' Adder, and Drynas (full of odious stink)  
Th' Est, Snake, and Dipnas (causing deadly Thirst):  
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?

Why God crea-  
ted such noysom  
and dangerous  
creatures: Sin  
the occasion of  
the hurt they can  
do vs.

Pardon, good God, pardon me; 't was our pride,  
Not thou, that troubled our first happy tyde,  
And in the Childehood of the World, did bring  
Th' Amphisbena her double banefull sting.  
Before that Adam did revolt from Thee,  
And (curious) tasted of the sacred Tree,  
He lived King of Eden, and his brow  
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:  
Th' fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck,  
Bow to his yoaik their self-obedient neck;



*Smile.*As now the ready *Horse* is at command

To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;

And doth not wildey his owne will perform,

But his that rules him with a steddye arm.

*God hath giuen  
vs wisdom to  
auoid and van-  
quish them.*

Yea, as forgetfull of so foul offence,

Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisdom, whence

He might subdue, and to his seruice stoop

The stubborn 'st heads of all the savage troop.

Of all the Creatures through the Welkin gliding,

Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding,

Th' hast armed som with Poyson, som with Paws,

Som with sharp Antlers, som with griping Claws,

Som with keen Tuskes, som with crooked Beaks;

Som with thick Cuirers, som with scaly necks;

But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit

Thou gav'st him nothing but a pregnant Wit;

Which rusts and duls, except it subiect finde

Worthy it's worth, wheron it self to grinde;

And (as it were) with enuious armies great,

Beround about besieged and beset.

For, what boot *Milo's* brawny shoulders broad,

And sinnewie arms, if but a common load

He alwayes bear? what Bayes, or Oliue boughs,

Parly, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows,

Except som other *Milo*, entring Lists,

Courageously his boasted strength resists?

"In deepest perils shineth Wisdoms prime:

"Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to clime;

"Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour,

"If bloody Danger doo not wait vpon her.

*God hath set  
them at enmity  
among them-  
selues.*

O gracious Father! th' hast not only lent

Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,

Wherwith these foes threaten his feeble life:

But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife

*Serpents* with *Serpents*, and hast rais'd them foes

Which, vnprooked, felly them oppose.

Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)

His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:

*The Piper and  
Scorpion with  
their young.*

Thou

of the first Weeke.

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Thou mak'st the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)  
Vnnaturally devour his proper brood;  
Wherof, one scaping from the Parents hunger,  
With's death doth vengeance on his brethrens wronger:

Thou mak'st the *Weazell*, by a secret might,  
Murder the *Serpent* with the murdering sight;  
Who so surpris'd, striving in wrathfull manner,  
Dying himself, kills with his baen his Baener.

The *Weazell* a-  
gainst the *Bas-*  
like.

Thou mak'st the *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphs* adore)  
To rid of Poysons *Nile's* manured shoar;  
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them  
So much by strength as subtile stratagem.

The *Ichneumon*  
against the *As-*  
pick.

As he that (vrg'd with deep indignity)  
By a proud Challenge doth his foe defie;  
Premeditates his posture and his play,  
And arms himself so complet every way  
(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,  
And ready foot to traverse skilfully)

That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,  
Findes no part open for his blade to light:

So *Pharaohs* Rat yer he begin the fray  
'Gainst the blinde *Aspick*, with a cleauing Clay

Vpon his coat he wraps an Earthen Cake,  
Which after ward the Suns hot beams doo bake:

Arm'd with this Plaister, th' *Aspick* he approacheth,  
And in his throat, his crooked tooth he broacheth,

Whileth' other boot-les striues to pearce and prick  
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:

Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile)  
Alone to match the scaly *Crocodile*;

Hee, with the *Wren*, his Ruin doth conspire.

The *Wren*, who seeing (prest with sleeps desire)  
*Nile's* poysony Pirate prels the slimy shoar,

Sodainly coms, and hopping him before,  
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles

Clenseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,  
That charm'd with pleasure, the dull *Serpent* gapes

Wider and wider with his vgly chaps:

The *Ichneumon*  
and the *Wren* a-  
gainst the *Cro-*  
codile.

Then



Then, like a shaft, th' *Ichneumon* instantly  
 Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth fly,  
 And feeds vpon that Glutton, for whose Riot  
 All *Niles* fat margents could scarce furnish diet.

God hath taught vs. to make great vse of them. Nay more (good Lord) th' h'ast taught Mankinde a Reason  
 To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyson:

So that in equall Balance ballancing  
 The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring  
 Vnto Mans life, we shall perceiue, the first  
 By many grains to over-waigh the worst.

Fierce and vnraineable beasts. From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in safety:  
 Alas ! I see a Legion fierce and lofty

Of *Sauvages*, whose fleet and furious pace,  
 Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face  
 Make my sense sense-less, and my speech restrain,  
 And cast me in my former feares again.

The Wolfe.

Already howls the waste Fold *Wolfe*, the *Boar*

Boare.

Whetts foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,

Beare.

The Cat-fac't *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,

Ounce.

With grumbling horror threatens my decay;

Tigre.

The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,

Leopard.

Foaming with fury do besiege me hard;

Vnicorn.

Then th' *Vnicorn*, th' *Hyena* tearing tombs

Hyena.

Swift *Manticher*, and *Nubian* *Cephus* comes:

Mantichora, a

Of which last three, each hath (as heer they stand)

kind of Hyena.

Man's voice, Man's visage, and Man's foot and hand

Cephus, a kind of

I fear the Beast, bred in the bloody Coast

Ape or Munkey

Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)

Churca.

Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb,

She doth as oft her liuing brood re-tomb.

But, O ! what Monster's this that bids me battail,

The Porcupine.

On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle :

Who string-less shoots so many arrows out,

Whose thorny sides are hedged round about

With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts

Bristled with bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,

Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring

And to his ayd still new supplies to bring :

O fortunate Shaft-neuer-wanting Bowe-man !  
 Who, as thou fly'st canst hit thy following foe-man,  
 And never missest (or but very narrow)  
 Th'intended mark of thy selfs-kindred Arrow:  
 Who, still self-furnisht needest borrow never  
 Diana's shafts, nor yet Apollos quiver,  
 Nor bowe-strings fetch from *Carian Alcband*,  
 Brazell from *Pern*, but hast all at hand  
 Of thine owne growth; for in thy Hide do growe  
 Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Bowe.

But (Courage now.) heers coms the valiant Beas<sup>t</sup>,  
 The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;  
 VVho brauely-minded, is as milde to those  
 That yeeld to him, as fierce vnto his foes:  
 To humble suiters, neither stern nor statefull;  
 To benefactors never found ingratefull.

I call to record that same *Roman Thrall*,  
 VVho (to escape from his mechanicall  
 And cruell Master, that (for lucre) vs'd him  
 Not as a Man, but, as a Beast, abus'd him)  
 Fled through the desert, and with trauail tir'd,  
 At length into a mossie caue retir'd:  
 But hear, no sooner gan the drowzy wretch  
 On the soft grasse his weary limbs to stretch,  
 But comming swift into the caue he seeth  
 A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.

A thief, to shamefull execution sent  
 By *Iustice*, for his faults iust punishment,  
 Feeling his ey's clout, and his elbow's cord,  
 VVaiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;  
 Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly  
 VVithout delay in that drad place to Die:  
 Even so the Slaue, seeing no means to shun  
 (By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction,  
 (Having no way to fly, nor arms to fight,  
 But sighs and tears, prayers, and wofull plight)  
 Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,  
 Pale, cold, and sense-les, in a deadly swown.

*The Lyon King  
 of Beasts.*

*A memorable  
 Historie of a  
 Lion acknow-  
 ledging the kinde  
 he had recei-  
 ued of Andro-  
 dus a Romane  
 Slaue.*



At last, again his courage gan to gather,  
 When he perceiv'd no rage (but pittie rather)  
 In his new Hoast, who with milde looks and meek  
 Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,  
 Showing him oft one of his paws, wherein  
 A festering thorn for a long time had been:  
 Then (though still fearfull) did the Slaue draw nigher,  
 And from his foot he lightly snatcht the Bryer,  
 And wringing gently with his hand the wound,  
 Madeth'hot impostume run vpon the ground.

Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best  
 Through Hill and Dale, to cheer his new-com Guest,  
 His new Physician, who, for all his cost,  
 Soon leaues his Lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast;  
 And once more wanders through the wildernes,  
 Whither his froward Fortune would address,  
 Vntill (re-taen) his fell Lord brought him home,  
 For Spectacle vnto Imperiall *Rome*,  
 To be (according to their barbarous Laws)  
 Bloudily torn with greedy Lions paws.  
 Fell *Canniball*! Flint-harted *Polyphem*!  
 If thou would'st needs exactly torture him  
 (Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)  
 Why from thine owne hand hast thou let him gon,  
 To Bears and Lions to be giuen for prey,  
 Thy self more fell a thousand-fold, then they?  
*African Panthers*, *Hyrcean Tigres* fierce,  
*Cleonian Lions* and *Panonian Bears*,  
 Be not so cruell, as who violates  
 Sacred Humanity, and cruciates  
 His loyall subiects; making his recreations  
 Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp Taxations.  
 'Boue all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*  
 With bloud and slaughter, one was most beheld;  
 One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights  
 Had conquered hundreds of those guilty wights,  
 Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain  
 To scape by combat their deserued pain.

That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet  
This Runnagate (at last) is forc't to meet;  
And being entred in the bloody List,  
The Lion row'd, and ruffles vp his Crest,  
Shortens his body, sharpens his grim ey,  
And (staring wide) he roareth hideously:  
Then often swindging, with his sinnewy train,  
Somtimes his sides, somtimes the dusty Plain,  
He whets his rage, and strongly rampeth on  
Against his foe; who, nigh already gon  
To drink of *Lethe*, listeth to the Pole  
Religious vows; not for his life, but soule.

After the Beast had marcht som twenty paces,  
Hesodain stops; and, viewing well the face  
Of his pale foe, remembered (rapt with ioy)  
That this was he that eased his annoy:  
Wherefore, conuerting from his hatefull wildenes,  
From pride to pittie, and from rage to mildenes,  
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,  
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.  
The Slaue, thus knowing, and thus being knowen,  
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front now hoary growen,  
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)  
He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,  
And learns by proof, that *A good turn at need,*  
*At first or last shall be assur'd of need.*

THESE vnder Sun (as *Delphos* God did shoue)  
No better Knowledge, then *Our self to Knowe*:  
There is no Theam more plentiful to scan,  
Then is the glorious goodly Frame of *M A N*:  
For in Man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth, and Sea;  
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitome*  
Or little Map: which heer my Muse doth try  
By the grand Pattern to exemplifie.

A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art)  
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks conuert,  
Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament  
Rayse the proud Turrets of his Battlement,

*Nosce te ipsum*

The second part  
of this sixth book:  
wherein is  
discourfed at  
large of the  
creation of Man.

And of the  
wonders of Gods  
wisdom, appea-  
ring both in his  
body and Soule.

And



And (to be brief) in euery part of it,  
 Beauty to vse, vlevnto beauty fit,  
 To th' end the Skrich-Owl, and the Night-Raven should  
 In those fair walls their habirations hold:  
 But rather, for som wise and wealthy Prince  
 Able to iudge of his arts excellence:  
 Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,  
 For the rude guests of Air, and VVoods and VVater;  
 But, all for Him, who (whether he survey  
 The vast salt kingdoms, or th' Earth's fruitfull clay,  
 Or cast his eys vp to those twinkling Eys  
 That with disorderd order gild the Skyes)  
 Can every where admire with due respect  
 Th' admired Art of such an Architect.

*The world made  
 for Man.*

*Man was crea-  
 ted last, & why.*

*His comparison.*

*All other crea-  
 tures nothing in  
 respect of Man,  
 made to the I-  
 mage of God,  
 with (as it were)*

Now of all Creatures which his VVord did make,  
 MAN was the last that living breath did take:  
 Not that he was the least; or that God durst  
 Not vnder take so noble a VVork at first:  
 Rather, because he should haue made in vain  
 So great a Prince, without on whom to Raig.  
 A wise man never brings his bidden guest  
 Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,  
 Garnisht with Lights, and Tables neatly spred  
 Bewith full dishes well-nigh furnished:  
 So our great God, who (bountious) euer keeps  
 Heer open Court, and th' ever-bound-les Deeps  
 Of sweetest Nectar on vs still distills  
 By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills,  
 Would not our Grandier to his Boord inuite,  
 Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight,  
 And, vnder starry State-Cloaths plac't his plates  
 Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.

All th' admirable Creatures made beforne,  
 VVhich Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean doo adorn,  
 Are but Essays, compar'd in every part,  
 To this diuine st Master-Piece of Art:  
 Therefore the supream peer-les Architect,  
 VVhen (of meer nothing) he did first erect

Heav'n,

Heav'n, Earth and Aire, and Seas; at once his thought,  
His word and deed all in an instant wrought:  
But, when he would his own selfs Type create,  
Th' honour of Nature, th' Earths sole Potentate;  
As if he would a Councell hold he cyteth  
His sacred Power, his Prudence he inuiteth,  
Summons his Loue, his Iustice he adiourns,  
Calleth his Goodnes, and his Grace returns,  
To (as it were) consult about the birth  
And building of a second God, of Earth;  
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring  
Som excellence vnto so rare a thing.  
Or rather, he consults with's onely Son  
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion,  
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should bestowe  
Vpon his Vice-Roy of this Realm belowe.  
When th' other things God fashion'd in their kinde,  
The Sea r' abound in Fishes he assign'd,  
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand,  
His very self he seem'd to command.  
He both at-once both life and body lent  
To other things; but, when in Man he meant  
In mortall limbs immortal life to place,  
Hee seem'd to pause, as in a waighty case:  
And so at sundry moments finished  
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head.

Admired Artift, Architect divine,  
Perfect and peer-les in all Works of thine,  
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide  
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,  
That graue Spectators, in his face may spy  
Apparant marks of thy Divinity.

Almighty Father, as of watery matter  
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Waters:  
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all  
The slimy Burgers of this Earthly Ball;  
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)  
Part-sympathize with his own Element.

great preparation,  
not all at  
once, but by  
interims, first  
his Body, and  
then his reasona-  
ble Soule.

Gen. 1. 16.

Inuocation.

Man's body crea-  
ted of the dust of  
the Earth.

Therefore,



Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,  
 Thou tookst Earth, and by thy sacred power  
 So temperedst it, that of the very same  
 Dead shape-les lump didst Adams body frame:  
 Yet, not his face down to the Earth-ward bending  
 (Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending  
 Forever all) but toward th' azure Skyes;  
 Bright golden Lamps, lifting his lovely Eyes;  
 That through their nerues, his better part might look  
 Still to that place from whence her birth she took.

*His head the  
 seat of vnder-  
 standing.*

Also thou plantedst th' Intellectual Powr  
 In th' higest stage of all this stately Bowr,  
 That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)  
 Command the members that too oft rebell  
 Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there  
 Keeping continuall Garrison (as'twere)  
 Might Auarice, Enuy, and Pride subdue,  
 Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew  
 Offactious Commons, that still strue to gaine  
 The golden Sceptre from their Soverain.

*The Eyes full of  
 infinite admira-  
 tion.*

Th'Eys (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinell  
 In noblest place of all this Cittadell,  
 To spy far-off, that no mis-hap befall  
 At vnawares the sacred Animal.  
 In forming these thy hand (so famous held)  
 Seemed almost to haue it self excell'd,  
 Them not transpearcing, least oure eyes should be  
 As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes do see,  
 Yet see small circuit of the welkin bright,  
 The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:  
 And least so many open holes disgrace  
 The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face.

These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks liuely turning,  
 With sodain glaunce set coldest hearts a-burning,  
 These windows of the Soule, these starry Twinns,  
 These Cupids quivers haue so tender skinns  
 Through which (as through a pair of shining glasses)  
 Their radiant point of pearcing splendor passes,

That

That they would soon be quenched and put-out;  
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about;  
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwixt  
The front, the Nose, and the vermillion Checks:  
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed  
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed,  
And as a Pent-house doth preserve a Wall  
From Rain and Hail, and other Storms that fall:  
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling hairs  
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous fears.

*The Browes and  
Eye lids.*

Who fain would see how much a human face  
A comly Nose doth beautifie and grace;  
Behold Zopyrus, who cut-off his Nose  
For's Princes sake, to circumvent his foes.  
The Nose, no less for use then beauty makes  
For, as a Conduit it both gives and takes  
Our living breath: it's as a Pipe put-up  
Whereby the moist Brain's spongy boan doth sup  
Sweet smelling fumes: it serveth as a gutter  
To voyd the Excrements of grossest matter;  
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin  
Euaporate those that are light and thin:  
As through black Chimneys flies the bitter smoak,  
Which but so vented would the Household choake.

*The Nose.*

And, sith that Time doth with his secret file  
Fret and diminish each thing every-while;  
And whatsoever heere begins and ends,  
Wears every hower and its self substance spends;  
Th' Almighty made the Mouth, to recompence  
The Stomaks pension, and the Times expence  
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume  
Sap for the sap, that howrly they consume)  
And plag't it so, that alwayes by the way,  
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,  
The watchfull Ey might true distinction make  
Twixt Herbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eel and Snake;  
And then th' impartiall Tongue might (at the last)  
Censure their goodnes by their savory taste.

*The Mouth.*

*The Tongue.*



*The Teeth.*

Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale  
 The open Throat: which (Queen like) grinding small  
 Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send it  
 (Our Maister-Cook) whose due concoctions mend it.  
 But least the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,  
 Should in the Face present a ghastly sight;  
 With wondrous Art, over that Mill do meet

*The Lips.*

Two moouing Leaues of Corall soft and sweet:

*Of the excellent  
 vse and end of  
 speech.*

O mouth! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst  
 Through way-les Woods, and hollow Rocks disperst,  
 With Acorns fed, with Fells of Fethers clad  
 (When neyther Traffik, Love, nor Law they had)  
 Themselues vniting, built them Towns, and bent  
 Their willing necks to civill Government:  
 O mouth! by thee, the rudest wits haue learn'd  
 The Noble Arts, which but the wise discern'd.  
 By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits  
 Heroik flames affecting glorious merits:  
 By thee, we wipe the tears of wofull Eyes,  
 By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies  
 Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-les Treason  
 Striues to dis-throne and to dis-sceptre Reason.  
 By thee, our Soules with Heav'n haue conuersation,  
 By thee, we calm th' Almightyes indignation,  
 When faithfull sighs from our soules centre fly  
 About the bright Throne of his Maiesty.  
 By thee, we warble to the King of Kings,  
 Our Tongu's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling strings,  
 Our hollow Nostriils (with their double vent)  
 The hollow belly of the Instrument;  
 Our Soule's the sweet Musician, that playes  
 So diuine lessons, and so Heav'nly layes,  
 As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,  
 Ioues forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.

*The Eares.*

But O! what member hath more marvails in't,  
 Then th'Ears round-winding double labyrinth:  
 The Bodie's scouts, of sounds the Censurers,  
 Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers

Of diuine treasures, when our gracious Lord  
Sends vsth' Embassage of his sacred Word?  
And, sith all Sound seems alwayes to ascend,  
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)  
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,  
Snailing their hollow entries to a floap,  
That, while the voyce about those windings wanders,  
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd Meanders,  
As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life,  
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:  
Or as a noyse extendeth far and wide  
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side  
Of crawling Rivers; or with broken trouble  
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double)  
And that no sodain sound, with violence  
Pearcing direct the Organs of this Sense,  
Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazie holes  
Conueigh the voyce more softly to our Soules:  
As th' Ouse, that crooking in and out, doth run  
From Stony-Stratford towards Huntingdon,  
By Royall Amptill, russeth not so swift,  
As our neer Kennet, whose Trowt-famous Drift  
From Marleborow, by Hungerford doth hasten  
Through Newbery, and Prince-grac't Aldermanston;  
Her Siluer Nymphs (almost) directly leading,  
To meet her Mistresse (the great Thames) at Reading.

But, will my hands, in handling th' human Stature,  
Forget the Hands, the handmaids vnto Nature,  
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,  
The voluntary Champions of our hearts,  
Mindes Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceits,  
And bodies victuallers, to provide it meats?

Will you the Knees and Elbow's springs omit,  
Which serueth whole Body by their motions fit?  
For, as a Bowe, according as the string,  
Is stiff or slack, the shafts doth farther fling,  
Our Nerues and Gistles diuerly disperse,  
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might and Sense.

*Sundry Similies  
expresing the  
reason of the  
round winding  
Mazes of the  
Eares.*

*Another compa-  
rison to that pur-  
pose.*

*The hands.*

*Ioyns.  
The Knees and  
Armes.*



*The Sinews,  
Griffles and  
Bones.*

*The Feet.*

Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong,  
The Beams and Rafter, whose firm Ioynts may long  
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker calls)  
Support the Fabrik of these Fleahly Walls?  
Can you conceal the Feets rare-skillfull feature,  
The godly Bases of this glorious Creature?

But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,  
To see th' Almighty's admirable Arts?  
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,  
To see the Cells of the twin Brains diuision:  
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense:  
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountain, whence  
Our sinewes flowe: whom Natures prouidence  
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings fence  
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,  
Whose hardnes else might hap to bruiſe or harm-her:  
A Registre, where (with a secret touch)  
The studious daily ſom rare Knowledge couch:  
O, how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set  
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,  
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise and fall,  
Making its powers of *Natal Animal*:  
Euen as the Blood, and Spirits, wandering  
Through the *preparing vessels* crooked Ring,  
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,  
And by degrees to fruitfull Seed are brought.

*Of the Heart.*

Shall I the Hearts vn-equall sides explain,  
Which equall poiz doth equally sustain?  
Wherof, th' one 's fill'd with bloud, in th' other hides  
The vitall Spirit which through the body slides:  
Whose rest-les panting, by the constant Pulse,  
Doth witness health; or if that take repulse,  
And shift the dance and wonted pace it went,  
It shews that Nature's wrongd by Accident.

*Of the Lungs.*

Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light  
Our inward heat doo temper day and night:  
Like Summer gales wauiug, with gentle puffs,  
The smiling Medows green and gaudy tufts:

Light

Light, spungy Fans, that euer take and giue  
Th' æthereall Air, whereby we breathe and liue:  
Bellows, whose blast (breathing by certain pawses)  
A pleasant sound through our speech-Organs causes?

Of the Stomach.

Or, shall I rip the Stomachs hollownes,  
That ready Cook concocting euery Mefs,  
Which in short time it cunningly conuertes  
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;  
And then the same doth faithfully deliuer  
Into the *Port-vain* passing to the Liuer,  
Who turnes it soone to Blood; and thence again  
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vain*,  
Through all the members doth it duly scatter:

Of the Liuer.

Much like a fountain, whose diuided Water  
It self dispersing into hundred Brooks,  
Bathes som fair Garden with her winding Crooks.  
For, as these Brooks thus branching round about,  
Make heer the Pink, there th'Aconite to sprout,  
Heer the sweet Plum-tree, the sharpe Mulbery there,  
Heer the lowe Vine, and there the lofty Pear,  
Heer the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,  
Heer bitter Worm-wood, there sweet-smelling Spike:  
Euen so the Blood (bred of good nourishment)

An apt Similitude.

By diuers Pipes to all the body sent,  
Turns heer to Bones, there changes into Nerues,  
Heer is made Marow, there for Muscles serues,  
Heer Skin becoms, there crooking Veins, there Flesh,  
To make our Limbs more forcefull and more fresh.

Of the Bloud & Nourishment.

But, now me list no neerer view to take  
Of th' Inward Parts, which God did secret make,  
Nor pull in peeces all the Human Frame:  
That worke were fitter for those men of Fame,  
Thoseskilfull sons of *Æsculapius*:  
*Hippocrates*; or deep *Herophilus*:  
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ  
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.  
T sufficeth me, in som sort, to expresse  
By this Essay the sacred mightiness,



*Of the Creation  
of the Soule.*

Not of *Taphetus* wittie-fained Son,  
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun  
And finisht (with inimitable Art)  
The famous Image, I haue sung in part.

*Of her Essence  
and substance.*

Now, this more peer-les learned Imager,  
Life to his louely Picture to confer,  
Did not extract out of the Elements  
A certain secret Chymik Quint-essence:  
But, breathing, sent as from the liuely Spring  
Of his Diuineness som small Riuerling,  
It self dispersing into euery pipe  
Of the frail Engin of this earthen Type.  
Not, that his own Selfs-Essence blest he brake,  
Or did his *Triple-Unitie* partake  
Vnto his Work; but, without Selfs-expence  
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:  
And by his power so spread his Rays thereon,  
That euen as yet appers a portion  
Of that pure lustre of Coelestiall Light  
Whearwith at first it was adorn'd and dight.

*Whence it is pro-  
ceeded.*

*Diuers Similes.*

This *Adam's* spirit did from that spirit deriue  
Which made the World: yet did not thence deprive  
Of Gods self-substance any part at all;  
As in the Course of Nature doth befall,  
That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,  
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:  
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig  
Theresprouts another consubstantiall sprig.  
In brief, it's but a breath: now, though the breath  
Out of our Stomacks concaue issueth;  
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought:  
Onely, it seemeth to be simply fraught  
And to retain the purer qualities  
Of th'inward place whence it deriued is.  
Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire  
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire  
His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past,  
Who hath no sense of that admired Blast.

*Of the excellence  
of Mans soule.*

Yet wot I well, that as the Ey perceiues  
All but it selfe, even so our Soule conceiues  
All saue her owne selfs Essence; but, the end  
Of her owne greatnes cannot comprehend,  
Yet as a sound Ey, void of vicious matter,  
Sees (in a sort) it selfe, in Glasse or Water:  
So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glasse)  
Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face.

*How she may  
know her selfe.*

The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring blasts  
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts  
Millions of Mountains from the watery World,  
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld:  
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,  
When wanton Zephyr, sighing on the field,  
Enammels all; and, to delight the Sky,  
The Earth puts-on her richest Lyuory:  
Th'accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent  
From th' Iuorie ribs of some rare Instrument;  
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said  
Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely void,  
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smel (the powrs)  
The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flowrs.

*Three fit com-  
parisons to that  
purpose.*

Although our Soule's pure substance, to our sight  
Be not subiected: yet her motion light  
And rich discourse, sufficient proofs doe giue,  
We haue more soule than to suffice to liue;  
A Soule diuine, pure, sacred, admirable,  
Immortall, end-lesse, simple, vnpalpable.

*The Soule not  
only vitall, but  
also diuine and  
immortall.*

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)  
Be all in all, or all in euery part:  
Whether the Brain or Heart doo lodge the Soule,  
O *Seneca*, where, where could'st thou enroule  
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)  
Which at first hearing thou could'st back rehearse?  
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table shut  
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put  
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands vander'd,  
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?

*The Seat of the  
Soule.*

*Notable exam-  
ples of excellent  
Memories.*



In what deep vessell did th' Embassader  
 Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracler  
 Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)  
 Into what Cesterns did he pour Those Treasures  
 Of learned store, which after (for his vse)  
 Intime and place, he could so fit produce?  
 The Memorie, is th' Eyes true Register,  
 The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasorer,  
 Keeping Records of Acts and accidents  
 What 'euer, subiect vnto humane sense,  
 Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,  
 Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,  
 And his pale Sister from his beaming light  
 Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.  
 So that our Reason, searching curiously  
 Through all the Roules of a good Memory,  
 And fast'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot  
 To Past events, what Present Times allot,  
 Fore-sees the Future, and becomes more sage,  
 More happily to lead our later age.

And, though our Soule liue as imprison'd here,  
 In our frail flesh, or buried (as it were)  
 In a dark Toomb, Yet at one flight she flies  
 From *Calpè* & *Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;  
 Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,  
 Which in a Day about the World doth run.  
 For, sometimes, leauing these base slimie heaps,  
 With cheerfull spring aboue the Clouds she leaps,  
 Glides through the Aire, and there she learns to knowe  
 Th' Originalls of Winde, and Hail, and Snowe,  
 Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Starrs and storms,  
 Of Rain and Ice, and strange Exhaled Forms.  
 By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft  
 To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,  
 Stage after Stage: shee marketh all the Sphears,  
 And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:  
 With sure account, and certain Compasses,  
 She counts their Starrs, she metes their distances.

Of the quicke  
 swiftnes, & so-  
 dain motion of  
 the Soule: com-  
 prehending all  
 things in Heaue  
 and Earth.

And

And differing pases; and, as if she found  
No Subiect fair enough in all this Round,  
She Mounts above the Worlds extreamest Wall,  
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;  
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,  
(His frowns of *Injustice*, and his smiles of *Grace*)  
The faithfull zeal, the chaste and sober Port  
And sacred Pomp of the Celestiall Court.

What can be hard to a sloath-shunning Spirit,  
Spurr'd with desire of Fames eternall merit?  
Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident,  
From *Island* to the *Moors* hot Continent;  
And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behold,  
But Pen, or Pencill, Grauing-tool, or Mould,  
Hath so resembled, that scarce can our eye  
The Counterfait from the true thing descry.

Of learned, curi-  
ous, pleasant,  
marvailous, and  
more then hu-  
mane invention  
of mans wit.

The brazen Mare that famous *Myron* cast,  
Which Stallions leapt, and for a Mare imbrac't;  
The lively picture of that ramping Vine  
Which whilom *Zenxis* limn'd so rarely fine  
That shoals of Birds, beguiled by the shapes,  
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:  
The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire  
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths desire;  
*Apelles Venus*, which allur'd well-neer  
As many Loues, as *Venus* selfe had heer;  
Are proofs enow that learned Painting can  
Can (Goddess-like) another Nature frame.

Of Carving and  
Painting.

But th' Art of Man, not only can compack  
Features and forms that life and Motion lack;  
But also fill the Aire with painted shoals  
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)  
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,  
*Archytas*, made a wooden Doue, that soar'd  
About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights  
And counterpoiz of sundry little weights.  
Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention  
(A learned *Germanes* late-admir'd invention)

The subtle con-  
clusions of the  
*Mathematikess*  
witnes *Archy-  
tas Doue*.

The Eagle and  
the Flie, of *Iohn  
de Monte-Re-  
gio*: or *Regi-  
Montanus*.



Which mounting from his fist that framed her,  
 Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;  
 And hauing met him, with her nimble train,  
 And weary wings, turning about again,  
 Follow'd him close vnto the Castle Gate  
 Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,  
 Streets hangd with Arras, Arches curious built,  
 Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,  
 Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,  
 Graç't not so much, as onely This Deuise.  
 Once, as this Artift (more with mirth then meat),  
 Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,  
 From vnder's hand an iron Flie flew out;  
 Which, hauing flown a perfect Round-about,  
 With weary wings, return'd vnto her Master,  
 And (asiudicious) on his arm she plac't her.  
 O diuine wit! that in the narrow womb  
 Of a small Flie, could finde sufficient room  
 For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, and chains,  
 Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.  
 Yea, you your selues, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,  
 Although no stop your rest-les Daunce disturbs,  
 Nor stays your Course; yet can ye not escape  
 The hands of men (that are but men in shape.)

*Astronomy.*

*The king of Per-  
 sia his Heauen  
 of Glasse.*

A *Persian* Monarch, not content, well-nigh  
 With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:  
 To raigin in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance  
 (Like brauing *Nimrod*, or those boistrous *Giants*),  
 Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hills*:  
 But, without mouing from the Earth, he builds  
 A Heav'n of Glasse, so huge, that there-upon  
 Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,  
 Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw  
 The shyning Lamps of th'other Heav'n, to draw  
 Down to the *Deep*, and thence again advance  
 (Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:  
 Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence  
 (Saue Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince.

But

But, who would think, that mortall hands could mould  
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses should  
With constant windings, though contrary waies,  
Mark the true mounds of Yeats, and Months, and Daies?  
Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard,  
And by graue Witnes hundred times auerr'd,  
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore  
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)  
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusan* Towns  
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:  
Who fier'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glas:  
Who hugest Vessels, that did ever pass  
The *Tirrhén* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand  
From Shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to Land;  
Framed a *Spear*, where every *Wandering Light*,  
Of lower Heav'ns and th'upper *Tapers*, bright,  
Whose glistering flames the Firmament adorn,  
Did (of themselues) with ruled motion turn.

*Admirable Di-  
alls & Clocks,  
namely, at this  
Day, that of  
Straesbourg.*

*The Engines of  
Archimedes, &  
his Spheare.*

Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)  
The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately)  
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)  
Vnto *Bizantium* to the Greatest Turk:  
Wherein, a spirit still mouing to and fro,  
Made all the Engin orderly to go;  
And though th'one Sphere did alwaies slowly slide,  
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide;  
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n  
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n:  
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*  
His shining Houses, neuer did forsake  
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister  
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre  
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)  
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.

*The Heauen of  
Silver sent by  
the Emperour  
Ferdinand to  
Solyman the  
great Turk.*

O compleat Creature! who the starry Sphears  
Canst make to moue, who 'boue the Heav'nly Bears  
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand  
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:

*Of mans resem-  
blance to his first  
Paterne, which  
is God.*

This



This curious Lust to imitate the best,  
 And fairest Works of the Almighty,  
 By rare effects bears record of thy Linage  
 And high descent; and that his sacred Image  
 Was in thy Soule engrayn, when first his Spirit  
 (The spring of life) did in thy limms inspire it.  
 For, as his Beauties are past all compare;  
 So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair:  
 As hee's immortall; and is neuer idle  
 Thy Soule's immortall; and can brook no bridle  
 Of sloath, to curb her busie Intellect:  
 He ponders all; thou peizest each effect:  
 And thy mature and settled Sapience  
 Hath som alliance with his Prouidence  
 He works by Reason; thou by Rule: Hee's glory,  
 Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly Story:  
 Hee's great High-priest; thou his great Vicar heer:  
 Hee's Souerain Prince; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.

*Other testimo-  
 nies of the excel-  
 lency of Man,  
 constituted Lord  
 of the World.*

For, soon as euer he had framed thee,  
 Into thy hands he put this Monarchy:  
 Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord,  
 And com before thee of their own accord:  
 And gave thee power (as Master) to impose  
 Fit sense-full Names vnto the Hoast that rowes  
 In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards  
 Of Forrest people; and the painted Birds:  
 O too-too happy I had that Fall of thine  
 Not cancell'd so the Character diuine.

*Wherein confi-  
 steth Mans felici-  
 tie.*

But sith our Soules now sin-obscured Light  
 Shines through the Lanthorn of our Flesh so bright;  
 What sacred splendor will this Starr send forth,  
 When it shall shine without this vail of Earth?  
 The Soule, heer lodg'd, is like a man that dwels  
 In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysof smells;  
 In an old House, open to winde and weather;  
 Neuer in Health, not half an hour together:  
 Or (almost) like a Spider, who, confin'd  
 In her Webs centre, shak't with euery winde;

*Excellent com-  
 parisons.*

Moues in an instant, if the buzzing Flie  
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie.

You that haue seen within this ample Table,  
Among so many Modules admirable,  
Th'admired beauties of the King of Creatures,  
Com, com and see the Womans rapturing features:  
Without whom (heer) Man were but half a man,  
But a wild Wolf, but a Barbarian,  
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,  
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could like:  
Born solely for himself, bereft of sense,  
Of heart, of loue, of life, of excellence.  
God therefore, not to seeme less liberal  
To Man, then else to euery animal;  
For perfect patern of a holy Loue,  
To *Adams* half another half he gaue,  
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through euery Age)  
With kinder bonds the sacred Mariage.

Euen as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut  
Som-cureless limb; before in vre he put  
His violent Engins on the vicious member,  
Bringeth his Patient in a sense-lesse slumber,  
And grief-lesse then (guided by vse and Art)  
To saue the whole, sawes off th' infected part:  
So, God empal'd our Grandfiers liuely look,  
Through all his bones a deadly chilnes strook,  
Siel'd vp his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,  
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethè* Sands;  
In briebe, so numm'd his Soul's and Body's sense,  
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence  
Hee tooke a rib, which rarely herefin'd,  
And thereof made the Mother of Mankind:  
Grauing so liuely on the liuing Bone  
All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one  
Could haue the Louer from his Loue descry'd,  
Or know'n the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:  
Saying that she had a more smiling Eye,  
A smother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dy,

*Of the Creation  
of Woman made  
for an ayde to  
Man, and with-  
out whom Mans  
life were misera-  
ble.*

*Simile.*

*A fainter*



A fainter voice, a more inticing Face,  
A Deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,  
And in her bosom (more then Lillie-white)  
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

*Their Mariage.* Now, after this profound and pleasing Traunce,  
No sooner *Adams* raiisht eyes did glaunce  
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,  
But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,  
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,  
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,  
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)  
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.

*Their Epithalamie, or wedding Song.* Source of all ioyes! sweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-One,  
Thy sacred Birth I neuer think vpon,  
But (rauisht) I admire how God did then  
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.

O blessed Bond! ô happy Mariage!  
Which doost the match 'twixt Christ and vs presage!

O chasteft friendship, whose pure flames impart  
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Hart!

O holy knot, in *Eden* instituted  
(Not in this Earth with blood and wrongs polluted,  
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Scæne of Hell  
To cursed Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell)

O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-lesse Son  
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun  
To publish proofs of his drad Powr *Divine*,  
By turning Water into perfect Wine,  
At lesser *Cana*) in a wondrous manner  
Did with his presence sanctifie and honor!

*The commodities  
of Mariage.*

By thy deer Faunour, after our Decease,  
We leaue-behind our liuing Images,  
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,  
And in our Children liue eternally.  
By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton Fires,  
That in our Soule the *Paphian* shot inspires:  
And taught (by thee) a loue more firm and fitter,  
We find the Mel more sweet, the Gall lesse bitter,

Which

Which heer (by turns) heap vp our human Life  
Ev'n now with ioyes, anon with iars and strife

This done, the Lord commands the happy Pair  
With chaste embraces to replenish Fair

Th' vnpeopled World; that while the World endures,  
Heer might succeed their living Pourtraitures;

He had impos'd the like precept before,  
On th' irefull Droues that in the Desarts roar,  
The fethered Flocks, and fruitfull-spawning Legions  
That liue within the liquid Crystal Regions.

Thence forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendered;  
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;  
Men, Men: and Nature, with a change-lesse Course,  
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors:

Though since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt them)  
The yellow Gold and Siluer pale betwixt them  
Another Metall (like to neyther) make,  
Which yet of eythers riches doth partake:

So, oft, two Creatures of a diuers kinde,  
Against the common course through All assign'd,  
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,  
Beget an Elf, not like in all to eyther,  
But (bastard Mongrel) bearing marks apparant  
Of mingled members, ta'en from eyther Parent.

God, not contented, to each Kind to giue  
And to infuse the Vertue Generatiue,  
Made (by his Wisdom) many Creatures breed  
Of liue-lesse bodies, without Venus deed.

So, the cold humour breeds the Salamanders,  
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander  
With childe with hundred Winters, with her touch  
Quencheth the Fire though glowing ne'r so much.

So, of the Fire in burning furnace, springs  
The Fly *Pyrausta* with the flaming Wings:  
Without the Fire, it dies; within it, ioyes;  
Liuing in that, which each thing else destroyes.

So, slowe *Boötes* vnderneath him sees,  
In th' ycy *Iles*, those Goslings hatcht of Trees,

Propagation by  
the blessing of  
God.

Unnatural Con-  
iunctions pro-  
duce monstrous  
Births.

Of things ingen-  
dered without  
seed or commix-  
tion of sexes.

Whose



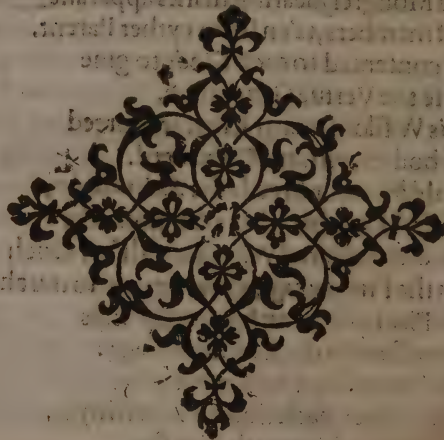
Whose fruitfull leaues, falling into the Water,  
 Are turn'd (they say) to living Fowls soon after.  
 So, rotten sides of broken Ships do change  
 To Barnacles; O Transformation strange!  
 'Twas first a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,  
 Lately a Mushrum, now a flying Gull.

---

*So Morne and Evening the Sixt Day conclude,  
 And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*

---

THE



# THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT, ONE, ONE, ONE  
In sacred Rest, upon This sacred Day,  
Th' Eternall doth his glorious Works survey,  
His only Powr and Prouidence perseuer,  
To uphold, maintain, and rule the World for euer,  
Maugre Mens malice and Hell's raging mood,  
God turneth all things to his Childrens good:  
Sabboths right use; From all Worlds Works to cease;  
To pray (not play) and hear the Word of Peace;  
Instructions drawn from dead and living things,  
And for our selues; for all Estates; for Kings.

**T**He cunning Painter, that with curious care,  
Limning a Land-scape, various, rich, and rare,  
Hath set a-work, in all and euery part,  
Inuention, Iudgement, Nature, Vse and Art;  
And hath at length immortalized his name;  
With weary Pencill perfected the same;  
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,  
Still on his Picture gazeth greedily.

First in a Mead he marks a frisking Lamb,  
Which seems (though dumb) to bleat vnto the dam:  
Then hee obserues a Wood, seeming to waue;  
Then th' hollow bosom of some hideous Caeue;  
Heer a High-way, and there a narrow Path:  
Heer Pines, there Oaks torn by tempestuous wrath:

By an excellent  
Similitude of a  
Painter deligh-  
ted with the sight  
of a curious ta-  
ble which he hath  
lately finished;  
our Poet sheweth  
how God rested  
the seauenth  
Day, and saw  
(as saith the  
Scripture) that  
all that he had  
made was Good.

Heer



Heer from a craggy Rocks steep-hanging boss  
 (Thrumm'd half with Iuy, half with crisped Moss)  
 A siluer Brook in broken streams doth gush,  
 And head-long down the horned Cliff doth rush;  
 Then winding thence aboue and vnder ground,  
 A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:  
 There, on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree shrinking)  
 A skilfull Gunner with his left ey winking,  
 Leuels directly at an Oak hard by,  
 Whereon a hundred groaning Culuers cry;  
 Down falls the Cock, vp from the Touch-pan flies  
 A ruddy flash that in a moment dies.  
 Off goes the Gun, and through the Forrest rings  
 The thundering bullet, born on fiery wings.  
 Heer, on a Green, two Scriplings, stripped light,  
 Run for a prize with labour som delight;  
 A dusty Cloud about their feet doth flowe  
 (Their feet, and head, and hands, and all do goe)  
 They swelt in sweat, and yet the following Rout  
 Hastens their haste with many a cheerfull shout.  
 Heer, six pyed Oxen, vnder painfull yoke,  
 Rip vp the folds of Ceres Winter Cloak.  
 Heer, in the shade, a pretty Shephardesse  
 Driues softly home her bleating happines:  
 Still as she goes, she spins, and as she spins,  
 A man would think som Sonnet she begins.  
 Heer runs a Riuer, there springs forth a Fountain,  
 Heer vales a Valley, there ascends a Mountain,  
 Heer smokes a Castle, there a Citie fumes,  
 And heer a Ship vpon th' Ocean looms.  
 In brief, so liuely, Art hath Nature shapt,  
 That in his Work the Work-mans self is rapt,  
 Vnable to look off, for looking still;  
 The more he looks, the more he findes his skill.  
 So th' Architect (whose glorious Workman ships  
 My cloudy Muse doth but too much eclipse)  
 Hauing with pain-les pain, and care-les care,  
 In These Six Dayes, finisht the Table fair

God rested the  
 seuenih Day, &  
 contemplates on  
 his Works.

And

And infinite of th' *Uniuersall Ball*,  
 Resteth *This Day*, & admire himselfe in All:  
 And for a season eying nothing els,  
 Ioyes in his Work, lieth all his Work excels  
 (If my dull, sturting frozen eloquence  
 May dare coniecture of his high Intentts).

One while, hee sees how th' ample Sea doth take  
 The Liquid homage of each other Lake;  
 And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,  
 Abundant vapours (for our benefit):  
 And yet it swels not for those tribute streams,  
 Nor yer it shrinks not for those boyling beams.  
 There sees he th' Ocean-peoples plentious broods;  
 And shifting Courtes of the Ebbs and Floods;  
 Which with inconstant glaunces night and day  
 The lower Planets forked front doth sway.  
 Anon, vpon the flowry Plains he looks,  
 Laced about with snaking siluer brooks.  
 Now, he delights to see foure Brethrens strife  
 Cause the Worlds peace, and keep the World in life:  
 Anon, to see the whirling Sphears to roule  
 In rest-less Dances about either Pole;  
 Whereby, their Cressets (caried diuers waies)  
 Now visit vs, anon th' *Antipodes*.  
 It glads him now to note how th' Orb of Flame,  
 Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:  
 How th' Airs glib-gliding firmless body bears  
 Such store of Fowls, Hail-storms, and Floods of tears:  
 How th' heavy Water, proneest to descend,  
 Twixt Air and Earth is able to depend:  
 And how the dull Earth's prop-less massie Ball  
 Stands steddily still, iust in the midst of All.  
 Anon his nose is pleas'd with fragrant sentes  
 Of Balm, and Basill, Myrrh, and Frankincense,  
 Thyme, Spiknard, Hyssop, Sauory, Cinamon,  
 Pink, Violet, Rose, and Cloue-Carnation.  
 Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody  
 Of winged Consorts curious Harmony:

O

*A briefe recapitulation & consideration of the Works of God in the whole World and a learned Exposition of the words of Moses Gene. 1. 31. God saw that all that hee had made, was perfectly good.*

For



For, though each bird, guided with Art-les Art,  
 After his kinde, obserue a song a-part,  
 Yet the sole burden of their seuerall Layes  
 Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious praise.  
 In brieft, th' Almighty's *ey*, and *nose*, and *ear*,  
 In all his works, doth nought *see*, *sent*, or *hear*,  
 But *shoves* his greatnes, *sanours* of his grace,  
 And *sounds* his glory ouereuery place.  
 But aboue all, Mans many beautilous features  
 Detain the Lord more then all other Creatures:  
 Man's his owne Minion; Man's his sacred Type,  
 And for Man's sake, he loues his Workmanship.

Not, that I mean to fain an idle God,  
 That lusk in Heav'n and neuer looks abroad;  
 That Crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice,  
 Blinde to our seruice, deafe vnto our sighs;  
 A Pagan Idol, void of powr and pietie,  
 A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deitie.  
 For though (alas!) sometimes I cannot shun,  
 But some profane thoughts in my mind will run,  
 I neuer think on God, but I conceiue  
 (Whence cordiall comforts Christian soules receiue):  
 In God, Care, Counsaile, Iustice, Mercy, Might,  
 To punish wrongs, and patronize their right:  
 Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightyest)  
 Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.

*Of the Proud-  
 dence of God.*

*Epicurus and  
 his followers, de-  
 nyng the same,  
 confuted by sun-  
 dry Reasons.*

Fond *Epicure*, thou rather slept'st, thy self,  
 When thou didst forget thee such a sleep-sick Elf  
 For life's pure Fount: or vainly fraudulent  
 (Not shunning th' *Atheists* sin, but punishment)  
 Imaginedst a God so perfect-les,  
 In Works defying, whom thy words profess.

God is not sitting (like some Earthly State)  
 In proud Theatre, him to recreate  
 With curious Obiects of his ears and eys,  
 (Without disposing of the Comœdies)  
 Content t'haue made (by his great Word) to moue  
 So many radiant Starrs as shine aboue;

And

And on each thing with his owne hand to draw  
The sacred Text of an eternall Law :

Then, bosoming his hand, to let them slide,  
With reans at will, whether that Law shall guide :  
Like onethat hauing lately forç't some Lake,  
Through some new Channell a new Course to take,  
Takes no more care thence-forth to those effects,  
But lets the Streame run where his Ditch directs.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,  
Nor Loue, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.  
He prov'd his Power, by *Making* All of nought :  
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought :  
His Care, by *Ending* it in six Daies space :  
His Loue, in *Building* it for *Adams* Race :  
His Providence (maugrè Times wastefull rages)  
*Preseruing* it so many Yeers and Ages.

For, O how often had this goodly Ball  
By his own Greatnes caus'd his proper Fall ?  
How often had this World decaist, except  
Gods mighty arms had it vpheld and kept ?

God is the soule, the life, the strength, and sinnew,  
That quickens, moues, and makes this Frame continue.  
God's the main spring, that maketh every way  
All the small wheels of this great Engin play.  
God's the strong *Atlas*, whose vnshrinking shoulders  
Haue been and are Heav'ns heauy Globes vpholders.

God makes the Fountains run continually,  
The Daies and Nights succeed incessantly :  
The Seasons in their season he doth bring,  
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring :  
God makes th'Earth fruitfull, and he makes the Earth's  
Large loignes not yet faint for so many births.  
God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,  
That yet their Heat themselues inflameth not ;  
And that their sparkling beams preuent not so,  
With wofull flames, the *Last* great *Day* of wo :  
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wrest)  
They turn at-once both North, and East, and West :

O 2

Heav'ns

*Simile.*

1 Gods power,  
goodnes, & wis-  
dom, shine glo-  
riously in gover-  
ning the world.

2 In him, and  
through him, all  
things liue and  
moue, and haue  
their Being.

3 All things  
particularly are  
guided by his  
Ordinance and  
Power, working  
continually.



Heav'n's constant course, his heart doth never break :  
 The floating Water waiteth at his beck :  
 Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,  
 The Earth is His : and there is nothing fane  
 In all these Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr  
 With secret touch of his eternall Powr.

*4 God is the  
 Iudge of the  
 World : having  
 all Creatures  
 visible and invi-  
 sible, ready ar-  
 med to execute  
 his Iudgements.*

God is the Iudge, who keeps continuall Sessions,  
 In every place to punish all Transgressions ;  
 Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,  
 Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Deuice,  
 Sans Fear, or Fauour ; hate, or partiall zeal ;  
 Pronounceth Iudgements that are past appeal.  
 Himselfe is Iudge, Iury, and Witnes too,  
 Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doo :  
 Hee sounds the deepest of the doublest hart,  
 Searcheth the Reins, and sifteth euery part :  
 Hee sees all secrets, and his *Lynx*-like ey  
 (Yer it be thought) doth euery thought descry :  
 His Sentence giuen, neuer returns in vain ;  
 For, all that Heavn, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,  
 Serue him as Sergeants : and the winged Legions,  
 That soar aboue the bright Star-spangled Regions,  
 Are euer prest, his powrfull Ministers ;  
 And (lastly) for his Executioners,  
 Sarhan, assisted with th' infernall band,  
 Stands ready still to finish his Command.

*Yea, he maketh  
 even the wicked  
 his instruments  
 to punish the  
 wicked, and to  
 proue his Chosen.*

God (to be brieft) is a good Artizan  
 That to his purpose aptly mannage can  
 Good or bad Tools ; for, for iust punishment,  
 He arms our sins vs sinners to torment ;  
 And to preuent th' vngodly's plot, sometime  
 He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.

*Againe, against  
 Epicures, who.*

Yet true it is, that human things (seem) slide  
 Vnbridledly with so vncertain tide,  
 That in the Ocean of Euent's so many,  
 Sometimes Gods Iudgements are scarce seene of any :  
 Rather, it seems that giddy *Fortune* guideth  
 All that beneath the siluer Moon betideth.

Yet, art thou ever iust (O God) though I  
 Cannot (alas!) thy Iudgements depth descry:  
 My wit's too shallow for the least Designe  
 Of thy drad Counsaile, sacred, and diuine:  
 And thy least-secreet Secrets, I confesse  
 Too deepe for vs, without thy Spirit's address.  
 Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)  
 Vniust to vs, and past our reason quite,  
 Thou mak'st vs (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)  
 To haue been done with equitie and reason.

So, suffering th' *Hebrew Tribes* to sell their brother,  
 Thy eternall Iustice thou didst seem to smother.  
 But *Ioseph* (when, through such rare hap, it chanced  
 Him of a slaue to be so high aduanced,  
 To rule the Land where *Nile* fertill flood  
 Dry Heav'ns defects endeouours to make good)  
 Learn'd, that his envious brethrens treacherous drift,  
 Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,  
 That he might there prouide Reliefe and Room  
 For *Abraham's Seed*, against (then) time to com.

When thy strong arm, which plagues the Reprobate,  
 The World and *Sodom* did exterminate;  
 With flood and flame: because there liued then  
 Some small remains of good and righteous men,  
 Thou seem'dst vniust: but when thou sauedst *Lot*  
 From Fire, from Water *Noah* and his Boat,  
 'Twas plainly seen, thy Iustice stands propitious  
 To th' Innocent, and smireth but the vicious.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,  
 That see's not *Pharao*, as a mean begun  
 For th' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned hart,  
 Smoothed the passage for their soon-depart:  
 To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,  
 Might for his Glory finde the larger field.

Who sees not also, that th' vniust Decree  
 Of a proud Iudge, and *Indas* treachery,  
 The Peoples fury, and the Prelats gall,  
 Serv'd all as organs to repair the Fall

hold that all  
 things happen in  
 the World by  
 Chance.

1 Gods Iudge-  
 ments past our  
 search: yet euer  
 iust in the elues.

Gen. 45. ver. 6. 7  
 and Gen. 50. ve.  
 20.

2. In executing  
 his iudgements  
 on the rebellious,  
 he sheweth mer-  
 cie on his Ser-  
 uants.

3 He sheweth his  
 power in the cō-  
 fusion of the  
 Mightiest: and  
 in the deliue-  
 rance of his  
 Church.



Of *Edens* old Prince, whose luxurious pride  
Made on his seed his sin for euer slide?

*A He turneth the  
malice of Sathan  
and his instru-  
ments, to his  
own glory, and  
the good of his;  
whom he hath  
alwaies speciall  
care.*

Th'Almighties Care doth diuersly disperse  
Ore all the parts of all this Vniuerse:  
But more precisely, his wide wings protect  
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.  
For ay he watcheth for his Children choice  
That list to him their hearts, their hands, and voice:  
For them, he built th'ay-turning Heav'ns Theater;  
For them, he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:  
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,  
Handles their hands, and speaketh with their breath;  
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments  
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.

*A remedy for  
temptation of  
the godly, seeing  
the prosperity of  
the wicked, and  
the afflictions of  
Gods children.*

But heer, what hear I? Faith-les, God-les men,  
I meruail not, that you impugn my pen:  
But (ô!) it grieues me, and I am amaz'd,  
That those, whose faith, like glistering Stars, hath blaz'd  
Even in our darkest nights, should so obiect  
Against a doctrine of so sweet effect;  
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see  
Th'vngodly-most in most Prosperitie,  
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,  
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold and Gems,  
Croucht-to, and courted with all kind affection,  
As priuiledged by the Heav'ns protection;  
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights  
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:  
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms  
Of this Worlds Sea) tost in continuall harms:  
In Earth, less rest then *Euripus* they finde,  
Gods heauy Rods still hanging them behinde:  
Them, shame, and blame, trouble and loss pursues;  
As shadows bodies, and as night the deawes.

*The same cōfor-  
red in diuers  
sorts with apt  
Similitudes, cō-  
firming the rea-*

Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancel quite  
This profane thought from your vnsettled Spirit.  
Know then, that God (to th'end he be not thought  
A powr les Iudge) heer plagueth many a fault;

And

son & declaring  
the right end of  
Gods diuers deal-  
ling with men.

And many a fault leaues heer vnpunished,  
That men may also his last iudgement dread.

On th'other side, note that the Crosse becoms  
A Ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:  
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milkenway*,  
Which doth the Saints to *Ioues* high Court conuay.

O! see you not, how that a Father graue,  
Curbing his Son much shorter then his Slaue,  
Doth th'one but rare, the other rife reprove,  
Th'one but for lucre, th'other all for loue?  
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable  
Of some great Prince, or Person honourable,  
Giues ofttest to that Horse the teaching spur,  
Which he findes fittest for the vse of War.  
A painfull School-master, that hath in hand  
To institute the flowr of all a Land,

Giues longest Lessons vnto those, where Heav'n  
The ablest wits and aptest wills hath giv'n.

And a wise Chieftain, neuer trusts the waight  
Of th'execution of a braue Exploit,  
But vnto those whom he most honoureth,  
For often prooue of their firm force and faith:  
Such sends he first t'assault his eager foes;  
Such 'gainst the Canon on a Breach bestowes;  
Such he commands naked to scale a Fort,  
And with small number to re-gain a Port.

God beats his Deer, from birth to buriall,  
To make them know him, and their pride appall,  
To draw deuout sighes from calamitie,  
And by the touch to try their Constancy,  
T'awake their sloath, their minds to exercise  
To trauail cheer'ly for th'immortall Prize.

A good Physician, that Arts excellence  
Can help with practice and experience,  
Applies discretely all his *Recipés*,  
Vnto the nature of each fell-disease;  
Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion,  
That, with strict Diet, th'other with a Lotion,

Afflictions profit-  
able to the  
Faithfull.

They are neces-  
sary to cure the  
diseases of the  
soule.



And sometime cutteth off a leg or arm,  
 So (sharply sweet) to saue the whole from harm:  
 Euen so the Lord (according to th'ill humours  
 That vex his most-Saints with soule-ramfing tumours)  
 Sends sometimes Exile, sometimes lingring Languor,  
 Sometimes Dishonour, sometimes pining Hunger,  
 Sometime long Law-suits, sometime Loss of good,  
 Sometimes a Childes death, ora Widdowhood:  
 But ay he holdeth, for the good of His,  
 In one hand Rods; in th'other Remedies.

*Without them  
 Gods children  
 decline.*

The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace,  
 His wonted courage quickly doth decrease:  
 The rust doth fret the blade hangd vp at rest:  
 The Moath doth eate the garment in the Chest:  
 The standing Water stinks with putrefaction:  
 And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action.

All that is fairest in the world, we finde,  
 Subiect to trauail. So, with storms and winde  
 Th' Air still is tost: the Fire and Water rend;  
 This, still to mount; that, euer to descend:  
 The spirit is spright-les if it want discourse,  
 Heav'n's no more Heav'n if it once cease his Course.

*The Crosse an  
 honorable mark.*

The valiant Knights knowne by many scars  
 But he that steals home wound-les, from the Wars,  
 Is held a Coward, void of Valours proof,  
 That for Deaths fear, hath fled, or fought a loof.

*God will be glo-  
 rified in the con-  
 stant sufferings  
 of his Seruants.*

The Lord therefore, to giue Humanitie  
 Rare presidents of daunt les Constancy,  
 And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels  
 Won from a thousand foes in glorious quarrels;  
 Pours downe more euils on their hap-les head,  
 Then yerst Pandora's odious Box did shed;  
 Yet strengthning still their hearts with such a Plaister,  
 That though the Flesh stoop, still the Spirit is Maister.

*There is nothing  
 euill in Mans  
 life, but sin: and  
 vertue is best  
 proued in the  
 prooffe.*

But, wrongly I these euils Euill call:  
 Sole Vice is ill; sole Vertue good: and all,  
 Besides the same, is selfly, simply, bad  
 And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.

Let envious Fortune all her forces wage  
Against a constant Man, her fellest rage  
Can never change his godly resolution;  
Though Heav'n it selfe should threaten his confusion.

A constant man is like the Sea, whose brest  
Lyes ever open vnto every guest;  
Yet all the Waters that she drinks, cannot  
Make her to change her qualities a jot:  
Or, like a good sound stomach; not soone casting  
For a light surfet or a small distasting;  
But, that, vntroubled, can incontinent  
Convert all meats to perfect nourishment.

Though then, the Lords deep Wisdom, to this day,  
Work in the Worlds vncertain-certain Sway:  
Yet must we credit that his hand compos'd  
All in six Dayes, and that He then Repos'd;  
By his example, giving vs behest,  
On the Seaventh Day for ever more to Rest.  
For, God remembered that he made not Man  
Of Stone, or Steel, or Brasse: *Corinthian*  
But lodg'd our soule in a frail earthen Mass,  
Thinner then Water, brittler then Glasse:  
He knowes our life is by nought sooner spent,  
Then hauing still our mindes and bodies bent.  
A Field, left lay for some fewe Ycars, will yield  
The richer Crop, when it again is till'd:  
A River stopped by a sluice a space,  
Runs (after) rougher and a swifter pace:  
A Bowe, awhile vn bent, will after cast  
His shafts the farther, and them six more fast:  
A Sou'dier, that a season still hath layn,  
Coms with more fury to the Field againe:  
Even so, this Body, when (to gather breath)  
One Day in Seav'n it Rest it sojourneth;  
It re-collects his Powrs, and with more cheer,  
Falls the next morrow to his first Career.

But, the chiefe End, this Precept aims at, is  
To quench in vs the coals of Covetize;

True constancie  
lively represen-  
ted by two com-  
parisons.

God, Resting on  
the seaventh Day,  
and blessing it;  
teacheth vs that  
in resting one  
day of the Weeke,  
we should pri-  
ncipally employ it  
in his seruice:  
That we should  
cease from our  
worldly and  
wicked workes,  
to give place to  
his grace, and to  
suffer his Spirit  
to worke in vs by  
the Instrument  
of his holy word.

That



That while we rest from all profaner Arts,  
 Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:  
 That wee, down-treading earthly cogitations,  
 May mount our thoughts, to heav'nly meditations:  
 Following good Archers guise, who shut one ey,  
 That they the better may their mark espy.

*Simile.*

*Against profa-  
 ners of the Sab-  
 bath.*

For, by th' Almighty, this great Holy-day  
 Was not ordain'd to daunce, to mask, and play,  
 To sluggin sloath, and languish in delights,  
 And loose the Reans to raging appetites:  
 To torne Gods Feasts to filthy Luperals,  
 To frantike Orgies, and fond Saturnals:  
 To dazle eys with Prides vain-glorious splendor,  
 To serue strange Gods, or our Ambition tender,  
 As th'irreligion of loose Times hath since  
 Chang'd the Prime-Churches chaster innocence.

*We ought on the  
 Lords Day, attend  
 his seruice & me-  
 ditate on the e-  
 uerlasting Rest,  
 & on the workes  
 of God.*

God would, that men should in a certain place  
 This Day assemble as before his face,  
 Lending an humble and attentiu ear  
 To learn his great Name's deer-drad Loving-Fear:  
 He would that there the faithfull Pastor should  
 The Scriptures marrow from the bones vnfold,  
 That we might touch with fingers (as it were)  
 The sacred secrets that are hidden there.  
 For, though the reading of those holy lines  
 In private Houses som-what move our mindes;  
 Doubleesse, the Doctrine preach't doth deeper pearce,  
 Proves more effectuell, and more waight it bears,

*The practise of  
 the faithfull, in  
 all reformed  
 Churches, on the  
 Sabbath Day.*

He would, that there in holy Psalmes we sing  
 Shrill prayse and thanks to our immortall King,  
 For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th  
 On vs and ours, in soule and body both:  
 He would, that there we should confesse his Christ  
 Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest;  
 Solemnizing (with sober preparation)  
 His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:  
 And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need  
 (After his will) and be assur'd to speed;

Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency,  
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body lie.

He would, this Sabbaoth should a figure be  
Of the blest Sabbaoth of Eternity.  
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;  
Th' other, to Rest both Soule and body brings:  
Th' one but a Day endures; the others Date  
Eternity shall not exterminate:

Shadows the one, th' other doth Truth include:  
This stands in freedom, that in servitude:  
With cloudy cares th' one's muffled vp som-whiles;  
The others face is full of pleasing smiles:

For, never grieve, nor fear of any Fit  
Of the least care, shall dare come neer to it,  
'Tis the grand *Jubile*, the Feast of all Feasts,  
Sabbaoth of Sabbaoths, end-les Rest of Rests,  
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,  
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian fellows,  
Gods faithfull Seruants, and his chosen Sheep,  
In Heav'n we hope (within short time) to keep.

He would this Day, our soule (sequestered  
From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read,  
In Heav'n's bow'd Arches, and the Elements,  
His bound-les Bounty, Powr and Providence,  
That every part may (as a Master) teach  
Th' illiterat, Rules past a vulgar reach.

Com (Reader) sit, com sit thee down by mee;  
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see:  
Hear this dumb Doctor, study in this Book,  
Where day and night thou mai'st at pleasure look,  
And thereby learn vprightly how to live:  
For, every part doth speciall Lessons giue,  
Even from the gile studs of the Firmament,  
To the base Centre of our Element.

Seest thou those Stars we (wrongly) *wandering* call,  
Though diuers waies they daunce about this Ball,  
Yet evermore their manifold Career  
Follows the Course of the First *Mouing* Sphear?

*The Corporall  
Rest, a figure of  
the spirituell.*

*Meditations of  
the workes of  
God, especially  
on the day of  
Rest.*

*Exhortations to  
this Meditation,  
with the use and  
profit thereof.*

*The Planets  
teach vs to fol-  
low the will of  
God.*

This



This teacheth thee, that though thine own Desires  
Be opposit to what Heav'ns will requires,  
Thou must still strue to follow (all thy daies)  
God (the first Mover) in his holy waies:

*The Moone teacheth that wee haue not any thing that wee haue not received.*

Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride bewitches,  
For Bodies beauties, or Mindes (richer) Riches,  
The Moone, whose splendor from her Brother Springs,  
May by Example make thee vail thy wings:  
For thou, no less then the pale Queen of Nights,  
Borrow'st all goodnes from the Prince of Lights:

*The Elementary fire and ours, where our happiness, and where our misery consists.*

Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, roth' Earth descend?  
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:  
As neer to Heav'n, the same is cleer and pure;  
Ours heer belowe, sad, smoaky, and obscure:  
So, while thy Soule doth with the Heav'ns converse,  
It's sure and safe from every thought perverse;  
And though thou won heer in this world of sinn,  
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angells been:  
But, if thy minde be alwaies fixed all  
On the foul dunghill of this dark some vale,  
It will partake in the contagious smells,  
Of th'vnclean house wherein it droops and dwells.

*The Aire, that affections are profitable for vs.*

If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,  
And day and night doo toss thee to and fro;  
Remember, th'Aire corrupteth soon, except  
With sundry Windes it be oft swing'd and swept.

*The Sea, that we ought for no respect to transgresse the Law of God.*

The Sea, which somtimes down to Hell is driv'n,  
And somtimes heaues a froathy Mount to Heav'n,  
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,  
Wherein the Lord her boisterous arms hath linkt;  
Instrueth thee, that neither Tyrants rage,  
Ambition's windes, nor golden vaillallage  
Of Auarice, nor any love, nor fear,  
From Gods Command should make thee shrink a hair.

*The Earth, that we should be constant.*

The Earth, which never all at once doth moue,  
Though herrich Orb received, from aboue,  
No firmer base her burthen to sustent,  
Then slippery props of softest Element;

By her example doth propoſe to thee  
A needfull Leſſon of true Conſtancy.

Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother ſound,  
But Pithily ſome Vertue doth propound.  
O let the Noble, Wife, Rich, Valiant,  
Be as the baſe, poore, faint, and ignorant;  
And, looking on the fields, when *Autumn* ſhears,  
There let them learn among the bearded ears;  
Which ſtill the fuller of the flowery grain,  
Bow down the more their humble heads again;  
And ay the lighter and the leſs their ſtore,  
They liſt aloſt their Chaffie Creaſts the more.

Let her, that (bound-leſs in her wanton wiſhes)  
Dares ſpot the Spouſe-bed with vnlawfull kiſſes,  
Bluſh (at the leaſt) at *Palm-Trees* loyalty;  
Which neuer bears, vnleſs her Male be by.

Thou, thou that pranceſt after Honors prize  
(While by the way thy ſtrength and ſtomack dies)  
Remember, Honor is like *Cinamon*  
Which Nature mounds with many a million  
Of thorny prickſ; that none may danger-leſs  
Approach the Plant, much leſs the Fruit poſſeſs.

Canſt thou the ſecret Sympathy behold  
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold,  
And not conſider, that we muſt no leſs  
Follow in life the Sun of Righteouſneſs?

O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow breaſt  
Are no leſs fruitfull Teachers then the reſt.  
For, as the Lime doth break and burne in Water,  
And ſwell, and ſmoak, crackle, and ſkip, and ſcatter,  
Waking that Fire, whoſe dull heat ſleeping was  
Vnder the cold Cruſt of a Chalky Maſs:  
He that (to march amid the Chriſtian Hoſt)  
Yeelds his hearts kingdom to the holy-Ghoſt;  
And, for braue Service vnder Chriſt his Banner,  
Looks to be crown'd with his Chiefe Champions honor;  
Muſt in Affliction wake his zeale, which oft  
In Calmer times ſleeps too-ſecurely ſoft.

*The Eares of  
Corne, that we  
ſhould be hum-  
ble.*

*The Palme-  
Tree, that wee  
ſhould be chaſte.*

*Cinamon tea-  
cheth Diligence  
and Prudence.*

*The Sunne and  
the Marigold,  
direct vs vnto  
Chriſt, the Sunne  
of righteouſneſs.*

*Lyme in water,  
teacheth vs to  
ſhew our vertue  
in extremitie.*

And,



*The Diamond  
exhorteth to  
constancy.*

And, opposit, as the rich Diamond  
The Fire and Steel doth stoutly both withstand:  
So the true Christian should, till life expire,  
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.  
Or, if fell Rigour with som ruth-les smart  
A little shake the sinnews of his heart,

*Gold in the fur-  
nace, to magna-  
nimity, & puri-  
tie.*

He must be like the richest Minerall,  
Whose Ingots bow, but never break at all;  
Nor in the Furnace suffer any loss  
Of waight, but Lees; nor of the Gold, but dross.

*The Stone Iris, to  
edification of  
our Neighbour.*

The pretious Stone that bears the Rain-bowes name,  
Receiues the bright face of *Sols* burnisht flame;  
And by reflection, after, it displaies

On the next obiekt all those pointed rayes:  
So whoso hath from the Emphyreall Pole,  
Within the centre of his happy Soule  
Receiv'd som splendor of the beames diuine,  
Must to his Neighbour make the same to shine;  
Not burying Talents which our God hath giu'n  
To be imploy'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,  
That in his Church he may receiue his Gold,  
With thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

*The needle in  
the Mariners  
compasse sheweth  
that wee should  
instantly looke  
on Christ our  
onely loadstar.*

As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect,  
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:  
So the Soule, toucht once by the secret power  
Of a true liuely Faith, looks every howr  
To the bright Lamp which serues for *Cynosure*  
To all that sail vpon the Sea obscure.

*Lessons from li-  
uing Creatures.*

These presidents, from liue-les things collected,  
Breed good effects in spirits well affected;  
But lessons, taken from the things that liue,  
A liuelier touch vnto all sorts doo giue.

*Bees, to subiects  
and to Princes.*

Vp, vpye Princes: Prince and People, rise,  
And run to Schoole among the Hony-Flies:  
There shall you learn, that an eternall law  
Subiects the Subiect vnder Princes aw:  
There shall you learn, that a courageous King,  
To vex his humble Vassals hath no sting.

The *Persian Prince*, that princely did conclude  
So severe laws against Ingratitude,  
Knew that the *Marlin*, hauing kept her warm  
With a liue Lark, remits it without harm;  
And least her friend-bird she should after slay,  
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

*The Marlin, to  
the vnthankful.*

Fathers, if you desire, your Children sage  
Should by their Blessings bless your crooked age;  
Train them betimes vnto true Vertues Lore,  
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more):  
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,  
To teach his yong to follow him about.  
If his example cannot timely bring  
His backward birds to vse their feeble wing,  
He leaues them then some dayes vnfed, whereby  
Sharp hunger may at length constrain them fly.  
If that prevail not, then he beats them, both  
With beak and wings to stir their fearefull sloath.

*The Eagle, to  
Parents.*

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,  
Black deadly poyson in his dish doo blend;  
O! can ye see with vn-relentng eyes  
The Turtle-Doue? sith, when her husband dies,  
Dies all her ioy: for, never loues shee more;  
But on dry boughs doth her drad Spouse deplore.

*The Turtle, to  
Wedlock-brea-  
kers.*

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue  
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;  
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:  
As the wise Wild-geese, when they over-soar  
*Cicilian* Mounts, within their bills doo bear  
A pebble-stone both day and night; for fear  
Least rauinous Eagles of the North descry  
Their Armies passage, by their cackling Cry.

*Wilde geese to  
Babblers.*

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O vnkind!)  
Deny your Babes your breasts? and call to mind  
That many Fishes, many times are fain  
Receiue their seed into their wombs again  
(*Lucinas* sad throes, for the self-same birth,  
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth)?

*Diuers Fishes, to  
vnnaturall Mo-  
thers, that will  
not nurse their  
owne Children.*



*Dolphins, to the  
cruell.*

O! why embrace not wee with Charity

The living, and the dead with Pictie?

Giving these succour, sepulture to those:

Even as the Dolphins doe themselves expose,

For their liue fellows, and beneath the Waues

Cover their dead-ones vnder sandy Graues.

*The wild Kid,  
to children.*

You Children, whom (past hope) the Heav'ns benignity

Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-vp to digniry,

Doo not forget your Parents: but behold

Th'officious Kids, who (when, their Parents old,

With heavy Gyues, Elds trembling fever stops

And fetters-fast vpon the Mountain-tops)

As carefull purveyours, bring them home to brouz

The tendrest tops of all the slenderest boughs;

And sip (self-thirst-less) of the Riuers brink,

Which in their mouths they bring them home to drink.

*The Spiders, to  
Man and Wife.*

For House-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs

Of the *Stagirian* (glory of good wits):

Nor his, whom, for his honny-keeperd stile,

They Proverbiz'd the *Attik Muse* yer-while:

Sith th'onely Spider teacheth euery one,

The Husbands and the Huswifes function.

For, for their food, the valiant Male doth roam;

The cunning Female tends her work at home:

Out of her bowels, wools and yarn she spitteth,

And all that else her learned labour fitteth:

Her waight's the spindle that doth twist the twine,

Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine.

Still at the Centre she her warp begins,

Then round (at length) her little threds she pins,

And equall distance to their compass leaues:

Then neat and nimbly her new web she weaves,

With her fine shuttle circularly drawn,

Through all the circuit of her open lawn;

Open, least else th'vngentle Windes should tear

Her cipres Tent (weaker then any hair)

And that the foolish Fly might easier get

Within the meshes of her curious Net:

Which

Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,  
But streight the Male doth to the Centre make,  
That he may conquer more securely there  
The humming Creature, hampred in his snare.

You Kings, that bear the sword of iust Hostilitie,  
Pursue the Proud, and pardon true Humilitie;  
Like noble Lions that do neuer shoue  
Their strength and stomach on a yeelding Foe,  
But rather through the stoutest throngs do forrage,  
Mid thousand Deaths to shew their daunt les courage.

Thou sluggard (if thou list to learn thy part)  
Goe learn the Emmets, and the Vrchins Art;  
In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes  
The Seasons fruits, and thence prou' sion makes,  
Each in his Lodging laying vpa hoord  
Against cold Winter, which doth nought afford.

But (Reader) We resemble one that windes,  
From Saba, Bandan, and the wealthy Indies  
(Through threatening Seas, and dangers manifold)  
To seek far-off for Incense, Spice, and Gold;  
Sith we, not loosing from our proper Strand,  
Finde all wherein a happy life doth stand;  
And our own Bodies self-contained motions,  
Giue the most gross a hundred goodly Notions.

You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War,  
Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar;  
Least your examples banefull leprophies  
Infect your Subiects, Flocks, and Companies;  
Beware, your euill make not others like;  
For, no part's sound if once the Head be sick.

You Peers, O do not through self-partiall zeale,  
With light-brain'd Counsaile vex your Common-weal:  
But, as both Eys do but One thing behold,  
Let each his Coentries common good vp-hold.

You that for Others travail day and night,  
With much-much labour, and small benefite,  
Behold the Teeth, which Toule-free grind the food,  
From whence themselves do reap more greef then good.

*The Lions  
Kings.*

*The Emmet and  
Hedge hog, to  
the slouthfull.*

*Man may finde  
in himself excel-  
lent instruction.*

*The head teach-  
eth all persons in  
authority.*

*The Eys instruct  
Princes and  
Noble-men.*

*The Teeth, such  
as Trauaille for  
others.*



*The Heart, the  
Ministers of the  
Word.*

Euen as the Heart hath not a Moments rest,  
But night and day moues in our panting brest,  
That by his heating it may still impart  
The liuely spirits about to euery part:  
So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake,  
Ought alwayes study, alwayes work, and wake,  
To breathe (by Doctrin and good Conuersation)  
The quickning spirit into their Congregation.

*The Stomacke,  
the same.*

And as the Stomack, from the holesom food  
Diuides the grosser part (which is not good)  
They ought from false the truth to separate,  
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat;  
To make the best receiv'd for nourishment,  
The bad cast forth as filthy excrement.

*The Hands, all  
Christians, to  
Charity.*

If Bat or Blade doo threaten sodain harm  
To belly, brest, or leg, or head, or arm,  
With dread-les dreads the hand dorth ward the blowe,  
Taking her self her brethrens bleeding woe:  
Then, mid the shock of sacrilegious Arms  
That fill the world with blood and boistrous storms,  
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,  
Whom Faith hath made more neer and deer then Brothers?

*The whole body  
the whole society  
of mankind, that  
euery one ought  
to stand in his  
own vocation.*

Nor can I see, where vnderneath the Sky  
A man may finde a iuster Policy,  
Or truer Image of a calme Estate  
Exempt from Faction, Discord, and Debate,  
Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains  
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall pains:  
Where, one no sooner feels the least offence,  
But all the rest haue of the same a sense.  
The Foot strives not to smell the Nose to walk,  
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:  
But, without troubling of their Common-weal  
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal  
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,  
Bee't vile or honest, honoured or base.

But, soft my Muse: what wilt thou re-repeat  
The Little-Worlds admired Modulet?

*of the first Weeke.*

195

If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,  
'Tis tedious; how euer sweet we sing.  
Therfore a-shoar: Mates, let our Anchor fall:  
Heer blowes no Winde: heer are we Welcom all.  
Besides, confider and conceiue (I pray)  
W' haue row'd sufficient, for a Sabbath Day.

THE END  
OF  
THE FIRST WEEK.

---



P 2

Du



Du  
BARTAS  
HIS  
SECOND VVEEK.  
DISPOSED

(After the proportion of his First)  
Into SEAVEN DAYES:  
(viz.)

The { I. ADAM,  
II. NOAH,  
III. ABRAHAM,  
IIII. DAVID.  
V. ZEDECHIAS,  
The { VI. MESSIAS,  
VII. Th' ETERNAL SABBATH.

But, of the three last, Death (preuenting Our Noble  
Poet) hath deprived vs.



*Acceptam refero.*

TO  
THE  
MOST  
ROYAL  
PATTERNE  
AND PATRON  
OF LEARNING  
AND RELIGION,  
THE HIGH  
AND  
MIGHTY PRINCE,

*JAMES*

(BY THE GRACE OF GOD)

KING

OF GREAT BRITAIN,  
FRANCE, & IRELAND:

TRUE DEFENDER OF  
THE TRUE, ANCIENT,

CHRISTIAN,

CATHOLIKE, AND

APOSTOLIKE FAITH,

&c.



## I. SONNET.

From ZEAL-Land, sayling with the Winde of *Loue*,  
 In the Bark LABOUR, steer'd by *Theorems*,  
 Laden with *Hope*, and with *DESIRE* t'approve,  
 Bound for Cape-Comfort in the Ile of *HEMMES*;  
 In such a *Mist*, we fell vpon the *Coast*,  
 That sodainly vpon the Rock *Neglect*  
 (Vnhappily) our *Ship* and *Goods* we lost,  
 Euen in a *Place* that we did least suspect.  
 So, Cast-away (my *LIEGE*) and quight vn-don,  
 We Orphan-remnants of a wofull *Wrack*,  
 Heer cast a-shore, to Thee for succour run:  
 O *Pittie* vs, for our deer Parent's sake,  
 Who Honour'd Thee, both in his Life and Death,  
 And to thy guard his *POSTHUMES* did bequeath.

## 2. SONNET.

These glorious *WORKS*, and gratefull *Monuments*  
 Built by *Du BARTAS*, on the *Pyrenais*  
 (Your *Royall Vertues* to immortalize,  
 And magnifie your rich *Manifecence*)  
 Haue prov'd so Charge-full to *Trans-port* from thence,  
 That our smal *Art's-stock* hardly could suffice,  
 To vnder-go so great an *Enterprize*,  
 But is euen beggerd with th'vn-cast *Expense*.  
 So that, except our *Muses SOVERAIN*  
 With gracious Eye regard her spent *Estate*,  
 And, with a hand of Princely *Fauour*, daign  
 To stay her fall (before it be too-late)  
 She needs must fail: as (lending *Light* about)  
 Self-spending *Lamps*, for lack of *Oyl*, go-out.

Voy (*Sire*) *Saluste*.

TO THE RIGHT EX-  
cellent, and most hopefull young  
Prince, HENRY,  
PRINCE of VVALES.

ANAGR. {Henricus Stuartus. }  
          {Hic strenuus rarus. }

{THE TROPHEIS, & }  
{MAGNIFICENCE. }

**T**He gracious Welcome You vouchsaf't yer-while  
To my graue PIERAC (though but meanly clad)  
Makes BARTAS (now, no Stranger in this Isle)  
More bold to come (though suited euen as bad)  
To kiss Your HIGHNES Hand; and, with Your Smile,  
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad  
(Whose weary longings languish in our Stile:  
For in our Wants, our very Songs be sad).  
He brings, for Present to so great a PRINCE,  
A Princely GLASSE, made first for SALOMON:  
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE  
As oft to look-in, as you look vpon.  
Som Glasses flatter: other-som deform:  
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE's Form.

Voy Sire Saluste.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
the Lord High Chancellor  
of England.

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton.  
1. Gestat Honorems.  
2. Age mett Honors.  
3. Honors mett Age. }

THE LAWE.

**M**ost humbly

*Shewes to thy Great Worthiness,  
(Graue MODERATOR of our Britain LAWES)  
The Muses Abiect (subject of Distress)  
How, long-Wrong-veit, in a not-Need-less Cause,  
Not at the Kings-Bench, but the Penny-less)  
By one, I Want (the son of Simpleness);  
Vnable, more to greaze the straping paws  
Of his Attorney Shift, or oyl the iaw  
Of his (dear) Counsell, Sericant Pensiueness;  
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,  
To Plead, himselfe (and shew his (little) LAW)  
In the free Court of thy milde Courtesies.  
Please it thee therfore an Iniunction grant,  
To stay the Suit between himself and Want.*

*For Thee and Thine, for ay,  
So He and His shall pray.*

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
the Earle of Salisbury, Lord  
high Treasurer of England.

## ANAGRAMMATA.

Robertus Cecilius. Robertus Cecilius.

Cui oritur celebris: (vel) Cerebro sic Tullius.

Robertus Comes Sari. Carus est Orbis sermo.

## THE CAPTAINES.

**A**rms yield to Arts: the Trumper to the Tongue:  
Stout Ajax Prize the wise Vlysses wann:  
It will not seem then that we haue mis-sung,  
To sing of CAPTAINS to a Counsaile-man:  
Sith, without Counsaile, Courage is but rage;  
Rude in Resoluing, rash in Acting it:  
In which respect, those of the Antique Age  
Fain PALLAS Goddess both of Warr and Wit:  
Therfore, to Thee, whose Wit so much hath sted  
(In Warr and Peace) our Princes and our STATE:  
To Thee (whose Vertue hath now Triumphed  
Of cause-les Enuy, and misgrounded Hate:  
To Thee (Witt's WORTHIE) had it not bin wrong,  
Not to haue sounded my War-WORTHIE's Song?



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
the Earl of Dorset (late) Lord  
high Threasurer of England.

ANAGR. { Sacvilus. } Comes Dorsetius.  
{ Vas lucis. } Effo decor Musis.  
{ Sacris Musis celo deuotus. }

THE SCHISME.

Not with-out Error, and apparant Wrong  
To Thee, the Muses, and my Self (the most)  
Could I omit, amid this Noble Hoast  
Of learned Friends to Learning, and our Song,  
To muster Thee; Thee, that hast lov'd so long  
The sacred Sisters, and (sad-sweetly-most)  
Thy Self hast sung (vnder a fayned Ghost)  
The tragik Falls of our Ambitious Throng.  
Thearfore, in honour of Thy younger Art,  
And of the Muses, honour'd by the same,  
And to express my Thankfull thoughts (in part)  
This Tract I sacre vnto SACRVIL's Name,  
No less renown'd for Numbers of Thine Owne,  
Than for thy loue to Other's Labours shewn.

TO THE RIGHT HO-  
nourable, the Earle of  
*Pembroke.*

(\*\*\*)

ANAGR. { William Harbert. }  
          { With liberall arm. }

THE DECAY.

**F**Ar be The Title of this tragik page  
From Thee (rare Module of Heröik mindes)  
Whose noble Bounty all the Muses bindes  
To honour Thee; but mine doth most engage  
And yet, to Thee, and to Thy Patronage  
(For present lack of other gratefull signes)  
Needs must I Offer these DECAYED lines  
(Lyned with Horrors of ISAACIAN rage)  
Whear-in, to keep decorum with my Theam,  
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd every way)  
My Care-clogd Muse (still caried down the stream)  
In singing Other's, sighes her Own DECAY.  
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:  
For Vines, unpropped, on the ground do cranl.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
the Earle of Essex, Earle  
Marshall of England, &c.

(\*\*\*)

E D E N.

**G**reat Strong-bowe's heir, no self-conceit doth cause  
Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:  
But, knowing this that your renown alone  
(As th' Adamant, and as the Amber draws:  
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yielding straws)  
Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:  
I haue presumed (O Honors Paragon!)  
To graue your name (which all Iberia awes)  
Heer on the fore-front of this little Pile;  
T'invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,  
And chase away the vicious and the vile;  
Or stop their toothsome enuious tongues (at least).  
If I haue err'd, let my submission scuse:  
And daign to grace my yet ungraced Muse.

TO THE SAME RIGHT  
Honourable Earle of  
ESSEX,  
&c.

THE ARK.

**F**rom th' ARK of Hope, still taffed in distresse  
On th' angry Deluge of disastrous plight,  
My silly Dove, heer takes her second flight,  
To view (great Lord) thy World of worthines:  
Vouchsafe (rare Plant of perfect Noblenes)  
Som branch of safety, whereon she may light;  
Som Oliue leaf, that may presage me right  
A safe escape from this wet wildernes.  
So, when the Floud of my deep-cares shall fall,  
And I be landed on sweet Comfort's Hill;  
First, my pure thoughts to Heav'n present I shall:  
Then, on thy favours meditating still,  
My Zealous Muse shall daily strine to frame  
Som fairer Tropheis to thy glorious Name.



TO THE RIGHT HO-  
 norable *Charles Lord Mount-joy,*  
 Earle of Devonshire.

\* \* \*

THE IMPOSTVRE.

*(Swan,*  
**T** Hough in thy Brook (*great Charles*) ther swim a  
 Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise  
 The vertuous Greatnes of thy Noble praise  
 To higher notes, than my faint numbers can;  
 Yet, while thy *Lucan* doth in silence scan  
 Vnto himselfe new meditated laies,  
 To finish vp his sad *Pharſalian* fraies;  
 Lend ear to *BARTAS* (now our Country-man).  
 For, though his *English* be not yet so good  
 (*As French-men hardly do our tongue attain*)  
 He hopeth yet to be well understood;  
 The rather, if you (*worthy Lord*) shall daign  
 His bashfulnes a little to aduance,  
 With the milde fauours of your countenance.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT  
Honourable the Earle of  
*Devonshire,*  
&c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

**T**He Mome-free Passage, that my Muse hath found  
Vnder Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,  
Through carping Censures of this curious Age  
(Where high conceited happy wits abound)  
Makes her presume (O Mountioy, most renown'd!)  
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,  
The noble Passport of thy Tutelage,  
To salve her still from sullen Enuies wound.  
Let thy (true Eagle) Sun-beholding Eyes  
Glance on our Glowe-worm's scarce discerned spark:  
And while Witt's towering Falcons touch the skies,  
Obserue a while our tender-impe'd Lark.  
Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie  
A higher pitch, than drosse-full Vanity.



TO THE SAME RIGHT  
Honourable Earle of  
*Denonshire,*  
&c,

THE COLONIES.

**R**Enowned Scipio, though thine Ennius  
Still merit best the best of thy regard:  
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be pre-ferr'd  
To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for vs;  
Yet, sith one Pen, how euer plentious  
(Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)  
Suffizeth not to giue Fame's full Reward  
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:  
Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;  
Both by each other Happy: Thou (heer-in)  
Th' haue such a Trump as his immortall Quill-is;  
Hee such a Theam as thy High Vertues been:  
It shall (Great Worthie) no Dis-Honour be  
That (English) Barras hath Sung (thrice) to thee.

TO THE HONOVRA-  
ble, learned, and religious Gentle-  
man, Sir PETER YOVNG of Seton, Knight,  
Almoner of Scotland, and one of his  
Majesties Priuy Councell there.

THE COLUMNS.

YOVNG, Ancient Seruant of our Soueraign Lord,  
Graue Maister of thy Maister's minor-years;  
Whose Prudence and whose Piety appears  
In his Perfection, which doth Thine record:  
Whose loyall Truth, His royall Trusts approue  
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:  
Whose Duty and Deuotion He endeers  
With present Fauours of his Princely Loue:  
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,  
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard  
Of these poore Orphans (pynd in Hope-les cold)  
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Loues reward;  
Wher-in (so Heav'ns prosper what we haue sung)  
Through enery Age thou shalt liue ever YOVNG.

I. S.



TO THE RIGHT VERTUOUS (fauourer of Vertue, furtherer of Learning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight, (late) Lord Embassadour for his Maieſty, to the Emperour of RUSSIA.

IONAS.

**T**O thee, long toſt in a fell Storm of State;  
 Caſt out, and ſwallowed in a Gulf of Death,  
 On falſe-ſuſpect of thine vn-spotted Faith,  
 And flying from thy (Heav'n-giuen) Charge of late:  
 For much reſemblance of thy troublous Fate  
 (Much like in Caſe to that he ſuffereth,  
 Though (in effect) thy Caule far differeth)  
 I ſend my IONAS; to congratulate  
 Thy (happy) Reſcue, and thy holy Triall:  
 Wher-by (as Fire doth purifie the Gold)  
 Thy Loyaltie is more natorious Loyal,  
 And worthy th' Honours which thou now dooſt hold.  
 Thus, Vertue's Palms, oppreſſed, mount the more:  
 And Spices, bruſ'd, ſmell ſweeter than before.

I. S.

TO THE MOST HO-  
nourable, learned, and religious

GER. M<sup>r</sup> ANTHONIE BACONE.

(T L T)

THE FVRIES.

**B**ound by thy Bounty, and mine own Desire,  
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal  
To Thee, whose fauour did the first repeal  
My proto-BARTAS from Self-doomed Fire:  
Having new-tuned to du BARTAS Lyre,  
These tragik murmurs of His FVRIES fell,  
Which (with the Horrors of an Earthly Hell)  
The Sinn-curst life of wretched Mortals tire:  
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?  
Sith, by the Breath of Thine incouragement,  
My sacred-fury thou didst first inflame  
To prosecute This sacred Argument.  
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe  
Of I thankfull Loue from Him, whose all is Thine.

I. S.



TO THE SAME MOST  
Honourable Gentleman, Maister  
*Anthony Bacone,*  
&c.

## BABYLON.

**T**Hy friendly censure of my first ESSAYE  
(Du Bartas FVRIES, and his BABYLON)  
My faint Endeouours hath so cheared on,  
That both His WEEKS are also OURS, to-day.  
Thy gracious hand, repring from decay  
My fame-les Name, doom'd to obliuion,  
Hath so stirr'd-up my Soule's deuotion,  
That in my Songs thy Name shall liue for ay.  
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myre  
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)  
Doth heer again my gratefull Muse inuite  
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;  
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to Thy desert:  
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

# ADAM.

## THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND WEEK;

*Contayning*

- I. EDEN,  
II. The IMPOSTVRE,  
III. The FVRIES,  
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



*Acceptam. refero.*







EDEN.

# THE I. PART OF THE I. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Our Poet, first, doth Gods assistance seek:  
The Scope and Subiect of his Second Week,  
Adam in Eden: Edens beauties rare;  
A reall Place, not now discerned where:  
The Tree of Life; and Knowledge-Tree with-all:  
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:  
His exercise, and excellent Delights,  
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:  
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect; whereby  
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.*

**G**reat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made me see,  
Unfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy:  
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleis  
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding valleys  
Foure lively fouds crauld: tell mee what mis-deed  
Banisht both *Edens*, Adam and his seed:  
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought-vs  
The Balm from Heav'n which hoped health hath wrought-vs:  
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing,  
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring  
From thy first Sabbath to his fatall toomb,  
My stile extending to the Day of Doom.  
Lord, I acknowledge and confels, before,  
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shoar;

*Invocation of  
the true God, for  
assistance in De-  
scription of the  
Infancy & first  
estate of the  
World.*

Q 4

But



But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer  
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wished Peer;  
Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet I will  
Extoll thy favours, and my vows fulfill.

The Translator, considering his own weakness and insufficiency for a Worke so rare & excellent, as all the World hath worthily admired: craveth also the assistance of the Highest, that (at least) his endeavour may both stir up some abler Spirit to undertake this Taske; and also prouoke all other good Wits to take in hand some holy Argumēt: and with-all, that Him selfe may be for euer sincerely affected, and (as it were) thoroughly seasoned with the sweet relish of these sacred & religious discourses.  
Simile.

And gracious Guide, which doost all grace infuse,  
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse  
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-les Pen  
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:  
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine vnlearned lips;  
Least, as the Earths grosse body doth Eclipse  
Bright Cynthia's beams, when it is interpos'd  
Twixt her and Phœbus: so mine ill-dispos'd,  
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes  
Of this diuine Sun of these learned dayes.  
O! furnish me with an vn-vulgar stile,  
That I by this may wean our wanton ILE  
From Ouids heirs, and their vn-hallowed spell  
Heer charming senses, chayning soules in Hell.  
Let this prouoke our modern Wits to sacre  
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee, their Maker:  
That our mysterious E L F I N E Oracle,  
Deep, mor all, graue, Inventions miracle;  
My deer sweet D A N I E L, sharp-concepted, brief,  
Cinill, sententious, for pure accents chief:  
And our new N A S O, that so passionates  
Th' her ōike sighes of loue-sick Potentates:  
May change their subiect, and aduance their wings  
Vp to these higher and more holy things.  
And if (sufficient rich in self-inuention)  
They scorn (as I) to line of Strangers Pension,  
Let them denise new Weeks, new works, new wayes  
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.  
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead  
Which to som Cistie from som Conduit-head  
Brings holsum water, yet (self-wanting sense)  
It self receiues no drop of comfort thence:  
But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But  
Wherein the tears of death-prest Grapes are put,

*Retains (long after all the wine is spent)  
Within it selfe the liquors linely sent :  
Let me still (anour of these sacred sweets  
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets ;  
Least, my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory  
To BRVTV sheyrs blush at mine elder Story.*

GOD ( *Supreme Lord* ) committed not alone  
To our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne ;  
Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation  
That in the Ocean haue their habitation :  
Those that in horror of the Defarts lurk :  
And those that capering in the Welkin work ;  
But also chose him for a happy Seat  
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,  
Which dainty *Flora* paveth sumptuously  
With flowry *VER*'s inameld tapistry ;  
*Pomona* pranks with fruits, whose taste excels ;  
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber smels :  
Where God himself ( as *Gardner* ) treads the allies,  
With Trees and Corn couers the hills and vallies,  
Summons sweet sleep with noise of hundred Brooks ;  
And Sun-proof Arbours makes in sundry nooks :  
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round  
Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground ;  
Heer-there the course of the th' holy Lakes he leads,  
With thousand Dies hee motleys all the meads.

Ye Pagan Poets, that audaciously  
Haue sought to dark the ever-Memory  
Of Gods great works ; from henceforth still be dum  
Your fabled prayses of *Elysium*,  
Which by this goodly module you haue wrought ;  
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught ;  
For, the Almighty made his blisfull Bowrs  
Better indeed, then you haue fained yours.

For, should I say that still, with smiling face,  
Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place ;  
That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain ;  
That fostering milk flow'd vp and down the Plain ;

## Narration.

*God, having created and established Man  
Lord of the creatures, lodgeth  
him in the faire  
Garden of  
Eden.*

*The Elysian  
Fields of the  
Heathen Poets  
are but Dreams.*

*A large Description of the rich  
beauties of the  
Garden of Eden,  
or earthly Paradise.*

That



That sweet as Roses smelt th' ill-savory Rew:  
 That in all soyls, all seasons, all things grew:  
 That still there dangled on the self same treen  
 A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green:  
 That egrest fruits, and bitterest hearbs did mock  
*Madera* Sugars, and the Apricock;

Yeelding more holesom food then all the messes,  
 That now taste-curious, wanton Plenty drestes,  
 Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)  
 The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,  
 Which far and neer we seek by Land and Seas,  
 More to prouoke then hunger to appease;

Excellent estate  
 of the Earth, &  
 especially of E-  
 den before A-  
 dams fall.

Or should I say, each morning, on the ground  
 Not common dew, but *Manna* did abound:  
 That never guttur-gorging dirty muds,  
 Defil'd the crysell of smooth-sliding flouds,  
 Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink  
 That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brink:  
 That shady Groues of noble Palm-tree sprays,  
 Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays  
 Never vn-leav'd; but euermore, their new  
 Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew:  
 Where thousand sorts of birds, both night and day,  
 Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play;  
 And, marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels layes,  
 Sung *Adams* blifs and their great Makers prayse.  
 For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'ns, and Howlets noise  
 Was like the Nightingals sweet-tuned voice;  
 And Nightingals sung like divine *Arion*,  
 Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.

Th' Ayre's daughter *Eccho*, haunting woods among,  
 A blab that will not (cannot) keep hertongue,  
 Who never asks but onely answers all,  
 Who lets not any her in vain to call;  
 She bore her part, and full of curious skill,  
 They ceasing sung, they singing ceased still:  
 There Musick raig'n'd and ever on the Plain,  
 A sweet sound rais'd the dead-liue voice again.

If there I say the Sun (the Seasons stinter)  
 Made no hot Sommer, nor no hoary Winter,  
 But lovely V E R kept till in lively lustre  
 The fragrant Valleys (smiling Meads and Pasture:  
 That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink  
 For Northren windes, nor for the Southren wink:  
 But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,  
 Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,  
 Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,  
 That verdure flows, those flows sweet savor yeeld:  
 That Day did gladly lend his sister, Night,  
 For half her moisture, half his shining Light:  
 That neuer hail did Harvest preiudice,  
 That neuer frost, nor snowe, nor slippery ice  
 The fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy stowr  
 Dismounted Mountains, nor no violent showr  
 Poverisht the Land, which frankly did produce  
 All fruitfull vapours for delight and vse:  
 I thinke I ly not, rather I confesse,  
 My stammering Muses poore vnlearnednes.  
 If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,  
 Say't was the type of th' ypper Paradise;  
 Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse  
 With God himself, with Angels intercourse.

Yet (over-curious) question not the site,  
 Where God did plant this Garden of delight:  
 Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,  
 Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine,  
 Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East.  
 Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)  
 That, that rare, plentiful, pleasant, happy thing  
 Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-fire King,  
 Was a choise soil, through which did rowling slide  
 Swift *Ghion*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tygris* tyde,  
 And that fair stream whose silver waues do kiss  
 The Monarch Towers of proud *Semiramis*.

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)  
 Thou finde no place that answers now in worth.

*All discommo-  
 dities far from  
 Eden before Sin*

*Edens principal  
 and most excel-  
 lent beauty.*

*Of the place  
 where the Gar-  
 den of Eden was  
 situate.*

*It was a certain  
 materiall Place:*

This



how soeuer now  
a-dayes, we can  
exactly obserue  
neither the  
Circuit, nor ex-  
tent of it.

It was no alle-  
goricall nor my-  
sticall Garden.

It was defaced  
by the generall  
Flood.

Why the Situa-  
tion of the Gar-  
den of Eden is  
now hard to  
finde.

Of the two Trees  
seruing as Sa-  
craments to  
Adam.

This beautilous place, nor Country that can shoue  
Where now-adayes those noted floods doe flowe:  
Include not all within this Close confin'd,  
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth binde.  
A certaine place it was (now sought in vain)  
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,  
Our Elders were: whereof the thunder-darter  
Made a bright Sword the gate, an Angell Porter.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastik-wise  
A mystike tale of fained Paradise:

('Twas a true Garden, happy Plenties horn,  
And seat of graces) least thou make (forlorn)  
An Ideall *Adams* food fantastickall,  
His sinne suppos'd, his pain Poeticall:  
Such Allegories serue for shelter fit  
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit;  
And chiefly then, when reading Histories,  
Seeking the spirit, they do the body leese.

But if thou list to ghesse by likely hood,  
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood  
Spar'd not this beautilous place, which formost saw  
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:  
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,  
And of the sweetest flowrs the spirits dull'd,  
Spoild the fair Gardens, made the fat fields lean,  
And chang'd (perchance) the rivers channell clean:  
And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth play  
In humane causes with inconstant sway,  
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)  
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fordes.  
For, as through sin we lost that place, I fear  
(Forgetfull) we haue lost the knowledge where  
'Twas situate, and of the sugred dainties  
Wherewith God fed vs in those sacred plenties.

Now of the Trees wherewith th' immortal Powr  
Adorn'd the quarters of that blisfull Bowr,  
All serv'd the mouth, saue two sustaind the minde:  
All serv'd for food, saue two for seals assign'd.

God gave the first, for honourable stile,  
*The tree of Life*: true name; (alas the while!)  
 Not for th'effect it had, but should haue kept,  
 If Man from duty never had mis-stept.  
 For, as the ayr of those fresh dales and hills  
 Preserved him from *Epidemik* ills,  
 This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,  
 All civill quarrels of the crosse complexions;  
 Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,  
 And ever-more excluded all the rage  
 Of painfull griefs, whose swift-slowe posting-pase  
 At first or last our dying life doth chase.

Wherof the Tree  
 of Life was a  
 Sacrament.

Strong counter bane! O sacred Plant divine!  
 What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flower, root, or rhyne,  
 Shall I presume in these ruderymes to sute  
 Vnto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?  
 The rarest Simples that our fields present-vs  
 Heal but one hurt, and healing too torment vs:  
 And with the torment, lingring our relief  
 Our bags of gold void, yer our bulks of grief.  
 But thy rare fruits hid pow'r admired most,  
 Salveth all sores, *sans* pain, delay, or cost,  
 Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,  
 Thou didst not cure, but keep all ills away.

The excellency  
 of that Tree.

O holy, peer-less, rich preseruative!  
 Whether wert thou the strange restorative  
 That suddainly did age with youth repair,  
 And made old *Æson* yonger then his heir?  
 Or holy *Nectar*, that in heav'nly bowrs,  
 Eternally self-pouring *Hebe* pours?  
 Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortal fare)?  
 Or els the rich fruit of the Garden rare,  
 Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)  
 A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?  
 Or precious *Moly*, which *Iones* Pursuivan  
 Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?  
 Or else *Nepenthe*, enemy to sadnes,  
 Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnes?

We cannot say  
 what Tree it  
 was.

Or



Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels  
 Save men and Angels euery creature els)?  
 No, none of these: these are but forgeries,  
 But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceipts, and lies.  
 But thou art true, although our shallow sense  
 May honour more, then sound, thine Excellence.

*Of the Tree of  
 Knowledge of  
 Good & Euill.*

*The Tree of Knowledge*, th'other Tree beight:  
 Not, that it selfly had such speciall might,  
 As mens dull wits could whet and sharpen so  
 That in a moment they might all things knowe.  
 'Twas a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;  
 Which, being ta'n, should to light man reveal  
 What ods there is, between still peace, and strife;  
 Gods wrath, and loue; drad death, and deere st life;  
 Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;  
 Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

*Of the excellence  
 of mans know-  
 ledge before Sin.*

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season  
 The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:  
 Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise  
 Then now: blinde Error had not beard his eys,  
 With mists which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose  
 That nought hee knowes, save this, that nought hee knowes.  
 That euen light *Pirrhons* wavering fantasie  
 Reave him the skill his vn-skill to agnize.  
 And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,  
 As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

*How he knew  
 good and euill  
 before Sinne.*

Hee (happy) knew the Good, by th' vie of it:  
 He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:  
 But as they say of great *Hippocrates*,  
 Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no excess,  
 Nor stopt his throat, nor vex't his fantasie)  
 Knew the cold Cramp, th' *Angine* and *Lunacy*,  
 And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flow'r  
 Heliv'd exempt, a hundred yeers and foure.  
 Or like the pure Heav'n-prompted Prophets rather,  
 Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,  
 Because the World's Soule in their soule enscal'd  
 The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

But

But our now-knowledge hath, for tedlous train,  
 A drooping life, and over-racked brain,  
 A face forlorn, a sad and fullen fashion,  
 A rest-lest oyl, and Cares self-pining passion.  
 Knowledge was then even the soules soule for light,  
 The spirits calme Port, and Lanthorn shining bright  
 To straight-stept feet: cleer knowledge; not confus'd:  
 Not sour, but sweet: not gotten, but infus'd.

*Of mans know-  
 ledge since his  
 Fall.*

Now Heav'ns eternall all-fore-seeing King,  
 Who never rashly ordereth any thing,  
 Thought good, that man (having yet spirits sound: stated)  
 Should dwell els-where, then where he was created;  
 That he might knowe, he did not hold this place  
 By Natures right, but by meer gift and Grace;  
 That he should never taste fruits vn-permitted,  
 But keep the sacred Pledge to him committed,  
 And dress that Park, which God without all tearm,  
 On these conditions gaue him, as in farn.

*Why the Lord  
 put man in the  
 Garden of Eden*

God would, that (void of painfull labour) he  
 Should live in Eden; but not idely:  
 For, Idlenes pure Innocence subuerts,  
 Defiles our body, and our soule peruersts:  
 Yea, soberest men it makes delicious,  
 To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.  
 But that first travell had no sympathy  
 With our since-trauails wretched cruelty,  
 Distilling sweat, and panting wanting winde,  
 Which was a scourge for Adams sin assign'd.

*Of his exercise  
 there.*

For, Edens earth was then so fertile fat,  
 That he made onely sweet Elsayes, in that,  
 Of skilfull industry, and naked wrought  
 More for delight, then for the gain he sought.  
 In brief, it was a pleasant exercise,  
 A labour lik't, a pain much like the guise  
 Of cunning dauncers; who, although they skip,  
 Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turn, and trip,  
 From Morn til: Even, at night again full merry;  
 Renue their daunce, of dauncing never weary.

*A Comparisn:*

Or:



Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck  
Rousing betimes som often breathed Buck,  
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds vncouple,  
Winde lowd their horns, their whoops, and halloos double,  
Spur-on and spare not, following their desire,  
Themselues vn-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.

But, for in th' end of all their iolity,  
Ther's found much stiffness, sweat and vanity;  
I rather match it to the pleasing pain  
Of Angels pure, who ever sloath disdain:  
Or to the Suns calm course, who pain-les say  
About the welkin posteth night and day.

*Adam admireth  
the beauties of  
the World in ge-  
nerall.*

Doubtless, when *Adam* saw our common ayre,  
He did admire the mansion rich and fair  
Of his Successors. For, frosts keenly cold  
The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd:  
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,  
Nor given the earth her sad Diuorces Vrit.

*But most especi-  
ally of the Gar-  
den of Eden.*

But when he once had entred Paradise,  
The remnant world he iustly did despise:  
[Much like a Boor far in the Country born,  
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,  
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht  
(Which, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)

*When afterward he happens to behold*

*In this compari-  
son my Author  
setteth down the  
famous Citie of  
Paris: but I  
haue presumed  
to apply it to our  
own City of  
London, that it  
might be more  
familiar to my  
mere English  
and vn-trauaild  
Readers.*

*Our welthy London's wonders manifold,  
The silly peasant thinks himself to be  
In a new World; and gazing greedily,  
One while he Art-les, all the Arts admires,  
Then the fair Temples, and their top-les spires,  
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride  
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:  
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,  
Tongues, geste, attires, the fashions and the faces,  
Of busie-buzzing swarms, which still he meets  
Ebbing and flowing ouer all the streets;  
Then at the signes, the shops, the waights, the measures,  
The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treasures.*

But of all sights, none seems him yet more strange  
 Then the rare, beauteous, stately, rich Exchange.  
 Another while he marvels at the Thames,  
 Which seems to bear huge mountains on her streams:  
 Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth indge  
 More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;  
 And glancing thence a-long the Northren shoar,  
 That princely prospect doth amaze him more.]

For in that Garden man delighted so,  
 That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;  
 If he beheld a true thing or a fable;  
 Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.  
 For such excess his extasie was small;  
 Not having spirit enough to muse withall.  
 He wist him hundred-fold redoubled senses,  
 The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;  
 Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eys,  
 Smelt, hard, or saw, more favours, sounds, or Dies.

But, Adams best and supream delectation,  
 Was th' often haunt and holy conuersation  
 His soule and body had so many wayes  
 With God, who lightned Eden with his Rays.  
 For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,  
 Twixt God and man retain a middle kinde:  
 And (Vmpires) mortall to th' immortal ioyn;  
 And th' infinite in narrow clay confine:

Som-times by you, O you all-faining Dreams;  
 We gain this good; but not when Bacchus streams  
 And glutton vapours ouer-flowe the Brain,  
 And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain:  
 Nor when pale Phlegm, or Saffron-coloured Choler,  
 In feeble stomachs belch with diuers dolor,  
 And print vpon our Vnderstandings Tables;  
 That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull fables:  
 Nor when the Spirit of lies our spirits deceiues,  
 And guilefull visions in our fancy leaues:  
 Nor when the pencill of Cares ouer-deep  
 Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.

Happines of the  
 first Man before  
 his fall.

Of the visions of  
 the spirit.



But when no more the soules chief faculties,  
Are spent to serue the body many wayes,  
When all self-vned, free from dayes disturber,  
Through such sweet Trance, she findes a quiet harbour;  
Where som in riddles, som more plain exprest,  
Shee sees things future, in th' Almightyes brest.

*Of the certainty  
of the visions of  
the spirit, the  
body being at  
rest.*

And yet far higher is this holy Fit,  
When (not from flesh) but from flesh-cares, acquit)  
The wakefull soule it self assembling so,  
All selfly dies; while that the body though  
Lives motion-les: for, sanctified wholly,  
It takes th' impression of Gods Signet solely;  
And in his sacred Crystill Map, doth see  
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:  
Made more then spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday;  
To it, all one, are all as present aye.  
And though it seem not (when the dream's expir'd)  
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd  
Of rarest men, and shines among them bright  
Like glistring Starrs through gloomy shades of night.

*Of diuine & ex-  
traordinary visi-  
ons and Revela-  
tions.*

But aboue all, that's the diuine Trance,  
When the soules eye beholds Gods countenance;  
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,  
And in our face his drad-sweet face he scales.  
As when S. Paul on his deer Masters wings,  
Was rapt alie vp to th' eternall things:  
And he that whilom for the chosen flock,  
Made walls of waters, waters of a rock.

*Of the excellen-  
cy of such visions  
and Revelations.*

O sacred flight! sweet rape! loues soueraign blifs  
Which very loves deer lips doft make vs kifs:  
Hymen, & *Alanna*, and of *Mel* compact,  
Which for a time doft Heav'n with earth contract:  
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts diuine  
Dooft purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:  
And mounting vs to Heav'n, vn-mouing hence,  
Man (in a trice) in God dooft quintessence:  
O! mad'st thou man diuine in habitude,  
As for a space; O sweetest solitude,

Thy blifs were equall with that happy Reft  
Which after death ſhall make vs ever-bleſt.

Now, I beleeeve that in this later guiſe  
Man did conuerſe in Pleaſant Paradiſe  
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there  
His body ſaw (or body as it were)  
Gloriouſly compaſt with the bleſſed Legions  
That raign above the azure-ſpangled Regions.

ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manyfold  
That in this *Eden* thou doeſt heer behold,  
Are all thine, onely: enter (ſacred race)  
Come, take poſſeſſion of this wealthy place,  
The Earth's ſole glory: take (dear Son) to thee,  
This Farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me;  
And th' only Rent that of it I reſerue, is  
One Trees fair fruit, to ſhew thy ſute and ſervice:  
Berthou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,  
I'll not exact hard fines (as men ſhall woont),  
For ſigne of Homage, and for ſeal of Faith,  
Of all the profits this Poſſeſſion hath,  
I only aſk one Tree; whoſe fruit I will  
For Sacrament ſhall ſtand of *Good* and *Ill*.  
Take all the reſt, I bid thee: but I vow  
By th'vn-nam'd name, where-to all knees doo bow,  
And by the keen Darts of my kindled Ire  
(More fiercely burning then conſuming fire)  
That of the Fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,  
Death, dreadfull Death ſhall plague Thee and thy Seed.  
If then, the happy ſtate thou hold'ſt of me,  
My holy mildnes, nor high Maieſty,  
If faith nor Honour curb thy bold ambition,  
Yet weigh thy ſelf, and thy owne Seeds condition.

Moſt mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender  
All thanks I can, not all I ſhould thee render  
For all thy liberall fauors, far ſurmounting  
My hearts conceit, much more my tongues recounting.  
At thy command, I would with boyſt'rous ſhock  
Goe run my ſelf againſt the hardeſt rock:

R 2

*What manner of  
viſions the firſt  
Man had in E-  
den.*

*Man is put in  
poſſeſſion of E-  
den, vnder a con-  
dition.*

*Before Sin, Man  
was an humble  
and zealous ſer-  
uant of God.*

Or



Or cast me headlong from som Mountain steep,  
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:  
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life  
Of my dear *Phoenix*, *sister-daughter-wife*:  
Obaying thee, I finde the things impossible,  
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible.

But since thy first Law doth more grace afford  
Vnto the Subiect, than the Souerain Lord:  
Since (bountious Prince) on me and my Descent,  
Thou doost impose no other tax, nor Rent,  
But one sole Precept, of most iust condition  
(No Precept neither, but a Prohibition);  
And since (good God) of all the Fruits in *EDEN*  
Ther's but one Apple that I am forbidden,  
Euen only that which bitter Death dorth threat,  
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eate)  
I honour in my soule, and humbly kiss  
Thy iust Edict (as Author of my blisse):  
Which, once transgrest, deserues the rigor rather  
Of sharpest Iudge, then mildnes of a Father.

The Firmament shall retrograde his course,  
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his source,  
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep  
Eagles shall diue; Whales in the air shall keep,  
Yer I presume, with fingers ends to touch  
(Much less with lips) the Fruit for bod so much.

Thus, yet in league with Heav'n and Earth, he liues;  
Enioying all the Goods th' Almighty giues:  
And, yet not treading Sins false mazy measures,  
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures;  
Heer, vnderneath a fragrant Hedge reposes,  
Full of all kinds of sweet all-coloured Roses,  
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dresse  
In true-loue-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.

Anon he walketh in a leuell lane  
On either side beset with shady Plane,  
Whose arched boughs, for *Frieze* and *Cornich* bear  
Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air:

*Description of  
the beauties of  
the Garden of  
Eden.*

*The Orchard.*

Then

Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,  
 With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;  
 Whose leauy twigs, that intricately tangle,  
 Seem painted walls whereon true fruits do dangle.

Now in a plentious Orchard planted rare  
 With vn-graft trees, in checker, round and square:  
 Whose goodly fruits so on his will doe wait,  
 That plucking one, another's ready straight:  
 And hauing tasted all (with due satiety)  
 Finds all one goodnes, but in taste variety.

Anon he stalketh with an easie stride,  
 By some cleere Riuer's lilly-paued side,  
 Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles precious Gemms,  
 And liquid siluer all the curling streams:  
 Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out,  
 With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:  
 And th'art-les Bridges, ouer-thwart this Torrent,  
 Are rocks selfe-arched by the eating current:  
 Or louing *Palms*, whose lustie Femals willing  
 Their marrow-boyling loues to be fulfilling,  
 And reach their Husband-trees on th'other banks)  
 Bow their stiff backs, and serue for passing-planks.

*The Brooks.*

Then in a goodly Garden's alleis smooth,  
 Where prodig Nature sets abroad her booth  
 Of richest beauties, where each bed and border  
 Is like pide posies diuers dies and order.

*The Bridges.*

*The Alleis, beds  
and Borders.*

Now, far from noise, hee creepeth couertly  
 Into a Caue of kindly *Porphyry*,  
 Which, rock-fall'n spowts, congeald by colder air,  
 Seem with smooth anticks to haue seeled fair:  
 There laid at ease, a cubit from the ground,  
 Vpon a Iaspir fring'd with yvie round,  
 Purled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie Beuer,  
 Hee falls asleep fast by a silent Riuer;  
 Whose captiue streams, through crooked pipes still rushing,  
 Make sweeter Musick with their gentle gushing,  
 Then now at *Tinoli*, th' *Hydrantick* Braul  
 Of rich *Ferrara's* stately Cardinall:

*The Caues.*

*The pleasant  
murmur of the  
Waters.*



Or *Ctesibēs* rare engines, framed there  
Where as they made of *Ibis*, *Jupiter*.

*The Maze.*

Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders,  
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,  
False-guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling strays,  
And right-wrong errors of an end-les Maze:  
Not simply hedged with a single border  
Of *Rosemary*, cut-out with curious order,  
In *Satyrs*, *Centaur*s, *Whales*, and *half-men*, *Horses*,  
And thousand other counterfai'ted corse:

*The wonderfull  
Plants.*

But with true Beasts, fast in the ground still sticking,  
Feeding on grasse, and th'airy moisture licking:

*The Bonarets.*

Such as those *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred  
Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed;  
Although their bodies, noses, mouths, and eyes,  
Of new-yeand Lambs haue full the form and guise;  
And should be very Lambs, saue that (for foot)  
Within the ground, they fix a liuing root,  
Which at their nauell growes, and dies that day  
That they haue brouz'd the neighbour grasse away.

O wondrous vertue of God onely good!

The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and blood:

The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;

The nummed Beast can neither slie nor goe;

The Plant is leaf-les, branch-les, void of fruit;

The Beast is lust-les, sex-les, fire-les, mute:

The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed;

Th'admired Beast is sown a slender seed.

*The Trees of the  
Garden of Eden.*

Then vp and down a Forrest thick he paseth;

Which selfly opening in his presence, b'aseth

Her trembling tresses neuer-vading spring,

For humble homage to her mighty King:

Wherethousand Trees, wauing with gentle puffs

Their plummy tops, sweep the celestia'll roofs;

*The Cerbas.*

Yet envying all the massie *Cerbas* fame,

Sith sissie pales can but clasp the same.

*The Balme.*

There springs the Shrub three foot above the grasse,

Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace,

Whereof

Whereof the rich *Egyptian* so endears  
Root, bark, and fruit, and much-much more the tears.

There liues the *Sea-oake*, in a little shel;  
There growes vnill'd the ruddy *Cocheneil*:  
And there the *Chermex*, which on each side Arms  
With pointed prickles all his precious arms:  
Rich Trees, and fruitfull in those Worms of Price,  
Which pressed, yeeld a *crimson*-coloured juice,  
Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep in grain  
That their own Mothers know them not again.

*The Sea-Oake.*

*The Cochenel.*

*The Chermex.*

There mounts the *Melt*, which serues in *Mexico*  
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe)  
Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm, and wine,  
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line:  
His wood for fire, his harder leaues are fit  
For thousand vses of inventiue wit.

*The admirable*

*Melt.*

Som-times ther-on they graue their holy things,  
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the gests of Kings:  
Som-times conioyned by a cunning hand,  
Vpon their roofs for rowes of tyle they stand:  
Som-times they twine them into equall threeds;  
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:  
His vpper sap the sting of Serpents cures:  
His new-sprung bud a rare Conserue indures:  
His burned stalks, with strong fumosities  
Of pearcing vapours, purge the *French* disease:  
And they extract, from liquor of his feet,  
Sharpe vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.

There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetan*  
Is call'd the *Shame-face*: for, asham'd of man,  
If towards it one doo approach too much,  
It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch;  
As if it had a soule, a sense, and sight,  
Subiect to shame, fear, sorrow and despight.

*The Shame-faced*

And there, that Tree from off whose trembling top  
Both swimming shoals, and flying troupes doe drop:  
I mean the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,  
Whose leaues disperst by *Zephyr's* wanton blowing,

*A Tree whose  
leaues transform  
to fowl and fish,*



Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter,  
On land to Fowls, to Fishes in the water.

*A modest correction of our Poet unwilling to wade farther in curious search of hidden secrets.*

But seest thou not (dear *Muse*) thou treadst the same  
Too-curious path, thou dost in others blame?

And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,  
The which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,

Can once conceiue, less pourtray, least expresse,

All ouer-whelm'd in gulfs so bottomless,

Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth

Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth,

By painted Butter-flies th'imperiall Eagle;

And th'Elephant by euery little Beagle.

*Or to wander vnprofitably in nice Questions, concerning the Garden of Eden, and mans aboad there.*

This fear to fail, shall serue me for a bridle,  
Least (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle;

And ouer-bold, Gods Cabinet I clime,

To seek the place and search the very time,

When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en

Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:

How long they had that Garden in possession,

Before their proud and insolent Transgression:

What Children there they earned, and how many,

Of whether sex; or whether none or any:

Or how (at least) they should haue propagated,

If the sly malice of the serpent hated,

Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,

And vnborn seed, with leprosie of Sin.

If void of *Venus*; sith vnlike it is,

Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss

Of Virgin-head, or folk so perfect chaste

Should furious feel, when they their loues imbrace;

Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise

(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lies)

And slack our sinews all, by little and little

Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.

Or whether else as men in gender now,

Sith spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,

If no excess command: sith else again

The Lord had made the double sex in vain.

Whether

Whether their Infants should haue had the Powr

We now perceiue in fresh youths lusty flowr,  
As nimble feet, lims strong and vigorous,  
Industrious hands, and hearts couragious;  
Sith before sin, Man ought not lesse appear  
In Natures gifts, then his then seruants were:  
And loe the Partridge, which new-hatched beares  
On her weake back her parent-houfe, and wears  
In stead of wings, a bever-supple down,  
Follows her dam through furrows vp and down.

Or else as now; sith in the womb of Eue  
A man of thirtie yeares could neuer liue:  
Nor may we iudge 'gainst Natures course apparant,  
Without the sacred Scriptures speciall warrant:  
Which for our good (as heau'ns deere babe) hath right  
To countermaund our reason and our sight.

Whether their seed should with their birth haue brought  
Deepe Knowledge, Reason, Vnderstanding-thought;  
Sith now wee see the new-fall'n feeble Lamb,  
Yet stayn'd with bloud of his distressed Dam,  
Knowes well the Wolf, at whose fell sight he shakes,  
And right the teat of th' vnknow'n Eaw he takes:  
And sith a dull Duncce, which no knowledge can  
Is a dead image, and no liuing man.

Or the thick vail of ignorance's night  
Had hooded vp their issues inward light;  
Sith the much moisture of an Infant brain  
Receiues so many shapes, that ouer-lain  
New dash the old; and the trim commixation  
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,  
Makes th' vnderstanding hull, which setle would,  
But findes no firm ground for his Anchors hold.

Whether old A D A M should haue left the place  
Vnto his Sonnes; they, to their after-race:  
Or whether all together at the last  
Should gloriously from thence to heau'n haue past.

Search whoso list; who list let vaunt in pride  
T' haue hit the white, and let him (sage) decide

*The decision of  
such Questions.*

The.



*is a busse idleness.*

The many other doubts that vainly rise,  
For mine owne part I will not seem so wise:  
I will not waste my trauail and my seed,  
To reap an empty straw, or fruitless reed.

*Sin makes vs  
perceiue more  
then sufficiently  
what happines  
our Grand-fire  
lost, and what  
misery he got, by  
his shamefull  
Fall.*

Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief  
Rain'd on the curst head of the creatures *Chief*,  
After that God against him war proclaim'd,  
And Satan princedom of the earth had claim'd.  
But none can know precisely how at all  
Our Elders liv'd before their odious fall:  
An vnknow'n Cifer, and deep Pit it is,  
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miss:  
Sith *Adam's* self, if now he liv'd anew,  
Could scant vnwind the knotty snarled clew  
Of double doubts, and questions intricate  
That Schools dispute about this pristin state.

*But for sinne,  
man had not  
been subiect  
vnto Death.*

But this sole point I rest resolved in,  
That seeing Death's the meer effect of sin,  
Man had not dreaded Death's all-slaying might,  
Had hee still stood in Innocence vpright.

*Simile.*

For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,  
By little and little make cold coals to burn,  
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat  
An yron bar; which on the Anvil bear,  
Seems no more yron, but flies almost all  
In hissing sparks, and quick bright cinders small:  
So, the Worlds Soule should in our soule inspire  
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,  
And then our soule (as form) breathe in our corse  
Her count-les numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,  
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautified,  
Should (like our death-les soule) haue neuer died.

*Obiections a-  
gainst the estate  
of man, who had  
not been subiect  
vnto death but  
for Sinne.*

Heer (wot I well) some wranglers will pretume  
To say, Small fire will by degrees consume  
Our humor radicall: and, how-be-it  
The differing vertues of those fruits, as yet  
Had no agreement with the harmfull spight  
Of the fell Persian dangerous *Aconite*;

And

And notwithstanding that then ADAMS taste  
 Could well haue vsed all, without all waste,  
 Yet could they not restore him euery day  
 Vnto his body that which did decay;  
 Because the food cannot (as being strange)  
 So perfectly in humane substance change:  
 For, it resembleth Wine, wherein too rise  
 Water is brew'd, whereby the pleasant life  
 Is ouer-cool'd; and so there rests, in fine,  
 Nought of the strength, saour, or taste of Wine.

*Simile.*

Besides, in time the naturall faculties  
 Are tyr'd with toyl; and th' Humour-enemies,  
 Our death conspiring, vndermine, at last,  
 Of our Soules prisons the foundations fast.

*Answer to these  
objections.*

I, but the Tree of life the strife did stay  
 Which th' Humours caused in this house of clay;  
 And stopping th' euill, changed (perfect good)  
 In body fed, the body of the food:  
 Only the soules contagious malady  
 Had force to frustrate this high remedy.

*Conclusion.*

Immortall then, and mortall, man was made;  
 Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:  
 For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,  
 To die or liue, was in his power and will:  
 But since his Sin, and proud Apostasie,  
 Ah! die he may, but not (alas!) not-dy;  
 As after his new-birth, he shall attain  
 Onely a pow'r to neuer-dy again.

FINIS.

THE





THE IMPOSTVRE.  
THE II. PART OF THE I.  
DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Iustice and Mercy modul'd in their kinde:  
Satans proud Hate, and Ennie to Mankinde:  
His many Engins, and malicious Wiles,  
Whereby the best he many-times beguiles:  
Why he assum'd a Body, and began  
With Eve; by Her to undermine her Man:  
Their dreadfull Fall: Their drowsie Conscience:  
Gods righteous Sentence, for their soul Offence,  
On them ( and Theirs ): Their Exile Eden barr'd  
With flaming Sword, and Seraphin for guard.*

O Who shall lend me light and nimble wings,  
That ( passing Swallows, and the swiftest things )  
Euen in a moment, boldly-daring, I should durst  
From Heav'n to Hell. from Hell to Heav'n may fly?  
O! who shall shewe the countenance and gestures  
Of *Mercy* and *Iustice*? which satisfacted filters,  
With equall poiz, doe euer ballance ev'n  
Th' vnchanging Proiects of the King of Heav'n?  
Th' one stern of look, the other milde-aspecting:  
Th' one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting:  
Th' one bears the Sword of vengeance vnrelenting,  
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting:  
Th' one, from Earths-Eden, *Adam* did dismit,  
Th' other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliss.

Who

# The Imposture.

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Who shall direct my pen to paint the Story  
Of wretched mans forbidden Bit-lost glory?  
What Spell shall charm th' attentive Readers sense?  
What Fount shall fill my voice with eloquence?  
So that I, rapt, may ravish all this TLE  
With grave-sweet warbles of my sacred stile;  
Though Adams Doom, in every Sermon common,  
And founded on the error of a woman,  
Weary the vulgar, and be iudg'd a iest  
Of the profane, zeal-scoffing Atheist.

Ah! Thou my God, euen Thou (my soule refining  
In holy Faith's pure furnace, cleerely shining)  
Shalt make my hap farr to surmount my hope,  
Instruct my spirit, and give my tongue smooth scope:  
Thou, bountious in my bold attempts shalt grace-me,  
And in the rank of holiest Poets place-me;  
And frankly grant, that (soaring neer the sky)  
Among our Authors Eagle-like I fly:  
Or, at the least (if Heav'n such hap deny)  
I may point others, Honors beautilous Way.

WHILE Adam bathes in these felicities,  
Hell's Prince, thy parent of revolt and lies,  
Feels a pestiferous busie swarming nest  
Of neuer-dying Dragons in his brest,  
Sucking his blood, tyring vpon his lungs,  
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,  
His cursed soule still most extreemly racking,  
Too frank in giuing torments, and in taking:  
But aboue all, Hate, Pride, and Enuious spight,  
His hellish life doo torture day and night:  
For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n  
Iustly for euer, from the glittering Heav'n,  
To dwell in darknes of a sulph'ry clow'd  
(Though still his brethrens seruice be allow'd:)  
The Proud desire to haue in his subiection  
Mankinde in chain'd in gyues of Sins infection,  
And th' Enuious heart-break to see yet to shine  
In Adams face Gods Image all diuine,

He hath recourse  
to God the onely  
giuer of all suf-  
ficiency and de-  
terity in good  
and holy things.

The enemy of  
God ennieth  
Man and plot-  
teth his destruc-  
tion.

Which



Which he had lost, and that Man might atchieue  
The glorious blis, his Pride he did depriue:  
Growen barbarous Tyrants of his treacherous will,  
Spur on his course, his rage redoubling still.

Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)

\*Tis that old *Python* which through hundred-throats  
Doth proudly hiss, and (past his wont) doth fire  
A hell of Furies in his fell desire:  
His enuious hart, self-sworn with sullen spight,  
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:  
Dreads th' one, as Lord, as equal, hates another;  
And (iealous) doubts the rising of the other.

*His subtiltie in  
executing his  
Designes.*

To vent his poyson, this notorious Tempter  
(Meer spirit) assails not *Eue*, but doth attempt her  
In fained form: for else, the soule diuine  
Which rul'd (as *Queen*) the Little-worlds designe,  
So purely kept her Vow of Chastitie,  
That he in vain should tempt her Constancy.  
Therefore he fleshly doth the Flesh assay  
(Suborning that) her Mistress to betray;  
A subtle Pandar with more tycing sleights  
Then Sea hath Fish, or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

*Why he hid him  
in a Body.*

For, had he been of an ethereall matter,  
Of fiery substance, or aiereall nature;  
The needfull help of language had he wanted,  
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be supplanted:  
Sith such pure bodies haue nor teeth, nor tongues,  
Lips, artires, nose, palate, nor panting lungs,  
Which rightly plac't are properly created  
True instruments of sounds articulated.

*Why he appea-  
red not in his  
owne likenes:  
nor transfor-  
med him into an  
Angel of light.*

And further-more, though from his birth h' had had  
Hart-charming cunning (smoothly to perswade,  
He fear'd (malitious) if he care-less, came  
Vn-masked, like himself, in his owne name,  
In deep distrust man entring, suddainly,  
Would stop his ears, and his foul presence fly:  
As (opposite) taking the shining face  
Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace,

He

He then suspected least the Omnipotent  
Should think man's Fall scarce worthy punishment.

Much like (therefore) from thief that doth conceiue  
From trauailers both life and goods to reauie;

And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play  
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way

Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn;

Then in a Caue, then in a field of Corn;

Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out;

And yet the safety of each place doth doubt;

Till, resolute at last (vpon his knee

Taking his leuell) from a hollow Tree,

He swiftly sends his fire-wingd messenger;

At his false sute t'arrest the passenger:

Our freedoms felon, fountain of our sorrow;

Thinks now the beauty of a Horse to borrow;

Anon to creep into a Haifers side;

Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;

Then in a nimble Hart himself to shroud;

Then in the star'd plumes of a Peacock proud;

And least he miss a mischief to effect,

Ofte changeth minde; and varies ofte aspect;

At last, remembring that of all the broods,

In Mounrains, Plains, Airs, Waters, Wildes, and Woods;

The knotty Serpent's spotty generation

Are filled with infectious inflammation;

And though they want Dogs teeth, Bores tusks, Bears paws,

The Vultures bill, Bulls horns, and Griphins claws;

Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might

To hurt vs once; much less to kill vs quite:

Yet, many times they treacherously betray vs,

And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they slay vs;

He crafty cloaks him in a Dragons skin

All bright-bespect; that, speaking so within

That hollow Sagbuts supple-wreathing plies,

The mouer might with th' Organ sympathize:

For, yet the faith-less Serpent (as they say)

With horror crawl'd not groueling on the clay,

*Simile.*

*He hides him  
under diuers  
figures.*

*Why he chose  
the Serpent.*

Nor



Norto Mankinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,  
Sith that's the hire of his offence gratefull.

*Sundry opinions  
hereupon.*

But now, to censure how this change befell  
Our wits com short, our words suffice not well  
To vtter it: much less our feeble Art  
Can imitate this sly malicious part.

Sometimes me seems (troubling *Enes* spirit) the Fiend  
Made her this speaking fancy apprehend  
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)  
Water and Ayr (as moist) doe mingle quickly;  
The euill Angels slide too easily  
As subtile Spirits, into our phantasie.

Sometimes me seems She saw (two-worth the hap)

No very Serpent, but a Serpents Shape:

Whether that, Satan plaid the Iuggler there,  
Who render eyes with charmed Tapers beare,

Trans-forming so by subtile vapoury gleams,

Mens heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams.

Or whether, Diuels hauing bodies light,

Quick, nimble, active, apt to change with sleight,

In shapes or shewes, they guilefull haue propos'd;

In brief, like th' Air whereof they are compos'd

For, as the Ayr, with scattred clouds be-spread

Is heer and there, black, yellow, white, and red,

Refembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons,

Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships, and Wagons,

And such to vs through glasse transparent cleer

From form to form varying it doth appeare

So, these seducers can growe great, or small,

Or round, or square or streight, or short, or tall,

As fits the passions they are moued by,

And such our soule receiues them from our ey.

Sometimes; that Satan (only for this work)

Fain'd him a Serpents shape, wherein to lurk.

For Nature framing our soules enemies,

Of bodies light, and in experience wise,

In malice crafty; curious they assemble

Small Elements, which (as of kin) resemble,

Whereof

Whereof a Mass is made, and there vnto  
 They soon giue growth and liuely motion too.  
 Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty  
 Who first of nothing made vast *Amphitrite*,  
 The World's dull Centre, Heav'n's ay-turning frame,  
 And whirling Ayr, sole merits that high name:  
 Who (onely *Beeing*) Being giues to all,  
 And of all things the seeds substantiall  
 Within their first-borne bodies hath inclos'd,  
 To be in time by Nature's hand dispos'd:  
 Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)  
 Haue giu'n to things Heav'n-pointed form and stature,  
 Hastned their growth, or wakened learnedly  
 The forms that formless in the Lump did ly.

But (to conclude) I think 't was no conceipt,  
 No fained Idoll, nor no iuggling sleight,  
 Nor body borrowed for this vses sake,  
 But the self Serpent which the Lord did make  
 In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed  
 Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.

Yet, 't is a doubt whether the Diuell did  
 Gouern the Dragon (not there self-ly hid)  
 To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,  
 Locally absent, present by effect:  
 As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,  
 Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like,  
 Nay, the same note, through secret sympathy  
 (Vntoucht) receiuing life and Harmony:  
 Or, as a star, which (though far distant) pours,  
 Vpon our heads, hap-les or happy shows.

Or, whether for a time he did abide,  
 Within the doubling Serpents damask hide,  
 Holding a place-les place: as our soule deer,  
 Through the dim lanthorn of our flesh, shines cleer;  
 And bound-les bounds it self in so streight space,  
 As form in body, not as body in place.

But this stands sure, how-euer else it went,  
 Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satans instrument



Conclusion of  
the former opi-  
nions.

A comparison.

To charm in *Eden* with a strong illusion  
Our silly Grandam to her self's confusion.  
For, as an old, rude, rotten, white-lés Kit,  
*If famous Dowland daign to finger it,*  
Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute  
In the gross handling of a clownish Brute:  
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand  
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,  
This self-dum Creatures glozing Rhetorikel  
With bashfull shame great Orátors would strike.  
So, Faery Trunks within *Epyrus* Groue  
Mov'd by the spirit that was inspir'd by *Ioue*,  
With fluent voyce (to every one that seeks)  
Fore-tell the Fates of light-beleeuing Greeks:  
So all incens'd, the pale *Engastromith*  
(Rul'd by the furious spirit hee's haunted with)  
Speakes in his womb; So well a workmans skill  
Supplies the want of any organ ill:  
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting vp his thought  
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue distraught  
Strange Oracles, and his sick spirit doth plead  
Euen of those Arts that he did neuer read.

The sundry sut-  
tle and horrible  
endeuours of the  
diuell, putting on  
diuers forms to  
ouerthrowe  
Man-kinde.

O ruth-les murderer of immortall soules!  
Alas! to pull vs from the happy Poles;  
And plunge vs headlong in thy yawning hell;  
Thy cease-les frauds and fetches who can tell?

Thou play'st the Lion, when thou doost ingage  
Bloud-thirsty *Nero's* barbarous heart with rage,  
While flesht in murders (butcher-like) he paints  
The Saint-poor world with the deer bloud of Saints.

Thou play'st the Dog, when by the mouth profane  
Of som false Prophet thou doost belch thy bane,  
While from the Pulpit barkingly herings  
Bold blasphemies against the King of kings.  
Thou play'st the Swine, when plung'd in pleasures vile,  
Som Epicure doth sober mindes defile,  
Transforming lewdly, by his loose impiety,  
Strict *Lacedamon* to a soft society.

Thou

Thou play'st the Nightingale, or else the Swan,  
When any famous Rhetorician,  
With captious wit and curious language, draws  
Seduced hearers; and subverts the laws.

Thou plaist the Fox, when thou dost fain a-right  
The face and phrase of som deep Hypocrite,  
True painted Toomb, dead-seeming coals, but quick;  
A Scorpion fell, whose hidden tail doth prick.

Yet, this were little, if thy spight audacious,  
Spar'd (at the least) the face of Angels gracious,  
And if thou didst not (Ape-like) imitate  
Th' Almightyes works, the wariest Wits to mate.

But (without numbring all thy suttile baits,  
And nimble iuggling with a thousand sleights)  
Timely returning where I first digrest,  
I'll onely heere thy first DECEIPT digest.

The Dragon then, Mans Fortrefe to surprife,  
Follows som Captains martiall policies,  
Who, yer too neer an Aduerfe place he pitch,  
The situation marks, and sounds the ditch,  
With his eys leuell the steep wall he metes,  
Surueis the flanks, his Camp in order sets;  
And then approaching, batters fore the side  
Which Art and Nature haue least fortifi'd:  
So this old Souldier, hauing marked rife  
The first-born payrs yet danger-dreadles life;  
Mounting his Canons, suttly he assaults  
The part he finds in euident defaults:  
Namely, poor Woman, wauering, weake, vnwise,  
Light, credulous, news-louer giuen to lies.

*Ene*, Second honour of this Vniuerse!  
Is't true (I pray) that icalous God, peruerse,  
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race,  
All the fair Fruits these siluer Brooks imbrace;  
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you possest,  
And day and night by your own labour drest?

With th' ayr of these sweet words, the wily Snake  
A poysoned ayr inspired (as it spake)

*The Poet resu-  
meth his Dis-  
course, touching  
the Temptation  
of Eue.*

*Comparison.*

*Sathans Oration*



*Eues Answer.*

In *Eues* frail brest; who thus replies: O I knowe  
 What e'r thou be (but thy kinde care doth shoue  
 A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs  
 In this earths-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,  
 Except alnethat goodly fruit diuine,  
 Which in the midst of this green ground doth shine;  
 But, all-good God (alas! I wote not why)  
 Forbad vs touch that Tree, on paine to dy.  
 She ceast: already brooding in her heart  
 A curious wish, that will her weal subuert.

*A fit comparison*

As a false Louer that thick snares hath laid,  
 T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,  
 When she (though little) listning ear affords  
 To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,  
 Feels som allwaging of his freezing flame,  
 And sooths himselfe with hope, to gain his game;  
 And rapt with ioy, vpon this point persists,  
 That parleing Citie neuer long resists:  
 Euen so the Serpent, that doth counterfet  
 A guilefull Call t' allure vs to his net;  
 Perceiuing *Eue* his flattering gloze digest,  
 He prosecutes, and iocund, doth not rest,  
 Till he haue try'd, foot, hand, and head, and all,  
 Vpon the Breach of this new-battered wall.

*The Devils reply*

No, fair (quoth he) beleue not, that the care  
 God hath, mankinde from spoyling death to spare,  
 Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)  
 This purest, fairest, rarest Fruits fruition:  
 A doubtfull fear, an enuie, and a hate,  
 His iealous heart for euer cruciate;  
 Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree  
 Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy,  
 Which dims your eys; and further, make you seem  
 (Excelling vs) euen equall Gods to him.  
 O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,  
 Reach, reach (I say) why dost thou stop or stand?  
 Begin thy Bhfs, and do not fear the threat  
 Of an vncertain God-head, onely great,

*His audacious  
impudency.*

Through

Through self-aw'd zeal : put on the glistring Pall  
Of immortality : do not fore-stall  
(As envious stepdame) thy posteritie  
The souerain honour of *Divinitie*.

This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,  
Who only yet did heart and ey abandon  
Against the Lord ; now farther doth proceed,  
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.

A nouice Theef ; that in a Closet spies  
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies ;  
Pale, fearfull, shiuering, twice or thrice extends,  
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,  
And yet again returns ; the booty takes,  
And faintly-bold, vp in his cloak it makes,  
Scarce findes the doore, with faultring foot he flies,  
And still looks back for fear of *Hu-ma-n* cries :  
Euen so doth *Eue* shew by like fear-full fashions  
The doubtfull combat of contending Passions ;  
She would, she would not ; glad, sad ; coms, and goes :  
And long she marts about a Match of Woes :  
But (out alas ! ) at last she toucheth it,  
And (hauing toucht) tastes the *forbidden bit*.

Then as a man that from a lofty Clift,  
Or steepy Mountain, doth descend too swift,  
Stumbling at somewhat, quickly clips som lim  
Of som deer kinsman walking next to him,  
And by his headlong fall, so brings his friend  
To an vntimely, sad, and suddain end ;  
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouse anon  
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron*.  
For, to the wisht Fruits beautifull aspect,  
Sweet *Nectar*-taste, and wonderfull effect,  
Cunningly adding her quaint smiling glances,  
Her witty speech, and pretty countenances,  
She so preuails, that her blind Lord at last,  
A morsell of the sharp-sweet fruit doth taste.

Now suddainly wide-open feel they might  
(Siel'd for their good) both soules and bodies sight ;

*The Apostasie  
of Eue.*

*A Comparison.*

*Another compa-  
rison lively ex-  
pressing the Fall  
of Man, by the  
prouocation of  
his wife.*



*The effects of  
their disobedience.*

But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,  
And sacred Image that did honour Her:  
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow  
To see it naked, is inforç't to borrow  
The Trees broad leaues, whereof they aprons frame,  
From Heav'ns faire ey to hide their filthy shame.

Alas, fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer  
The knowledge is that you haue bought so deer:  
In heav'nly things yee are more blinde then Moats,  
In earthly Owls. O! think ye (silly soules)  
The sight that swiftly through th'earth's solid centres  
(As globes of pure transparent crysall) enters  
Cannot transpearce your leaves? or do ye ween,  
Covering your shame so to conceal your sin?  
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie  
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing ey?

Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence  
Had of his fault but a confused sense:  
As in a dream, after much drink it chanches,  
Disturbed spirits are vext with rauing fancies.

*The extraordinary  
presence of  
God, awakes  
their drowse  
soules swallowed  
up of Sinne: and  
begins to ar-  
raign them.*

Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair,  
Mouing betimes I wot not I what ay,  
But supernaturall; whose breath diuine  
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:  
Awakes their *Lethargie*, and to the quick,  
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and prick:  
Now more and more making their pride to fear  
The frowning visage of their Iudge severe:  
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors  
Among the dark shade of those rusting arbors.

Adam, quoth God (with thundring maiesty)  
Where art thou (wretch!) what doost thou? answer me  
Thy God and Father, from whose hand, thy health  
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of weakh.

*Description of  
the horrible ef-  
fects of a guilty  
Conscience, sum-  
moned to the  
presence of God.*

At this sad summons, wo full man resembles  
A bearded rush that in a river trembles:  
His rosie cheeks are chang'd to earthen hew;  
His dying body drops an ycie dew;

His

His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of clouds bedims;  
About his ears, a buzzing horror swims;  
His fainted knees, with feeblenes are humble;  
His faultring feet do slide away and stumble:  
He hath not (now) his free, bold, stately port;  
But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort;  
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* rest;  
He feel's his senses pain'd, his soule opprest:  
A confus'd hoast of violent passions iarr;  
His flesh and spirit are in continuall warre:  
And now no more (through conscience of his error)  
He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror:  
And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught)  
Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault.

O Lord! thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made  
Me fearfull hide me in this couert shade,  
For, naked as I am (O most of might!)  
I dare not come before thine awfull sight.

*Adams answer.*

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-les renegade,  
Apostate Pagan!) who hath told thee that?  
Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus to run  
From shade to shade, my presence still to shun?  
Hast thou not tasted of the learned Tree,  
Whereof (on pain of death) I warn'd thee?

*God vrgeth the  
cause of his deie-  
ction and feare.*

O righteous God (quoth *Adam*) I am free  
From this offence: the wife thou gav'st me,  
For my companion and my comforter,  
She made me eat that deadly meat with her.

*Adams reply,  
excusing himself  
and covertly im-  
puting his Guile  
to God.*

And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous Bride,  
Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc't thy Guide?

*Examination of  
Eve, who excu-  
seth her selfe  
likewise on ano-  
ther.*

Lord (answers *Eve*) the Serpent did incite  
My simple frailty, to this sinfull vice.

*An example for  
Iudges & Ma-  
gistrates.*

Mark heer, how He, who fears not who reform  
His high Decrees, not subiect vnto form,  
Or stile of Court: who, all-wise, hath no need  
T' examine proof or witnes of the deed:  
Who, for sustayning of vnequall Scale,  
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercuriall*;



Yer Sentence pass, doth publicly conuent,  
Confront, and heer with ear indifferent  
Th' Offenders sad: then with iust indignation,  
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.

*The Sentence of  
the supreme  
Iudge against  
the guilty Pri-  
soners: and first  
of all against the  
Serpent.*

Ah cursed Serpent, which my fingers made  
To serue mankind: th' hast made thy selfe a blade  
Wherein vain Man and his inueigled wife  
(Self-parricids) haue rest their proper life.  
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)  
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures still.  
Groueling in dust, of dust thou ay shalt feed:  
I'll kindle war between the Womans seed,  
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding  
Thine: thine again hers in the heel shall sting.

*Against the  
Woman.*

Rebel to me, vnto thy kindred curst,  
False to thy husband, to thy self the worst:  
Hope not, thy fruit so easily to bring forth  
As now thou say'st it: hence-forth, every Birth  
Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;  
Each artire, sinew, muscle, ioynt and vein,  
Shall feel his part: besides soul vomitings,  
Prodigious longings, thought-full languishings,  
With change of colours, sweats, and many others,  
Eternall fellows of all future mothers:  
Vnder his yoke, thy husband thee shall haue,  
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants slave.

*Against Man.*

And thou disloyall, which hast harkned more  
To a wanton fondling then my sacred lore:  
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow:  
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:  
Ne'r shalt thou send into thy branchie vains  
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains:  
For, the earth feeling (euen in her) th' effect  
Of the doom thundred 'gainst thy foul defect,  
In stead of sweet fruits which she selfe yeelds,  
Seed-less, and Art-less ouer all thy fields,  
With thorns and burs shall bristle v'p her breast:  
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,

Till ruth-les Death by his extreamest pain:  
Thy dust-born body turn to dust again.

Heer I conceiue, that flesh and bloud will brangle,  
And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wrangle,  
Who did our parents with *Free-will* induc;  
Though he fore-saw, that that would be the clew  
Should lead their steps into the wofull way  
Where life is death ten thousand times a day:  
Now all, that he fore-sees, befalls: and further,  
Hee all euent by his free powr doth order:  
Man taxeth God of too-vniust seuerity,  
For plaguing *Adams* sin in his posterity:  
So that th' old years renewed generations  
Cannot assuage his venging indignations,  
Which haue no other ground to prosecute,  
But the mis-eating of a certain fruit.

O dusty worming! dar'st thou strue and stand  
With Heav'ns high Monarch: wilt thou (wretch) demand  
Count of his deeds? Ah! shall the Potter make  
His clay, such fashion, as him list, to take:  
And shall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Father),  
Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather?  
The supream King, who (Iudge of greatest Kings),  
By number, weight and measure, acts all things,  
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Iustice, patron strong,  
Law's life, Right's rule, will he do any wrong?

Man, holdest thou of God thy frant *Free-will*,  
But free t' obey his sacred goodnes still;  
Freely to follow him, and do his best,  
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Envy*'s prest?  
God arms thee with discouise: but thou (O wretch!)  
By the keen edge the wound: thou worst doest catch;  
Killing thy self, and in thy loyns thy line.  
O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine)  
All Heav'ns pure flows thou turnest into poyson:  
Thy sense reaues sense: thy reason robs thy reason.  
For, thou complainest of Gods grace, whose still  
Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill;

Obiection to excuse the Sinne of Man.

Answers to the first obiection.



Three v unexpected goods; prayse for his Name;  
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endles-shame:

Sith, but for sin, *Injustice* and *Mercy* were  
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,  
CHRIST had not com to conquer and to quell,  
Vpon the Crose Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell:  
Making thee blessed more since thine offence,  
Then in thy primer happy innocence.

Then, might'st thou dy; now, death thou doost not doubt:  
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:  
In earth, thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:  
Then, thou didst hear Gods word; it, now thou seest:  
Then, pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:  
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.

Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed so light,  
As seems to Reason's sin-beard Owlie sight:  
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sinns  
Were one in other linked fast, as Twins:  
Ingratitude, pride, treason, gluttony,  
Too-curious skill-thin'st, envy, felony,  
Too-light, too-late beleeft, were the sweet baits  
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy straights.

What would'st thou (Father) say vnto a Son  
Of perfect age, to whom for portion  
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest)  
All thy possessions in the earth thou givest:  
And yet th' vngratefull, grace-lesse, insolent,  
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?  
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;  
By Gods own hand made with great maiesty,  
Not poor, nor pined; but at whose command  
The rich abundance of the world doth stand:  
Not slave to sense, but having freely might  
To bridle it, and range it still aright:  
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vain opinion;  
But Gods Disciple and his deereft Minion:  
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,  
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:

So mayst thou ghes, what whip, what rope, what rack,  
What fire, were fit to punish *Adams* lack.

Then, *such* Mans sin by little and little runs  
End-les, through euery Age from Sires to Sons;  
And still the farther this foult sin-spring flowes  
It still more muddy and more filthy growes:  
Thou ought'st not marvail, if (euen yet) his feed  
Feel the iust wages of this wicked deed.

For, though the keen sting of concupiscence  
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;  
The vnborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,  
Is Sorrow's seruant, and Sin's servile groom,  
As a frail Mote from the first Mats extract,  
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.  
Sound off-spring coms not of a Kinde infected:  
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:  
And a defiled stinking sink doth yeeld  
More durt then water, to the neighbour field.

While nights black muffler hoodeth vp the skies,  
The silly blind-man misleth not his eyes:  
But when the day summons to work again,  
His night, eternall then he doth complain,  
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)  
Is faine to guide his foot, and guard his face:  
So man, that liueth in the wombs obscurity,  
Knowes not; nor maketh knowen his lusts impurity:  
Which, for't is sown in a too-plentious ground,  
Takes root already in the Caues profound  
Of his infected Hart: with's birth, it peers,  
And growes in strength, as he doth growe in years;  
And waxt a Tree (though proyn'd with thousand cares)  
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.

Thou seest, no wheat *Helleborus* can bring:  
Nor barley, from the madding Morrell spring:  
Nor, bleating Lambs braue Lyons doe not breed:  
The leprous Parents, raise a leprous seed:  
Euen so our Grand-sire, living Innocent,  
Had stockt the whole World with a Saint-descent:

*Answers to the  
second obiection.*

1

*Simile.*

2

*Simile.*

3

But:



But suffering sin in EDEN him invade,  
His sons, the sons of Sin and Wrath he made.  
For, God did seem t' indow, with glory and grace,  
Not the first Man so much, as all mans race:  
And after reauce again those gifts diuine,  
Not him so much, as in him all his line.

*Simile.*

For, if an odious Traytour that conspires,  
Against a Prince, or to his state aspires,  
Feel not alone the laws extremity;  
But his sons sons (although sometimes they be  
Honest and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,  
Are hap-les scarr'd with an eternall shame:  
May not th' Eternall, with a righteous terror,  
In Adams issue punish Adams error?  
May he not thrall them vnder Deaths command,  
And sear their brows with euerlasting brand  
Of infamy, who in his stock (accurst)  
Haue graft worse slips then Adam set at first?

*Conclusion of the  
former Disputa-  
tions, and exe-  
cution of Gods  
Decree against  
Adam & Eue:  
They are driven  
out of Eden.*

Mans seed then iustly, by succession,  
Bears the hard penance of his high transgression:  
And Adam heer, from Eden banished,  
As first offender is first punished.  
Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accursed race)  
Out of my Garden: quick, auoyd the place,  
This beautilous place, pride of this Vniuersc,  
A house vnworthy Masters so peruerse.

*Simile.*

Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of Stronges,  
And iust reuenge of Queen, and Countries wrongs)  
Were witnesses to all the wofull plaints,  
The sighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,  
Of brauing Spaniards (chiefly braue in word)  
When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword  
Of Mars-like ESSEX, Englands Marshall-Earl  
(Then Albions Patron, and Eliza's Pearl)  
They were expulst from Cad'z, their deereest pleasure,  
Losing their Town, their honour, and their treasure:  
Wo worth (said they) wo worth our Kings ambition;  
Wo worth our Cleargy, and their Inquisition:

## The Furies.

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He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old;  
They burne for conscience, but their thirst is gold:  
Woe, and alas, wo to the vain brauados  
Of Typhon-like invincible ARMADOS,  
Which like the vaunting Monster-man of Gath,  
Have stirr'd against vs little Davids wrath:  
Wo-worth our sins: wo-worth our selves, and all  
Accursed causes of our suddain fall;  
Those well may ghefs the bitter agonies,  
And luke-warm Rivers gulshing down the eyes  
Of our first Parents, out of Eden driv'n  
(Of Repeal hope-les) by the hand of Heav'n;  
For, the Almighty set before the dore  
Of th' holy Park, a Seraphin that bore  
A waving sword, whose body shined bright,  
Like flaming Comet in the midst of night;  
A body meerly Metaphysicall,  
Which (differing little from th' ONE vnica'll,  
Th' *Act-simply-pure*, the only-beeing BEEING)  
Approcheth matter; ne'rtheless, not being  
Of matter mixt: or rather is so made  
So meerly spirit, that not the murdering blade,  
His ioyned quanticy can part in two:  
For (pure) it cannot suffer ought, but Doe.

The earthly E-  
den shut up for  
euer from Man-  
kinde.

FINIS.





THE FVRIES.  
THE III. PART OF THE I  
DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The World's transform'd from that it was at first :  
For Adams Sin, all Creatures else accurst :  
Their Harmony dis-tuned by His iar :  
Yet all again concent, to make Him war ;  
As, th' Elements, and aboue all, the Earth :  
Three ghastly FVRIES ; Sicknes, War, and Dearth,  
A generall Muster of the Bodies Griets :  
The Soules Diseases, vnder sundry Chiefs :  
Both, full of Horror, but the later most ;  
Where vgly Vice in Vertues Mask doth boast.*

*Sn hath chan-  
ged and disfigu-  
red the face of  
the World.*

**T**His's not the World. O ! whither am I brought ?  
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,  
Which Dayes reducing, and renewing Nights,  
Renues the grief of mine afflicted Sprights ;  
This Sea I sail, this troubled Ay I slip,  
Are not *The First-Weeks* glorious Workmanship :  
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe  
Th' Eternall trimmed in so various Robe :  
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Caue,  
Of that First World the miserable Graue.

*Invocation.*

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that iustly-strange  
Iudge-turned-Father wrought 'st this wondrous change  
Change and new-mould me ; Lord, my hand assist,  
That in my Muse appear no earthly mist :

Mak

Make methine organ, giue my voyce dexterity  
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Posterity.

And, bountious Giver of each perfect gift,  
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift,  
That in each strain my rude vnready tong  
Belinely Eccho of his learned Song.  
And, hence-forth, let our holy Musick ransh  
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lanish  
(Of charming Sin the deep-inchaunting Syrens,  
The snares of vertue, valour-sofning Hyrens)  
That toucht with terrour of thine indignation,  
Presented in this wofull Alteration,  
We all may seek, by Prayer and true Repentance,  
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.

\* But, yee we farther pass, our slender Bark  
Must heer strike top-sails to a Princely Ark  
Which keeps these Straights: He hails vs threatfully,  
Star-boord our helm; Com vnderneath his Lee.  
Ho, Whence your Bark? Of Zeal-land: Whither bound?  
For Vertues Cape: What lading? Hope. This Sound  
You should not pass; saue that your voyage tends  
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.  
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign vs then (we pray)  
Some skilfull Pylot through this FVRIORS Bay;  
Or, in this Chanell, sith we are to learn,  
Vouchsafe to togh vs at your Royall Stern.

YET THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-base)  
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,  
This mighty World did seem an Instrument  
True-strung, well tun'd, and handled excellent,  
Whose symphony resounded sweetly-shrill  
Th' Almightyes praise, who play'd vpon it still.  
While man serv'd God, the World serv'd him, the Iyue  
And liue-les creatures seemed all to strue  
To nurse this league; and louing zealously  
These two deer Heads, embraced mutually:  
In sweet accord, the base with high reioyc't,  
The hot with cold, the solid with the moist;

\* The Trallsa-  
tor heer hubly  
vaileth-bonnet  
to the Kings  
Maiesty; who  
many yeers  
since (for his  
Princely exer-  
cise) translated  
these FV-  
RIES, the  
VRANIA,  
and some o-  
ther Pieces of  
Du BAR-  
TAS.

Happy estate of  
the World, before  
Sin; set forth  
by a Similitude.

And



And innocent *Astrea* did combine  
All with the masticke of a Loue diuine.

*The Sympathy  
yet appearing  
between certain  
Creatures, is but  
as a litle shadow  
of the perfect v-  
nion which was  
among all Crea-  
tures, before  
Mans Fall.*

For, th' hidden loue that now-adayes doth holde  
The Steel and Load-stone, *Hydrargire* and Golde,  
Th' Amber and straw; that lodgeth in one shell  
*Pearl-fish* and *Sharpling*: and vnites so well  
*Sargons* and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Rush*,  
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Oline* and *Myrtle-bush*,  
Is but a spark or shadow of that Loue  
Which at the first in every thing did moue,  
When as th' Earth's *Muses* with harmonious sound  
To Heav'ns sweet *Musick* humbly did resound.  
But *Adam*, being chief of all the strings  
Of this large Lute, o're-retched, quickly brings  
All out of tune: and now for melody  
Of warbling Charms, it yels so hideously,  
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils  
To raise again th' old *Chaos* antik broils:

*Of the Discord  
that Sinne hath  
brought among  
all things.*

Heav'n, that still smiling on his Paramour,  
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,  
Now with his hail, his rain, his frost and heat,  
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat,  
And hoars her head with Snowes, and (ielous) dashes  
Against her brows his fiery lightning flashes:

*Sundry notable  
Antipathies.*

On th' other side, the fullen, enuious Earth  
From blackest Cels of her foul brest sends forth  
A thousand foggy fumes, which every where  
With cloudy mists Heav'ns crysell front besmear.

Since that, the Woolf the trembling Sheep pursues;  
The crowing Cock, the Lion stout eschews:  
The Fullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,  
The Mastie's mure at the *Hyenas* sight:  
Yea (who would think it?) these fell enmities  
Rage in the sense-less trunks of Plants and Trees:  
The *Vine*, the *Cole*, the *Cole-wort* *Swines-bread* dreads,  
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*,  
The *Oline* and the *Oak* participate,  
Euen to their earth, signes of their auncient hate,

Whic

Which suffers not (ô date-less discord!) th'one  
Live in that ground where th'other first hath growen.  
O strange instinct! O deep immortall rage,  
Whose fiery fewd no *Lathè* flood can swage!

So, at the sound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder  
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in sunder:  
So, that fell Monsters twisted entrails cuts  
(By secret powr) the poor Lambs twined guts,  
Which (after death) in speed of bleating mute,  
Are taught to speak vpon an Ivory Lute:  
And so the Princely Eagles ravening plumes  
The feathers of all other Fowls consumes.

The *First-mov'd Heav'n* (in't selfe it self still stirring)  
Rapt with his course (quicker then windes swift whirring)  
All th'other Sphears, and to *Alcides* Spyres  
From *Alexanders* Altars driues their Fires:  
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heer beneath,  
Erring draws all into the paths of death;  
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pylot rash,  
Against the rock of Heav'ns iust wrath doth dash  
The Worlds great Vessell, sayling yerst at ease,  
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet Seas.

For (yer his fall) which way so e'r he rowl'd  
His wondering eyes God every-where behold;  
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Ayr,  
He sees, and feels, and findes him every-where.  
The World was like a large and sumptuous Shop  
Where God his goodly treasures did vnwrap:  
Or Crystall glasse most liuely representing  
His sacred Goodnes, every-where frequenting.

But, since his sin, the wofull wretch findes none  
Herb, garden, groue, field, fountain, stream or stone,  
Beast, mountain, valley, sea-gate, shoar, or haven,  
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:  
In brief, the whole scope this round Centre hath,  
Is a true store-house of Heav'ns righteous wrath.

Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,  
Findes his yerst-subiects 'gainst himselfe insulting:

*The estate of  
Man before Sin.*

*His estate after  
Sinne.*

*All creatures frō  
the highest to the  
lowest, enemies  
to Man.*



The tumbling Sea, the Ayre with tempests driven,  
Thorn-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n  
(As from the oath of their allegiance free)  
Revenge on him th'Almighties iniury.

*The Heavens,  
with all therein.*

The Starrs coniu'r'd, through envious Influence,  
By secret Hang-men punish his offence:

The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-him,  
Th'Air with vnlookt-for suddain changes checks-him,  
With fogs and frosts, hails, snowes, and sulph'ry thunders;  
Blastings, and storms, and more prodigious wonders.

*At the Elements.*

*Fire.*

*Aire.*

Fire, fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited;

Or by mischance in some rich building lighted,  
Or from some Mountains burning bowels throw'n,  
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumie stone,  
With sparkling fury spreads, and in fewe hours  
The labour of a thousand years devours.

*Sea.*

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,  
Vsurps his heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

*Earth.*

The griev'd Earth, to ease her (as it seems)

Of such profane accursed weight, sometimes  
Swallows whole Countries, and the aireietops  
Of Prince-proud towrs in her black womb she wraps.

*Earth brings  
forth weeds.*

And in despite of him: abhord and hateful  
She many waies proues barren and ingratefull:  
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel  
To burn-grain Thistle; and to vapourie Darnel,  
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares,  
Short recompence for all our costly cares.

*Venemous  
plants.*

Yet this were little, if the more malicious,  
Fell stepdame, brought vs not Plants more pernicious:

As, fable *Henbane*; *Morell*, making mad:  
Cold poysoning *Poppie*, itching, drowfie, sad:

The stifning *Carpese*, th'eyes-foe *Hemlock* stinking,  
Limb-numming belching: and the sinew-shrinking  
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*

(Which in our vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)

The dropsie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Pysly*  
(Heer called *Flea-Wurt*) *Colchis* banefull Lilly,

(With

(With vs *Wild-Saffron*) blistring byting fell:  
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to swell:  
Blood-boyling *Yew*, and colliue *Misseltoe*:  
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many mo  
Such fatall plants; whose fruit, seed, sap, or root,  
T'vntimely Graue doe bring our heed-les foot.

Besides, she knowes, we brutish value more,  
Then Liues or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:  
That *Avarice* our bound-les thought still vexes:  
Therefore among her wreakfull baits she mixes  
*Quick-silver*, *Lithargie* and *Orpiment*,  
Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:  
So that sometimes; for Body, and for Minde,  
Torture and torment, in one Minewe finde.

What resteth more? the Masters skilfull most,  
With gentle gales driv'n to the wished Coast,  
Nor with les labour guide their winged wayns  
On th'azure fore-head of the liquid plains:  
Nor crafty Luggers, can more easily make  
Their self-liv'd Puppets (for their luces sake)  
To skip, and scud, and play, and prate, and prauince,  
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce:  
Then happy we did rule the scaly Legions  
That dumbly dwell in stormy water-Regions;  
Then fettered fingers, and the stubborn droues  
That haunt the Desarts and the shady Groves:  
At every word they trembled then for aw,  
And every wink then serv'd them as a law,  
And always bent all duty to obserue-vs,  
Without command, stood ready still to serue-vs.

But now (alas!) through our fond Parents fall,  
They (of our slaues) are grown our tyrants all.  
Wend we by Sea? the dread *Leuiathan*  
Turns vpside-down the boyling Ocean,  
And on the suddain sadly doth intoomb  
Our floating Castle in deep *Thetis* womb;  
Yerft in the welkin like an Eagle towring,  
And on the water like a Dolphin scowring.

T 2

Poyson hidden  
among the Me-  
tals.

The excellency  
of Mans Domi-  
nion ouer the  
Creatures before  
his Fall.

The Creatures  
now becomn Ty-  
rants and Tray-  
tors to H. m.,  
whose slaues and  
servants they  
were before Sin.

Walk



Walk we by Land? how many loathsom swarms  
 Of speckled poysons, with pestiferous arms,  
 In every corner in close Ambush lurk  
 With secret bands our sodain banes to work?  
 Besides, the Lion and the Leopard,  
 Boar, Bear, and Wolfe to death pursue vs hard;  
 And, ielous vengers of the wrongs divine,  
 In peeces pull their Soverains sinfull line.  
 The huge thick Forrests haue nor bush nor brake  
 But hides som Hang-man our loath'd life to take:  
 In every hedge and ditch both day and night  
 We fear our death, of every lease affright.  
 Rest we at home? the Mastie fierce in force,  
 Th'vntamed Bull, the hot courageous Horse,  
 With teeth, with horns, and hooues besiege vs round,  
 As griev'd to see such tyrants tread the ground:  
 And ther's no Fly so small but now dares bring  
 Her little wrath against her *quondam* King.

*An admirable  
 description of  
 Mans miserable  
 Punishments,  
 tortured by him-  
 selfe.*

What hideous sights? what horror-boading shoves?  
 Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?  
 O! am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*?  
*Alecto*, sad *Meger* and *Tesiphon*?  
 What spels haue charm'd ye from your dreadfull den  
 Of darkest Hell? Monsters abhord of men,  
 O Nights black daughtes, grim-fac't *Furies* sad,  
 Stern *Plutos* Posts, what make ye heer so mad?  
 O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,  
 Besides your goaring wounds and ghastly horrors?  
 So soon as God from *Eden* *Adam* draue,  
 To liue in this Earth (rather in this Graue,  
 Where raign a thousand deaths) he summon'd vp  
 With thundering call the damned Crew, that sup  
 Of Sulphury *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,  
 Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.

Come snake-trest Sisters, com ye dismall *Elves*,  
 Cease now to curse and cruciate your selues:  
 Com, leaue the horror of your houses pale,  
 Com, parbreak heer your foul, black, banefull gall:

Let lack of work no more from hence forth fear-you,  
Man by his sin a hundred hells doth rear-you.

This eccho madewhole hell to tremble troubled,  
The drowfie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,  
And suddainly *Auernus* Gulf did swim  
With Rozin, Pitch, and Brimstoneto the brim,  
And th'vgly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fel,  
*Hydraes* and *Harpies* gan to yawn and yel.

As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,  
Striuing for issue with strange murmurs loud,  
Like Guns astuns, with round-round-rumbling thunder  
Filling the Ayr with noyse, the Earth with wonder:  
So the three Sisters, the three hideous *Rages*,  
Raife thousand storms, leaving th'infernal stages.

Al-ready all rowle on their steely Cars  
On th'ever-shaking nine-fold steely bars  
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Caue  
They iumble, tumble, rumble, rage and raue.  
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*  
Which on one body, beareth (monstrous)  
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounse, Bear, and Bull,  
Wolf, Lion, Horse (of strength and stomach full)  
Lifting his lungs, he hisses, barks, and brays,  
He howls, he yels, he bellows, roars, and neighs:  
Such a black Sant, such a confused sound  
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.

Hauing attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,  
With swifter course then *Boreas* nimble flight,  
All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,  
Who most may torture his detested life.

Heer first coms *DEARTH*, the liuely form of Death,  
Still yawning wide, with loathsom stinking breath,  
With hollow eyes, with meager cheeks and chin,  
With sharp lean bones pearcing her sable skin:  
Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd  
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:  
She hath no belly, but the bellies feat,  
Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great:

T 3

Insatiate

*The FURIES*  
with their furni-  
ture and traine,  
representing the  
Horror of Sinnes:  
and the cursed  
estate of an euill  
conscience.

1. Description of  
*Famine* with her  
traine.



Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,  
 Almost all creatures in the World would waste;  
 Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,  
 Seeks meat in meat. For, still her monstrous maw  
 Voyds in deuouring, and sometimes she eats  
 Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats:  
 Nay more, sometimes (ô strangest gluttony!)  
 She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie;  
 Lessening her self, her selfe so to enlarge:  
 And cruell thus she doth our Grand-fire charge;  
 And brings besides from *Limbo*, to assist her,  
*Rage, Feebienes, and Thirst* her ruth-les sister.

2. Of Warre and  
 her traine.

Next marcheth WARRE, the mistress of enormity,  
 Mother of mischief, monster of Deformity;  
 Laws, Manners, Arts, shee breaks, she mars, she chaces:  
 Blood, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns, and razes:  
 Her brazen feet shake all the Earth a-sunder,  
 Her mouth's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,  
 Her looks are lightnings, every glaunce a flash:  
 Her fingers guns, that all to powder pass.  
*Fear and Despair, Flight and Disorder*, coast  
 With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:  
*As, Burning, Waste, Rape, Wrong, Impiety,*  
*Rage, Ruine, Discord, Horror, Cruelty,*  
*Sack, Sacriledge, Impunity, and Pride,*  
 Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side:  
 And *Pouerty, Sorrow, and Desolation*,  
 Follow her Armies bloody transmigration.

3. Sicknes exact-  
 ly described with  
 all her partakers  
 and dependers.

Heer's th' other FVRIE (or my iudgement fails)  
 Which furiously mans wofull life assails:  
 With thousand Cannons, sooner felt then seen,  
 Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly teen:  
 Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,  
 Cold-burning, blistered, melancholik, sad,  
 Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,  
 Which from vs creeps, but to vs gallopeth:  
 Foul, trouble-rest, fantastik, greedy-gut,  
 Blood-sweating, hearts-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,

The Childe of surfeit, and Ayrs-tempervicious,  
Perillous knowen, but vnknown most pernicious.

Th'inammeld meads, in Sommer cannot shoue  
More Grashoppers aboue, nor Frogs belowe,  
Then hellish murmurs heer about doering:

Nor never did the prety little King  
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day  
Lead to the field in orderly array  
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)  
The first foundations of his waxen City;  
Then this fierce Monster musters in her train  
Fel Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.

Lo, first a rough and furious Regiment  
T'assault the Fort of *Adams* head is sent,  
*Reasons* best Bulwark and the holy Cell  
Wherein the soules most sacred powers dwell.

A King, that ayms his neighbours Crown to win,  
Before the bruit of open wars begin,  
Corrupts his Counsaile with rich recompences;  
For, in good Counsaile stands the strength of Princes:  
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, lends  
*Manie*, and *Phrenzic* to suborne her friends:

Whereof, th'one drying, th'other over-warming  
The feeble brain (the edge of iudgement harming)

Within the Soule fantastikly they faine  
A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimeras* vain,

The *Keros*, th' *Apoplexie*, and *Lethargie*

As forlorn hope, assault the enemy

On the same side; but yet with weapons others:

For, they freez-vp the brain and all his brothers;

Making a liue man like a liue-less carcass,

Sauē that again he scapeth from the *Parcas*.

And now the *Palsie*, and the *Cramp* dispose

Their angry darts; this bindes, and that doth lose

Mans feeble sinews, shutting vp the way

Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.

Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight  
His suddain foe, his ground doth trauele light,

Innumerable  
kinds of diseases.

The first Regiment  
sent to assault the Head,  
Man's chiefest  
Fortresse.  
Smile.

A similitude of  
the effects and



endeavors of sick-  
ness.

Thrusts, wards, auoids and best advantage spies,  
At last (to daze his Riuals sparkling eyes)  
He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,  
In crimsin streams he makes him strain his life:  
So SICKNES, *Adam* to subdue the better  
(Whom thousand Gyues al-ready fastly fetter)  
Brings to the field the faith-les *Ophthalmie*  
With scalding blood to blind her enemy,  
Daring a thousand thrusts; then she is backt  
Byth' *Amasrose* and cloudy *Cataract*,  
That (gathering-vp gross humors inwardly  
In th' *Optike* sinnew) clean puts out the ey:  
This other, caseth in an enuious caul  
The Crystall humour shining in the ball.

This past: in-steps that insolent insulter;  
The cruell *Quincy*, leaping like a Vulture  
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weasand swelling  
Among the muscles, through thick bloods congealing;  
Leauing him onely this Essay, for signe  
Of's might and malice to his future-line:  
Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes  
Bore glorious marks of his vndaunted prowes,  
When with his hands (like steely tongs) he strangled  
His spightfull stepdams Dragons spotty-spangled:  
A proof, praesaging the tryumphant spoyle  
That he atchiv'd by his *Twelve* famous *Toyle*.

The second Regi-  
ment assaulting  
the vitall Parts.

The second Regiment with deadly darts  
Assaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:  
Al-ready th' *Asthma*, panting, breathing tough,  
With humors gross the lifting Lungs doth stuff:  
The pining *Phibisick* fills them all with pushes,  
Whence a slowe spowt of cor'lie matter gushes:  
A wasting flame the *Peripneumony*  
Within those sponges kindles cruelly:  
The spawling *Empiem*, ruth-les as the rest,  
With foul impostumes fills his hollow chest:  
The *Pleurisic* stabs him with desperate foyl  
Beneath the ribs, where scalding blood doth boyl:

Then

Then th' *Incubus* (by some suppos'd a spright)  
With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night.

Deer *Muse*, my guide; cleer truth that nought dissembles,  
Name me that Champion that with fury trembles,  
Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings  
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:

Hauiug for Aids, *Cough, Head-ache, Horror, Heat,*  
*Pulse-beating, Burning, cold-distilling-Sweat,*  
*Thirst, Yawning, Yelking, Casting, Shivering, Shaking,*  
Fantastick *Rauing*, and continuall *Akeing*,  
With many more: O! is not this the *Fury*  
We call the *Feuer*? whose inconstant fury  
Transforms her after then *Vertumnus* can,  
To *Tertian, Quartan, and Quotidian*,  
And *Second* too; now posting, sometimes pawling,  
Euen as the matter, all these changes causing.  
Is rommided with motions slowe or quick  
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*.

Ah treacherous beast! needs must I knowe thee best:  
For foure whole years thou wert my poor harts guest,  
And to this day in body and in minde  
I beare the marks of thy despight vnkind:  
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft  
Of blood and marrow) through thy secret theft  
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,  
Th' *Entousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid;  
My memory (which hath been meetly good)  
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting flood;  
Whereon no sooner haue we drawn a line  
But it is canceld, leauing there no signe:  
For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost,  
My former study (almost all) is lost,  
And oft in secret haue I blushed at  
Mine ignorance: like *Cornine*, who forgot  
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*  
(Learned in youth) and in his age a Dunce)  
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeuour  
My numbers still by habite haue the *Feuer*;

*The Ague with  
her train, her  
kinds, and cruell  
effects.*

*Our Poet, ha-  
uing been him-  
selfe for many  
yeers grievously  
afflicted with  
the Feuer, com-  
plaineth bitterly  
of her rude vio-  
lence.*

One-while



*The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.*

One-while with heat of heav'nly fire enscoul'd;  
Shivering anon, through faint vn-learned cold.

Now, the third Regiment with stormy flours  
Sets on the Squadron of our *Naturall Powers*,  
Which happily maintain vs (duly) both  
With needfull food, and with sufficient growth.  
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,  
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepsie*,  
And childe-great *Pica* (of predigious diet)  
In straightest stomacks rage with monstrous ryot:  
Then on the *Lyver* doth the *Jaundize* fall,  
Stopping the passage of the cholerick Gall;  
Which then, for good blood, scatters all about  
Her fiery poyson, yellowing all without:  
But the sad *Dropfie* freezeth it extream,  
Till all the blood be turned into steame.

Bur see (alas!) by far more cruell foes  
The slippery bowels thrill'd with thousand throes:  
With prisoned windes the wringing *Colick* pains-them,  
The *Black* passion with more rigour strains-them,  
Streightens their Conduits, and (detested) makes  
Mans mouth (alas!) euen like a loathsom Iakes.  
Then the *Dysentery* with fretting pains  
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed veins.  
On th'other side, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,  
Torturing the Reins with deadly tyranny,  
With heat-concreted sand-heaps strangely stop  
The burning vrine, strained drop by drop:  
As opposite, the *Diabete*, by melting  
Our bodies substance in our Vrine swelting,  
Distills vs still, as long as any matter  
Vnto the spout can send supply of water.

Vnto those parts, wherby we leaue behind-vs  
Types of our selues in after-times to mind-vs,  
There fiercely flies defectiue *Venery*,  
And the foul, feeble, fruit-less *Gonorrhè*  
(An impotence for Generations-deed,  
And lust-less Issue of th'vncocted seed)

Remorse-less

Remorse-less tyrants, that to spoyle aspire  
Babes vnconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.

The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours  
Begot of vicious indigested humours:

As Phlegmons, Osedens, Schyrrhes, Erysipiles,  
Kings-ecils, Cankers, cruell Gouts, and Byles,  
Wens, Ring-worms, Tetters: these from euery part  
With thousand pangs braue the besieged hart:  
And their blind fury, wanting force and courage  
To hurt the Fort, the champaign Country forrage.

O tyrants! sheath your feeble swords again:  
For, Death al-ready thousand-times hath slain  
Your Enemy, and yet your enuious rigour  
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure,  
And with a dull and ragged instrument  
His ioynts and skin are saw'd, and torn, and rent.  
Methinks most rightly to a coward Crew

Of *Wolues* and *Foxes* I resemble you,  
Who in a Forrest (sinding on the sand)  
The Lyon dead, that did aliuie command  
The Land about, whose aw-full Countenance  
Melted (far off) their yce-like arrogance)  
Mangle the members of their liue-less Prince,  
With feeble signes of dastard insolence.

But, with the Griets that charge our outward places,  
Shall I account the loathsome *Phthiriasis*?

O shamefull Plague! ô soul infirmitie!  
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggars be  
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin sore,  
Their itching backs sit shrugging euermore)  
To swarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,  
Nor often shift of shirts, and sheets, and bed:  
For, as in Springs, stream stream pursueth fresh,  
Swarm follows swarm, and their too fruitfull flesh  
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Deaths arrest)  
Makes of it selfe an execrable feast.

Nor may we think, that *Chance*, confusedly  
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy*:

*The fourth Regi-  
ment forrageth,  
and desaceth the  
Body outwardly.*

*Comparison.*

*The Lowzie  
Disease.*

*Diseases proper  
to certaine Cli-  
mates & Nations.*

For:



For, of her Souldiers, som (as led by reason)  
Can make their choice of *Country, Age, and Season.*  
So *Portugall* hath *Phthisiks* most of all,  
*Eber Kings-evils*; *Arné* the *Suddain-Fall*;  
*Sauoy* the *Mumps*; *West-India*, *Pox*; and *Nyle*  
The *Leprosie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*:  
After the influence of the Heav'ns all-ruling,  
Or *Countries* manners. So, soft *Child-hood* puling

To some ages of  
man.

Is wrung with *Worms*, begot of crudity,  
Are apt to *Lask* through much humidity:  
Through their salt *phlegms*, their heads are hid with *skalls*,  
Their *Limbs* with *Red-gums* and with bloody balls  
Of *Menstruall* humour which (like *Must*) within  
Their bodies boyling, buttoneth all their *Skin*.  
To bloody-*Flixes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,  
*Continuall-Feuers*, *Phrenzies*, *Phthisik-pyning*.  
And feeble *Age* is seldom-times without  
Her tedious guests, the *Palsie* and the *Gowt*,  
*Coughes*, and *Catarrhs*. And so the *Pestilence*,  
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,  
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watry-Tumour*,  
Are bred with vs of an *Autummal* humour:  
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-grief*,  
In *Vers* hot-moysture doe molest vs chief:  
The *Diarrhoea* and the *Burning-Feuer*,  
In *Sommer-season* doo their fell endeavour:  
And *Pleurisies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,  
Wear curled flakes of white celestiall plumes:  
Like sluggish Souldiers, keeping *Garrison*  
In th'ycie *Bulwarks* of the *Years* gelt *Son*.

Some Diseases  
contagious.

Som, seeming most in multitudes delighting,  
Bane one by other, not the first acquiting:  
As *Measels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leprosie*,  
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthisik-maladie*.  
And some (alas!) we leave as in succession,  
Vnto our *Children*, for a sad possession:  
Such are *Kings-evils*, *Dropsie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,  
*Blood-boyling Lepry*, and *Consumption*,

Some heredita-  
rie.

The swelling Throat-ache, th' Epilepsie sad,  
And cruell Rupture, payning too-too bad:  
For, their hid poysons after-comming harm  
Is fast combin'd vnto the Parents sperm.

But ô! what arms, what shield sha'l we oppose,  
What stratagems against those treacherous foes,  
Those trecherous griefs, that our frail Art detects  
Not by their cause, but by their sole effects?  
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation*,  
The *Falling-sicknes*, and pale *Swomning-passion*;  
The which, I wote not what strange windes long pause,  
I wot not where, I wote not how doth cause.

Or who (alas!) can scape the cruell wile  
Of those fell Pangs that *Physicks* pains beguile?  
Which beeing banisht from a body, yet  
(Vnder new names) return again to it:  
Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*  
Of the wise *Samian*, one it self transposes  
Into som worse *Griefe*; either through the kindred  
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:  
Or through their ignorance or auarice  
That doe profels *Apollos* exercise.  
So, *Melancholy* turned into *Madnes*;  
Into the *Palsie*, deep-affrighted *Sadnes*;  
Th' *Il-habitude* into the *Dropsie* chill:  
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.

In brief, poor *Adam* in this pitious case  
Is like a Stag, that long pursu'd in chase,  
Flying for succour to some neighbour wood,  
Sinks on the suddain in the yeelding mud;  
And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,  
Is over-taken by the eger Hounds:  
One bites his back, his neck another nips,  
One puls his brest, at's throat another skips,  
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,  
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;  
And last of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife  
Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.

Some not known  
by their Cause,  
but by their Ef-  
fects only.

Some by sundry  
Causes encrea-  
sing and waxing  
worse.

Comparison.

Or



Another compari-  
son.

Or like a lusty Bull, whose horned Crest  
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowsie nest,  
Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,  
And pitch their valiant bands about his hide;  
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,  
Himselfe, th'ayre, th'earth, he beateth (to no boot)  
Flying (through woods, hills, dales, and roaring rivers)  
His place of griefe, but not his painfull grievers:  
And in the end, stitche full of stings he dies,  
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.

An amplification  
of Mans mis-  
eries, compared  
with other Crea-  
tures, seldomer  
sicke: & sooner  
healed: & that  
by naturall Re-  
medies of their  
owne: hauing  
also taught Men  
many practises  
of Physike.

For, man is loaden with ten thousand languors:  
All other Creatures, onely feele the angors  
Of few Diseases: as, the gleaning Quail  
Onely the *Falling-sicknes* doth assail:  
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattel,  
*Madnes* and *Quincie* bid the Mastie battel.  
Yet each of them can naturally find  
What Simples cure the sicknes of their kind;  
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,  
But they as soon haue ready medicine.  
The Ram for Physick takes strong-scenting Rue,  
The Tortois slowe, cold *Hemlock* doth reneue:  
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Iay  
Haue th'oyle liquor of the sacred Bay.  
The sickly Bear, the *Mandrak* cures again;  
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yeane:  
But, we know nothing, till by poaring still  
On Books, we get vs a Sophistick skill;  
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still vnknown:  
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)  
Of those, that (broken with vnthankfull toyl)  
Seeks others Health, and lose their own the-while:  
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)  
That waxing rich at others cost and smart,  
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchasing promotions,  
While the Church-yards swel with their hurtfull potions;  
Who (hang-man like) fear-les, and shame-les too,  
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doo.

I speak not of the good, the wise, and learned,  
Within whose hearts Gods fear is well discerned:  
Whoto our bodies can again vnite  
Our parting soules, ready to take their flight.  
For, these I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,  
Pillars of Health, Death, and Disease repelling:  
Th'Almighties Agents; Natures Counsellors,  
And flowering Youths wise faithfull Governours,

Yet if their Arte can ease some kinde of dolours,  
They learn'd it first of Natures silent Schollers:  
For, from the Sea-Horse came Phlebotomies,  
From the wilde Goat the healing of the eys;  
From Stork, and Hearn, our Glysters laxative,  
From Bears and Lions, Diets wee deriue.

'Gainst th'onely Body, all these Champions stout  
Striue; some, within: and other some, without.  
Or, if that anyth'all-fair Soule haue stricken,  
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken  
Her Officers, and spoyle the Instruments  
Wherwith she works such wonderous presidents.

But, lo! foure Captains far more fierce and eger,  
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,  
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason  
Draw the blind Iudgement from the rule of Reason:  
Opinions issue; which (though selfe vnseen)  
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.

Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,  
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud,  
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,  
Her face with wrinkles warped every way,  
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies  
Sighes from her hart, tears from her blubbered eys;  
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming Care,  
With weeping Pity, Thought, and mad Despair  
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords;  
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Kniues, and Swords:  
Foul squinting Envy, that self-eating Elf;  
Through others leannes sitting vp her self;

Of foure Diseases of the Soule,  
vnder them comprehending all the rest.

I. Sorrow described with her company.

Toyning.



Ioying in mischief, feeding but with languor  
 And bitter tears her Toad-like swelling anger :  
 And *Ielousie* that never sleeps, for fear  
 (Suspitions Flea still nibbling in her ear)  
 That leaues repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde  
 With seeking what she would be loath to finde.

2. Ioy with her  
 Traine.

The second Captain is excessive Ioy:  
 Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*  
 Too-streight for her: whose senses all possess  
 All wished pleasures in all plentiousnes.  
 She hath in conduct false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,  
 Bold, soothing, shameless, lowd, iniurious, taunting:  
 The winged Giant lofty-staring *Pride*,  
 That in the clouds her brauing Crest doth hide:  
 And many other, like the empty bubbles  
 That rise when rain the liquid Crytall troubles.

3. Feare & her  
 Followers.

The Third, is blood-less, hart-less, wit-less *Fear*,  
 That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where:  
 She leads bleak *Terror*, and base clownish *Shame*,  
 And drowsie *Sloth*, that counterfaiteth lame,  
 With Snail-like motion measuring the ground,  
 Having her arms in willing fetters bound,  
 Foul, sluggish Drone, barren (but, sin to breed)  
 Diseased, begger, starv'd with wilfull need.

4. Desire, a most  
 violent Passion,  
 accompanied with  
 others like: as  
*Ambition*,  
*Anarice*,  
*Anger*, and  
*Foolish Love*.

And thou *Desire*, whom nor the firmament,  
 Nor ayre, nor earth, nor Ocean can content:  
 Whose looks are hooks, whose belly's bottom-less,  
 Whose hands are Gripes to scrape with greediness,  
 Thou art the Fourth: and vnder thy Command,  
 Thou bringst to field a rough vnruely Band:  
 First, secret-burning, mighty-swoln *Ambition*  
 Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition,  
 Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds suffice not,  
 Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dies not,  
 Whose hands (transported with fantastike passion)  
 Bear painted Scepters in imagination:  
 Then *Anarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters  
 And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge she ventures

Through!

Through fell *Charybdis*, and false *Syrtes* Nefse;  
The more her welth. the more her wretchednes:  
Cruel, respect-les, friend-les, faith-les Elf,  
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her self:  
Whose foule bale fingers in each dunghill poar  
(Like *Tantalus*) starv'd in the midst of store:  
Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts:  
A wel-wingd Bird that neuer lofty mounts.

Then, boyling *Wrath*, stern, cruell, swift, and rash,  
That like a Bear her teeth doth grinde and gnash:  
Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine;  
Who som-times rowles her ghaſt y-glowing ceyn,  
And som-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,  
Now bleak, then bloody in her Countenance;  
Rauing and rayling with a hideous sound,  
Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground;  
Bearing *Boccons*, fire and sword to slay,  
And murder all that for her pittie pray;  
Baning her self, to bane her Enemy;  
Disdaining Death, prouided others dy:  
Like falling Towers o'r-turned by the winde,  
That break themselves on that they vnder-grinde.  
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Loue*:

*Whom hee to paint doth little me behooue,*  
*After so many rare Apelleses*  
*As in this Age our Albion nourishes)*  
And to be short, thou doest to battail bring  
As many Souldiers gainst the Creatures King,  
(Yet not his owne) as in this life Mankind  
True every Goods, or seeming-Goods doth finde.

Now, if (but like the Lightning in the sky)  
These sudden *Passions* pass but swiftly by,  
The fear were les: but, O too oft they leaue  
Keen stings behinde in Soules that they deceiue,  
From this foul Fountain, all these poysons rise,  
*Rapes, Treasons, Murders, Incests, Sodomies,*  
*Blaspheming Bibbing, Theeuing, False-contracting,*  
*Church-chafferung, Cheating, Bribing, and Exalting.*

V

Alas!

The horrible effects of the Passions of the soule, far more dangerous then the diseases of the body.



Alas! how these (far-worse then death) *Diseases*  
 Exceed each *Sicknes* that our body seises;  
 Which makes vs open war, and by his spight  
 Giues to the Patient many a holſom light,  
 Now by the colour, or the Pulſes beating,  
 Or by ſom Fit, ſom ſharper dolor threatning;  
 Wherby, the Leach neer-gheſſing at our grief,  
 Not ſeldom finds ſure means for our relief.  
 But, for the *Ills* raigin in our Intellect  
 (Which only, them both can and ought detect)  
 They reſt vnknown, or rather ſelf-conceal'd;  
 And ſoule-ſick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.

Besides, we plainly call the *Fewer, Fever*;  
 The *Dropsie, Dropsie*: ouer-gliding neuer,  
 With guile-full flouriſh of a fained phraze,  
 The cruell Languors that our bodies craze:  
 Whereas, our fond ſelf-ſoothing Soule, thus ſick,  
 Rubs her own ſore; with glozing Rhetorik  
 Cloaking her vice; and makes the blinded Blain  
 Not fear the touch of *Reasons* Cautere vain.

The miſerable  
 corruption of  
 our Times, worſe  
 then all former  
 Ages.

And ſure, if euer filthy Vice did iet  
 In ſacred *Vertues* ſpot-leſs mantle neat,  
 'Tis in our daies, more hatefull and vn-hallow'd,  
 Then when the World the Waters wholly ſwallow'd.

Ile ſpare to ſpeak of fouleſt Sins, that ſpot  
 Th'infamous beds of men of mighty lot;  
 Leſt I the Saints chaſte tender ears offend,  
 And ſeem them more to teach, then reprehend.

All riotous Pro-  
 digality diſgui-  
 ſed with the  
 name of Libera-  
 lity.

Who bear vpon their *French*-ſick backs about,  
 Farms, Caſtles, Fees, in golden threads cut-out;  
 Whoſe lauiſh hand, at one *Primero*-reſt,  
 One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering Feaſt,  
 Sends treaſures, ſcrap't by th'*Vjury* and *Care*  
 Of miſer Parents; *Liber* all counted are.

Effeminate curi-  
 oſity & luxuri-  
 one Pride, miſ-  
 called Cleanlines.

Who, with a maiden voice, and mincing paſe,  
 Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,  
 Baſe coward-hart, and wanton ſoft array,  
 Their man-hood only by their Beard bewray

## The Furies.

275

Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Lust-greedy Goates,  
Brothel from bed to bed; whose *Siren*-notes  
Incaunt chaste *Susans*; and like hungry Kite  
Fly at all game, they *Lowers* are beheight.

Who, by false bargains, and vnlawfull measures  
Robbing the World, haue heaped kingly treasures:  
Who cheat the simple; lend for fifty fifty,  
Hundred for hundred, are esteemed *Thrifty*.

Who alwaies murder and reuenge affect,  
Whoseed on blood, who neuer doe respect  
*State, Sex, or Age*: but, in all humane lyues  
In cold blood, bathe their paricidiall knives;  
Are stiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land  
May want such valour whoseelf-cruell hand  
Fights for our foes, our proper life-blood spils,  
Our Cities sacks, and our owne Kindred kills.  
Lord, let the *Launce*, the *Gun*, the *Sword & Shield*,  
Be turn'd to tools to furrow vp the field;  
And let vs see the Spydery busie task  
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.

But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirst be such,  
If in your breasts sad *Enyon* boyl so much,  
What holds you heer? alas! what hope of crowns?  
Our fields are flocks-lesse, treasure-lesse our Towns.

Goe then, nay run, renowned *Martialists*,  
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* lists;  
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering stroak  
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoake:  
To *Portingall*, people *Galizian-Spain*,  
And graue your names on *Lysbon's* gates again.

FINIS.

*Insatiate lust  
and Beast-like  
Loofer's, surnam-  
med Loue.*

*Extream Extor-  
tion count'd  
Thrift.*

*Blasphemous  
Quarrels, bra-  
uest Courage.*

*Inhuman Mur-  
der highest  
Manhood.*





THE HANDICRAFTS.  
THE III. PART OF THE I  
DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.  
The Prayse of Peace, the miserable states  
Of E. lens Exiles: their vn-curious Cates,  
Their simple habit, silly habitation:  
They find our Fire. Their formost Propagation:  
Their Childrens trades their offerings; envious Cain,  
His (better) Brother doth unkindly brain:  
With inward horror hurried up and down,  
He breaks a Horse, he builds a homely Town:  
Iron's inuented, and sweet Instruments:  
Adam foretels of After-Worlds euent.

*The Poet here  
welcometh peace  
which (after  
long absence)  
seemes about this  
time to haue re-  
turned into  
France.*

*The Benefites she  
brings with Her.*

HEav'ns sacred Imp, fair Goddess that renew'st  
Th'old golden Age, and brightly now re-blew'st  
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile:  
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:  
Virgin, vnseen in France this many a yeer,  
O blessed Peace! we bid thee welcom heer.

Lo, at thy presence, how who late were preſt  
To spur their Steeds, and couch their ſtaues in reſt  
For fierce incounter; caſt away their ſpears,  
And rapt with ioy, them enter-bathe with tears.  
Lo, how our Marchant-veſſels to and fro  
Freely about our trade-fūl waters go:  
How the grave Senate with juſt-gentle rigour,  
Reſumes his Robe; the Laws their ancient vigour:

Lo, how *Oblivions* Seas our Strifes do drown :  
 How walls are built that war had thundred down :  
 Lo, how the Shops with buile Crafts-men swarm ;  
 How Sheep and Cattle couer every Farm :  
 Behold the Bon-fires wauing to the skies :  
 Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chaunting cries  
 Of old and young, singing this ioisfull Dittie,  
 Io, reioice, reioice through Town and Citie,  
 Let all our ayr, re-eccho with the praises  
 Of th'everlasting glorious God, who raises  
 Our ruin'd State: who giueth vs a good  
 Wesought not for (or rather, we with-stood)  
 So that, to hear and see these consequences  
 Of wonders strange, we scarce belecue our senses.  
 O! let the King, let *Monsieur* and the *Sover'n*  
 That doth *Nauarras* Spayn-wrongd Scepter govern,  
 Beall, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt :  
 O! let the honour of their names be kept,  
 And on brasse leaves ingrav'n eternally  
 In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,  
 For hauing quencht, so soon, so many fires,  
 Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the heav'nly ires,  
 Calm'd the pale horror of intestin hates,  
 And damned-vp the bi-front Fathers gates,

*Much more, let vs (deere World-divided Land)*  
 Extol the mercies of Heav'n's mighty hand,  
 That (while the World, Wars bloody rage hath rent)  
 To vs so long, so happy Peace hath lent  
 (Mangle the malice of th'Italian Priest,  
 And Indian Pluto (prop of Anti-christ)  
 Whose Host, like Pharaoh's threathing Israel,  
 Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)  
 Making our Ile a holy Safe-Retreas  
 For Saints exil'd in persecutions beat

*Much more, let vs with true-heart-tuned breath*  
 Recorde the Praises of *ELIZABETH*  
 (Our maiestie Pallas and our mild *Affrica*)  
 Of grace and wisdom the divine *Idea*

*Thanks-giving  
 to God for peace.*

*Gratefull remembrance of the  
 means thereof.*

An imitation  
 thereof, by the  
 Translatour, in  
 honour of our  
 late gracious  
 Souerain *Elizabeth* :  
 in whole  
 happy Raigne,  
 God hath gi-  
 uen this King-  
 dom to long  
 peace and rich  
 prosperity.



Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,  
 Wel-neer nine Lustres hath this Kingdom blest.  
 O! pray we him that from home-plotted dangers  
 And bloody threats of proud ambitious Strangers,  
 So many yeers hath so securely kept her,  
 In iust possession of this flowring Scepter;  
 That (to his glory and his dear Sons honour)  
 All happy length of life may wait upon her:  
 That we her Subjects, whom he blesteth by-her,  
 Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.  
 But waiting (Lord) in some more learned Laies,  
 To sing thy glory, and my Soueraigns praise;  
 I sing the young Worlds Cradle, as a Proëm.  
 Unto so rare and so diuine a Poëm.

An Elegant cō-  
 parison represen-  
 ting the lamē-  
 table Condition  
 of Adam and  
 Eve driuen out  
 of Paradise.

WHO, FVL OF wealth and honours blandishment,  
 Among great Lords his younger years hath spent;  
 And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights,  
 Vs'd nought but Tirts, Turneis, and Masks, and Sights:  
 If in his age, his Princes angry doom  
 With deep disgrace driue him to liue at home  
 In homely Cottage, where continually  
 The bitter smoak exhales abundantly  
 From his before-vn-sorrow-drained brain:  
 The brackish vapours of a fluer rain:  
 Where Viler-kels, both day and night, the North,  
 South, East, and West windes, enter and goe forth:  
 Where round-about, the lowe-rooft broken walls  
 (In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders cauls:  
 Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands,  
 With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands:  
 He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)  
 Wissheth pale Death a thousand times a day:  
 And, yet at length falling to work, is glad  
 To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,  
 And in a Dish (for want of Plate or Glas)  
 Sups Oaten drink in stead of Hypocras.  
 So (or much like) our rebell Elders, driuen  
 For ay from Eden (earthly type of Heav'n)

Ly languishing neer *Tigris* grassie side,  
With nummed limbs, and spirits stupefied;

But powfull *Nebd* (Arts ancient Dame and Keeper, *The first Manner of life.*  
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)

Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,  
And foaming *Riuers*, through the champaign driving:

For yet the Trees with thousand fruits y-fraught  
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:

The Pear and Apple liued Dwarf-like there,  
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed euery-where:

And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer,  
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer:

To get a Plum, sometimes poor *Adam* rushes  
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.

If they desire a Medlar for their food,  
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood;

Ora brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble  
With thousand scratches doth their skin be-scramble:

Wherefore (as yet) more led by th'appetite  
Of th' hungry belly then the tastes delight,

Liuing from hand to mouth, soon satisf'd,  
To earn their supper, th'after-noon they ply'd,

Vn-flor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;  
Pleas'd with an Apple, or som lesser pray:

Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowrs then fruit)  
And hoary Winter, of both destitute,

Nuts, Filberds, Almonds wisely v<sup>p</sup> they hoord,  
The best provisions thar the woods afford.

Touching their garments: for the shining wooll  
Whence the roab-spinning precious Worms are full,

For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,  
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy,

For Gemms bright lustre, with excessiue cost  
On rich embroideries by rare Art embost;

Sometimes they do the far-spread Gourd vnleau,  
Sometime the Fig-tree of his branch bereau:

Sometimes the Plane, sometimes the Vine they shear,  
Choosing their fairest tresses heer and there:

And

*The first Manner of life.*

*Great simplicity in their kinde of life.*

*Their Cloathing.*



And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other,  
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynbias* Brother.

Sometimes the *Iuie's* climbing stemsthey strip,  
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:  
And with green lace, in artificiall order,  
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-Tree doth border,  
And with his arms th' Oaks slender twigs entwining,  
A many branches in one tissue ioyning.  
Frames a loose lacquet, whose light nimble quaking,  
Wagg'd by the windes, is like the wanton shaking  
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride  
Daunce on the tressles of a noble Bride.

*Their winter  
fairs.*

But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)  
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment:  
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,  
And bristly Woods be witness of his paines:  
*Eue*, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers  
*Speights, Parrots, Peacocks, Estrich* scattered feathers,  
And then with wax the smaller plumes she sears,  
And sows the greater with a white horse hairs,  
(For they as yet did serue her in the steed  
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk, and Threed)  
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare  
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle fair,  
When in the Sunne, in pomp all glistring,  
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdie Spring.

When (by stoln moments) this she had contriv'd,  
Leaping for ioy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,  
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent  
S'ayes on her self her manly ornament;  
And then through path-lesse paths she runs apace,  
To meet her husband comming from the Chale.

Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she killeth him).  
My Loue, my Life, my Blisse, my Ioy, my Gemm,  
My souls deer Soule, take in good part (I prece thee)  
This pretty Present that I gladly giue thee.  
Thanks my deer All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,  
And with three kisses he requites her kiss.

Then on he puts his painted garment new,  
And Peacock-like himself doth often view,  
Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze  
Admires the hand that had the Art to cause  
So many severall parts to meet in one,  
To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.

Eyes industry  
in making a  
Garment for her  
Husband.

But, when the Winters keener breath began  
To crystallize the *Baltike* Ocean,  
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-vp the Floods,  
And perriwig with wooll the bald-pate Woods;  
Our Grand-fire, shrinking, gan to shake and shiver,  
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver.  
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons coming  
(Whose freeze clad bodies feel not Winters numming)  
He takes the fairest, and he knocks it down:  
Then by good hap, finding vpon the Down  
A sharp great fish-bone (which long time before  
The roaring Flood had cast vpon the shore)  
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell,  
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well,  
Then cloaths his wife therewith; and of such Hides  
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himself provides.

Their lodging  
and first build-  
ing.

A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave,  
Were the first buildings that them shelter gave:  
But, finding th' one to bee too-moist a hold,  
Th' other too-narrow, th' other ouer-cold,  
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose  
Sixteen fair Trees that neuer leaues doe loose,  
Whose equall front in *quadran* form prospected;  
As if of purpose Nature them erected:  
Their shady boughs first bow they tenderly,  
Then enterbraid, and binde them curiously;  
That one would think that had this Arbor seen,  
Thad been true feeling painted-ours green.

A building form-  
wha more exact

After this triall, better yet to sense  
Their tender flesh from th' ayry violence,  
Vpon the top of their fir-forked stems,  
They lay a-crosse bare Oaken boughs for beams.

(Such



282 *The Handy-Crafts.*

(Such as disperſed in the Woods they finde,  
Torn-off in tempeſts by the ſtormy winde)  
Then theſe again with leauy boughes they load,  
So couering cloſe their ſorry cold abode,  
And then they ply from th'caues vnto the ground,  
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their manſion round  
All ſaue a hole to th' Eaſtward ſituate,  
Where ſtraight they clap a hurdle for a gate  
(Inſtead of hinges hanged on a With)  
Which with a ſleight both ſhuts and openeth.

*The invention of  
Fire.*

Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the windes, that whistle  
Amid the Groves, ſo oft the *Laurell* iuſtle  
Againſt the *Mulbery*, that their angry claps  
Do kindle fire, that burns the neighborn Cops.

When *Adam* ſaw a ruddy vapour riſe  
In glowing ſtreams; aſtund with fear he flies,  
It follows him, vntill a naked Plain  
The greedy fury of the flame reſtrain:  
Then back he turns, and comming ſomwhat nigher  
The kindled ſhrubs, perceiuing that the fire  
Dries his dank Cloaths, his Colour doth reſreſh,  
And vnbenums his ſinews and his fleſh;  
By th'vnburnt end a good big brand he takes,  
And hying home, a fire he quickly makes,  
And ſtill maintains it, till the ſtarry *Twins*  
Celeſtiall breath another fire begins.  
But, Winter being com again it griev'd him;  
T' have loſt ſo fondly what ſo much relieu'd him,  
Trying a thouſand waies, ſith now no more  
The iuſtling Trees his damage would reſtore.

*How the firſt  
Man invented  
Fire for the uſe  
of himſelf & his  
Poſterity.*

While (eſe-where muſing) one day he ſate down  
Vpon a ſteep Rock, a craggy-forked crown,  
A foaming beaſt come toward him he ſpies,  
Within whoſe head ſtood burning coals for eyes;  
Then ſuddainly with boiſterous arms he throwes  
A knobby flint that hummeth as he goes;  
Hence flies the beaſt, th'il-aimed flint ſtraight grounding  
Againſt the Rock, and on it oft rebounding.

*Shiuers*

Shivers to cinders, whence there issued  
Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead.  
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee,  
And quickly calling his cold company,  
In his left hand a shining flint he locks,  
Which with another in his right he knocks  
So vp and down, that from the coldest stone  
Atevery stroak small fiery sparkles shone.  
Then with the dry leaues of a withered Bay  
The which together hand somly they lay,  
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun  
Shines cleer and smoak-les in the leaf begun.

*Eve*, kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining,  
And on the lowe ground with her elbowe leaning,  
Blowes with her mouth: and with her gentle blowing  
Stirs vp the heat, that from the drie leaves glowing  
Kindles the Reed, and then that hallow kix  
First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.

And now, Man-kinde with fruitfull Race began  
A little corner of the World to man:  
First *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted;  
Then *Abel*, most to keeping flocks affected:  
*Abel*, desirous still at hand to keep

His Milk and Cheese, vnwildes the gentle Sheep  
To make a Flock; that when it tame became  
For guard and guide should haue a Dog and Ram.

*Cain* more ambitious, giues but little ease  
To's boisterous limbs: and seeing that the Pease,  
And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,  
Burnt in the Copeses, as not held in price,  
Som grains he gathers: and with busie toyl,  
A-part hee sowes them in a better soyl,  
Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds,  
Then buries there his dying-living seeds.

By the next Haruest, finding that his pain  
On this small plot was not ingrately-vain;  
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring  
Without so often weary labouring,

*Beginning of  
Families.*

*The severall  
Occupations of  
Abel and Cain.*

He



Hetames a Heifer, and on either side,  
On either horn a three-fold twist her'd  
Of Osiartwigs, and for a Plough he got  
The horn or tooth of some Rhinocerot.

*Their sacrifice.* Now, th'one in Cattle, th'other rich in grain,  
On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain;  
Where (humbly-sacred) th'one with zealous cry  
Cleaves bright *Olympus* starry Canopy:  
With fained lips, the other low'd-reounded  
Hate-wanting Hymns, on self-deserving founded:  
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord  
The best that either flocks, or fields afford.

*God regardeth  
Abel and his  
Sacrifice: and  
reiveth Cain  
and his: whereas  
Cain enuieth,  
and finally kils  
his Brother;  
whose blood God  
reivengeth.*

Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Iudge, that tries  
The will and heart more then the work and guise,  
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other  
Profane oblation of his furious brother;  
Who feeling, deepth' effects of Gods displeasure,  
Raues, frets, and fumes, and murmurs out of measure.

What boots it (*Cain*) O wretch! what boots it thee  
T' haue opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)  
Of the first mother; and first born the rather  
T' haue honour'd *Adam* first, with name of Father?  
Vnfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,  
Wife, actiue, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,  
If this weak Girl boy, in mans shape disguis'd,  
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd?  
What boots it thee, for others night and day  
In painfull toyl to wear thy self away:  
And (more for others then thine own relief)  
To haue deuised of all Arts the chief;  
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurs'd,  
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst) &  
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,  
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool  
This kindling flame: and, that none over-crowe thee,  
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe thee.  
Ay in his minde this counsaill her resolves  
And hundred times to act it her resolves,

And yet as oft relents; stopt worthily  
By the pains horror, and sins tyranny.

But, one day drawing with dissembled loue  
His harm-lesse brother far into a Grove,  
Vpon the verdure of whose virgin-boughs  
Bird had not pearcht, nor neuer Beast did brouz;  
With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,  
That in our age three men could hardly bouge,  
And iust vpon his tender brothers crown,  
With all his might he cruell casts it down.

The mured face lies printed in the mud,  
And lowd for vengeance cries the martyr'd blood,  
The battered brains fly in the murderers face.  
The Sun, to shun this Tragike sight, a-pace  
Turns back his Teem: th' amazed Parricide  
Doth all the *Furies* scourging whips abide:  
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm  
A thousand kinds of living deaths do form:  
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,  
Flies his owne friends, of his own shade affright,  
Scarr'd with a leaf, and starting at a Sparrow,  
And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.

But for his Children, born by three and three,  
Produce him Nephews, that still multiply  
With new increase; who yer their age be rise  
Becom great-Grand-fires in their Grand-fires life;  
Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,  
For woods and floods, and ayr and soyl excellling.

One fells down Firs, another of the same  
With cross'd poles a little Lodge doth frame:  
Another mounds it with drie walls about  
(And leaves a breach for passage in and out)  
With Turf and Furse: som others yet more grosse  
Their homely Sties in stead of walls inclose:  
Som (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,  
And that about their silly Cotes they fix:  
Som make their Roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes,  
And som with hides, with oafe, with boughs, and bushes.

By reason of the  
multiplying of  
Mankind. the  
Children of A-  
dam begin to  
build houses for  
their commoditie  
and retreat.

He



*Cain thinking  
to finde som qui-  
et for the tem-  
pests of his con-  
science, begins to  
fortifie, and  
builds a Towne.*

Hec, that still fearfull, seeketh still defence,  
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.  
For, with keen Coultar hauing bounded (witty)  
The four-fac't Rampire of his simple City;  
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand,  
And clayie mortar ready there at hand,  
Well trode and tempered, he immures his Fort,  
A stately Towr erecting on the Port:  
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies;  
Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.

O Tigre! think'lt thou (hellish fraticide)  
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,  
Prince of som Peasants trained in thy tilllage,  
And silly Kingling of a simple Village;  
Think'lt thou to scape the storm of vengeance dread,  
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head?  
No: wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will  
On strongest top of any steepest Hill:  
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,  
Having for aid all Creatures in this All:  
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,  
Thy pain thou could'lt not, les sauid thy fear  
Which chills thy bones, and runs through all thy vains,  
Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.

*Supposeth to se-  
cure himselfe by  
the strength and  
swiftnesse of a  
Horse, which he  
begins to tame.*

Kain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed,  
Then first of all th'vntamed Courser curbed,  
That while about on others feet he run  
With dusty speed, he might his Deaths-man shun.  
Among a hundred braue, light, lusty, Horses  
(With curious ey, marking their comly forces)  
He chooseth one for his industrious proof,

*Description of a  
gallant Horse.*

With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, ietty hoof,  
With Pasterns short, vpright (but yet in mean);  
Drie sinnewie shanks; strong, flesh-les knees, and lean;  
With Hart-like legs, broad breast, and large behinde,  
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd:  
A crested neck bow'd like a half-bent Bowe,  
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flowe;

A firm

A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground,  
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drown'd;  
A pricked ear, that rests as little space,  
As his light foot; a lean, bare bony face,  
Thin joule, and head but of a middling size,  
Full, lively-flaming, quickly rowling eys,  
Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming nostrill wide,  
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starry'd,  
Three milky feet, a feather on his breast,  
Whom seav'n-years-old at the next grafs he ghest.

This goodly Iennet gently first he wins,  
And then to back him actively begins,  
Steady and straight he sits, turning his sight  
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.  
The chafed Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,  
Begins to snuff, and snort, and leap, and fling;  
And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes,  
Like som vnskilfull Lad, that vnder-takes  
To hold som ships helm, while the head-long Tyde  
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide;  
Who neer deuoured in the iaws of Death,  
Pale, fearefull, shivering, faint, and out of breath,  
A thousand times (with Heav'n erected eys)  
Repents him of so bold an enterprise.

But, sitting fast, less hurt then feared; *Cain*  
Boldnes himself and his braue Beast again:  
Brings him to pafe, from pasing to the trot,  
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot  
In full career: and at his courage smiles,  
And sitting still, to run so many miles.

His pafe is fair and free; his trot as light  
As Tigres course; as Swallows nimble flight:  
And his braue gallop seems as swift to goe  
As *Biscan* Darts, or shafts from *Russian* bowe:  
But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,  
Neuer so speedy spews the thundring shot  
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,  
And batters Bulwarks of a summon'd Town)

*The manner  
how to backe, to  
break, & make  
a good Horse.*

*Simile.*

*The ready speede  
of a swift Horse  
presented to the  
Reader, in a  
pleasant and  
liuely description.*

As



As this light Horse scuds, if he doe but feel  
His bridle slack, and in his side the heel:  
Shunning himself, his sinewie strength he stretches;  
Flying the earth, the flying ayr he catches,  
Born whirl-wind-like: he makes the trampled ground  
Shrink vnder him, and shake with doubling sound:  
And when the sight no more pursue him may,  
In fieldy clouds he vanislieth away.

*Good Horse-  
manship.*

The wise-waxe Rider, not esteeming best  
To take too-much now of his lusty Beast,  
Restrains his fury: then with learned wand  
The triple Coruet makes him vnderstand:  
With skilfull voice he gently cheers his pride,  
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide:  
He stops him steady still, new breath to take,  
And in the same path brings him softly back.

*The Countenance  
Pride, and Port  
of a courageous  
Horse, when he  
is chafed.*

But th'angry Steed, rising and rearing proudly,  
Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,  
Calls for the Combat, plunges, leaps, and prauces,  
Befoams the path, with sparkling eys he glaunces,  
Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously  
His nimble fetlocks listerth belly-high,  
All side-long iauents on either side he iustles,  
And's waving Crest courageously he bristles,  
Making the gazers glad on euery side  
To giue more room vnto his portly Pride.

*The Dexteritie  
of a skilful Rider*

Cain gently stroaks him, and now sure in seat,  
Ambitiously seeks still for fiercher feat:  
To be more famous; one while tross the Ring;  
Another while he doth him back-ward bring,  
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;  
And to each hand to mannage rightly round;  
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,  
To daunce, to leap, to hold vpon any limb:  
And all, so don, with time-grace-ordered skill,  
As both had but one body and one will.  
Th'one for his Art no little glory gains:  
Th'other through practice by degrees attains.

Grace

Grace in his gallop, in his pale agility,  
Lightnes of head, and in his stop facility,  
Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings,  
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.

The vse of Horses thus discovered,  
Each to his work more cheerly fetteled,  
Each plyes his trade, and trauails for his age,  
Following the paths of painfull *Tuball* sage.

While through a Forreit *Tuball* (with his *Yew*  
And ready quiver) did a Bore pursue,  
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain,  
An yron River rowles along the Plain:  
The witty Huntf-man, musing, thither hies,  
And of the wonder deeply gan devise.

*The invention  
of yron.*

And first perceiving that this scalding mettle,  
Becoming cold, in any shape would settle,  
And growe so hard that with his sharpned side,  
The firmeſt substance it would soon divide;  
He caſts a hundred plots and yer he parts  
He moulds the ground-worke of a hundred Arts:  
Like as a Hound, that (following loose, behinde  
His penſiue Maſter) of a Hare doth finde;  
Leaues whom he loues, vpon the ſent doth ply,  
Figs to and fro, and falls in cheerfull Cry,  
And with vp-liſted head, and noſt thrill wide  
Winding his game, ſnuffs-vp the winde, his guide:  
A hundred wayes he meaſures Vale and Hill:  
Ears, eys, nor noſe, nor foot, nor tail are ſtill,  
Till in her hot Form he haue found the pray  
That he ſo long hath ſought for every way.

*Comparison.*

For, now the way to thouſand works reueald,  
Which long ſhall liue maugre the rage of Eld:  
In two ſquare creaſes of vnequall liſes  
To turn two yron ſtreamlings he deuifes;  
Cold, takes them thence: then off the droſs he rakes,  
And this a Hammer, that an Anuill makes;  
And adding tongs to theſe two inſtruments,  
He ſtores his houſe with yron implements:

*Caſting of the  
firſt Inſtruments  
of Iron.*



As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coultrars, staples,  
Bolts, hindges, hooks, nails, whittles, spokes, and grapples;  
And grow'n more cunning, hollow things he formeth,  
He hatcheth Files, and winding Vices wormeth,  
He shaperh Sheers, and then a Saw indents,  
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

Happy device! we might as well want all

*The excellent  
uses and commo-  
dities of Iron.*

The Elements, as this hard minerall.

This, to the Plough-man, for great vses serues:

This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carues:

This arms our bodies against aduerse force:

This clothes our backs: this rulesth'vnruely Horfe:

This makes vs dry-shod daunce in *Neptunes* Hall:

This brightens gold: this conquers self and all;

Fift Element, of Instruments the haft,

The Tool of Tools, and hand of Handy-Craft.

While (compast round with smoaking *Cyclops* rude,

Half-naked *Brontes*, and *Sterops* swarthy-hewd,

All well-neer weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,

Hastning the hot work in their sounding hands,

No time lost *Iubal*: th'vn-full Harmony

Of vn-even Hammers, beating diuersly,

Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery soule

Yer birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.

Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde

And glad and fain som Instrument would finde

That in accord those discords might renew,

And th'Iron Anuils rattling sound ensue,

And iterate the beating Hammers noyse

In milder notes, and with a sweeter voice.

*Invention of the  
Lute and other  
Instruments.*

It chaunc't, that passing by a Pond, he found

An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,

Within the which there nothing else remained  
Sauē three dry sinewes on the shell stiff-strained:

This empty house *Iubal* doth gladly bear,

Strikes on those strings, and lends attentue ear;

And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,

That makes woods harken, and the windes be mute,

The

The Hills to daunce, the Heav'ns to retro-grade,  
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.

His Art, still waxing, sweetly marrieth  
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:  
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,  
More Instruments he makes: no Echo rings  
Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,  
And bubbling Rivers roul'd with gentle gales,  
But wyëry Cymbals, Rebeck's sinews twin'd,  
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.

But *Adam* guides, through paths but seldom gone,  
His other Sons to *Vertues* sacred throne:  
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abels* place)  
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:  
Him he instructeth in the waies of *Verity*,  
To worship God in spirit and sincerity:  
To honour Parents with a reverent aw,  
To train his children in religious law:  
To loue his friends, his Country to defend,  
And helpfull hands to all mankind to lend:  
To knowe Heav'ns course, and how their constant Swaies  
Divide the yeer in months, the months in dayes:  
What star brings Winter, what is Sommers guide;  
What signe foul weather, what doth fair betide;  
What creature's kinde, and what is curst to vs:  
What plant is wholesome, and what venomous.

No sooner he his lessons can commence,  
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,  
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations  
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.  
The more he knowes the more he craues; as fewell  
Kills not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.

While on a day by a cleer Brook they trauell,  
Whose gurgling streames frizadoed on the gravell,  
He thus bespake: If that I did not see  
The zeal (dear Father) that you beare to me,  
How still you watch me with your carefull eyn,  
How still your voice with prudent discipline

*While Cain and  
his Children are  
buse for the  
World, Adam  
and his other  
Sons exercise  
themselves in  
Piety & iustice,  
and in searching  
the godly se-  
crets of Nature.*

*Seth questions  
his Father con-  
cerning the state  
of the World, frō  
the Beginning to  
the End.*



My Prentize ear doth oft reverberate,  
 I should misdoubt to seem importunate:  
 And should content me to have learned, how  
 The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;  
 What things haue hot, and what haue cold effect;  
 And how my life and manners to direct:  
 But your milde Loue my studious hart advances  
 To aske you further of the various chances  
 Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide  
 Shall fill this World; What shall the World betide,  
 How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings  
 With *Iustice* Mace shall govern mortall things?

Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts internall ey,  
*Adams answer.* Things past and present may by means descry;  
 But not the future, if by speciall grace  
 It read it not in th'*One-Trines* glorious face.

Thou then, that (onely) things to come dost knowe,  
 Nor by Heav'ns course, nor guels of things belowe,  
 Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,  
 Nor trembling tripes of sacrificed Heards,  
 But by a clear and certain pre-science  
 As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,  
 With whom at once the three-fold times doe fly,  
 And but a moment lasts Eternity;  
 O God, behold me, that I may behold  
 Thy crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold  
 On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eyes  
 Earth-ward eclips't, may shine vnto the skies.  
 Ravish me Lord, ô (my foules life) revieue  
 My spirit a-space, that I may see (a-live)  
 Heav'n yer I die: and make me now (good Lord)  
 The Eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.

*The power of  
 Gods spirit in his  
 Prophet: and  
 the difference  
 between such, &  
 the distracted,  
 franticke Mini-  
 sters of Satan.*

With sacred fury suddainly he glowes,  
 Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,  
 Who, dauncing, foaming, rowling furious-wife  
 Vnder their twinkling lids their torch-like eyes  
 With ghastly voice, with visage grizly grim;  
 Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,

Bleaking

Bleaking and blushing, painting, shrieking, swooning,  
With wrath-les wounds their sense-les members wounding:  
But as th'Imperiall, Airy peoples Prince  
With stately pinions soaring hy from hence,  
Cleaves through the clouds, and brauely-bold doth think  
With his firm eye to make the Suns eye wink:  
So *Adam*, mounted on the burning wings  
Of a *Seraphick* loue, leaues earthly things,  
Feeds on sweet *Aether*, cleaves the starry spheares,  
And on Gods face his eyes he fixtly bears:  
His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,  
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.

Then thus began hee: Th'euer-trembling field  
Of scaly folk, the Arches starry seeld,  
Where th'All-Creator hath disposed well  
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;  
The cleer cloud-bounding Ayr (the Camp assign'd  
Where angry *Auster* and the rough North-wind  
Meeting in battaile, throwe downe to the soil  
The Woods that midling stand to part the broyl);  
The Diapry Mansions where man-kinde doth trade,  
Were built in *Six Dayes*: and the Seav'nth was made  
The sacred *Sabbaoth*. So, Sea, Earth, and Ayr,  
And azure-gilded Heav'ns Pavilions fair,  
Shall stand *Six Dayes*; but longer diversly  
Then the dayes bounded by the Worlds bright eye.

The *First* begins with me: the *Seconds* morn  
Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn  
The hills with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,  
That after God through strang Lands leads his Heard,  
And (past mans reason) crediting Gods word,  
His onely Son slayes with a willing sword:  
The *Fourth's* another valiant Shephearding,  
That for a Cannon takes his silly sling,  
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards staff,  
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph:  
The *Fift* begins from that sad Princes night  
That sees his children mured in his sight,

Adam declares  
to his Son, in  
how many Dayes  
the World was  
created.

How many A-  
ges it shall en-  
dure.

1. Adam.
2. Noah.
3. Abraham.

4. David.

5. Zedechias.



6. *Messias.*

And on the banks of fruitfull *Exbrates*,  
 Poor *Juda* led in Capriue heaviness:  
 Hoped *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt*;  
 Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt;  
 For our foul sins (stil-selfly-innocent)  
 Hath fully born the hatefull punishment:  
 The *Last*, shall be the very *Resting-Day*,

7. Th' *Eternall Sabbath.*

Th' *Ayr* shall be mute, the *Waters* works shall stay;  
 The *Earth* her store, the *Stars* shal leaue their measures,  
 The *Sun* his shine: and in eternall pleasures  
 We plung'd, in Heav'n shall'ay solemnize, all,  
 Th' *eternall Sabbaths* end-less *Festivall*.

Considerations  
 of Adam upon  
 that which shold  
 befall his Posses-  
 sity, unto the end  
 of the first World  
 destroyed by the  
 Flood: according  
 to the relation of  
 Moses in Gene-  
 sis, in the 4. 5. 6.  
 and 7. chapters.

Alas! what may I of that race presume  
 Next th'irefull Flame that shall this Frame consume,  
 Whose gut their God, whose lust their law shall be,  
 Who shall nor hear of God, nor yet of me?  
 Sith those outrageous, that began their birth  
 On th'holy ground hill of sweet *Edens* earth,  
 And (yer) the sound of Heav'ns drad Sentence hear,  
 And as ey-witness of mine Exile were,  
 Seem to despight God. Did it not suffice:  
 (O lustfull soule!) first to polygamize?  
 Suffiz'd it not (ô *Lamech*) to distain:  
 Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou must ingrain  
 In thy great-Grand-fires Grand-fires reeking gore  
 Thy cruell blade? respecting nought (before)  
 The prohibition, and the threatning vow  
 Of him to whom infernall powrs do bow:  
 Neither his Passports sealed Character  
 Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.

Courage, good *Enos*: readvaunce the Standard  
 Of holy Faith, by humane reason slander'd,  
 And troden-down: Invoke th'immortall powr;  
 Vpon his Altar, warm bloud-offrings pour:  
 His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapour,  
 And reend again *Trueth's* neer-extinguisht Taper.  
 Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly-dying wholly,  
 (Earths ornament) to God heliueeth solely.

Lo, how he labours to endure the light  
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright :  
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,  
Sometimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets  
Of the divine *Ideas* euer-lasting,  
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* and *Fasting* :  
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,  
He (sacred) sees, feels, all inioyes in God :  
How at somtimes mounting from form to form,  
Inform of God he happy doth transforme.  
Lo, how th'all-fair, as burning all in loue  
With his rare beauties, not content aboue  
Thaue half, but all, and ever, sets the stairs  
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs :  
Lo, now he climeth the supernall stories :  
Adieu, deer *Henoch* : in eternall glories  
Dwell there with God : thy body, chang'd in quality  
Of Spirit or Angel, puts on immortality :  
Thine eys already (now no longer eys,  
But new bright stars) doe brandish in the skyes :  
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine :  
Thy *Sabbaoth's* endless : without vail (in fine)  
Thou seest God face to face ; and neervnite  
To th' *ONE-TRINE Good*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.

But heere the while (new Angell) thou dost leaue  
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,  
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,  
Whose guts are gulfs, incestuous all their life.

O strange to be beleev'd ! the blessed race  
The sacred Flock whom God by speciall grace  
Adopts for his, even they (alas!) most shame-les  
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-les,  
With lustfull eys schooling for wanton Spouses  
Mens wicked daughters ; mingling so the houses  
Of *Seth* and *Cain* : preferring foolishly  
Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modesty.

From these profane, foul, cursed kisses sprung  
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong ;



Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,  
Plagues of the World, and scourges of Man-kinde.

Then, righteous God (though ever prone to pardon)  
Seeing his milde-ness but their malice harden,  
Lift plead no longer, but resolues the fall  
Of man forth-with, and (for mans sake) of all:  
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding  
Along the ayr, or on the earth abiding.

Heav'ns crysell windows with one hand he opes,  
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops:  
With th'other hand he gripes, and wringeth forth  
The spongy Globe of th'execrable Earth,  
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore  
All liquid fouds that it had drunke before:  
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin;  
And to his ayd the snowes come tumbling in:  
The Pines and Cedars haue but boughs to shewe;  
The shoars do shrink, the swelling waters growe.  
Alas! so many Nephews lose I heer  
Amid these deeps, that but for mountains neer,  
Vpon the rising of whose ridges lofty,  
The lusty climbe on every side for safety,  
I should be seed-les: but (alas!) the Water  
Swallows those Hills, and all this wide Theater  
Is all one Pond. O children, whither fly-you?  
Alas! Heav'ns wrath pursues you to destroy-you:  
The stormy waters strangely rage and roar,  
Rivers and Seas haue all one common shoar,  
(To wit) a fable, water-loaden Sky  
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.

O Sonn-les Father! O too fruitfull hanches!  
O wretched roor! O hurtfull, hatefull branches!  
O gulfs vnknown! O dungeons deep and black!  
O worlds decay! O vniversal wrack!  
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now earth no more)  
O flesh! O bloud! Heer, sorrow stop the door.  
Of his sad voice, and almost dead for woe,  
The prophetizing spirit forsooke him so.

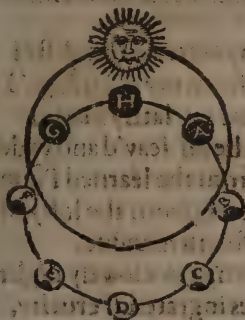
# NOAH.

The SECOND DAY

OF  
*The second Weeke.*

Containing

1. *THE ARK,*
2. *BABYLON,*
3. *THE COLONIES.*
4. *THE COLUMNS.*



*Acceptam refero.*





THE ARKE.  
THE I. PART OF THE II.  
DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Noah prepares the Ark : and thither brings  
(With him) a Seed-payr of all living things :  
His exercise, a ship-board : Atheist Cham  
His holy Fathers humble Zeal doth blame ;  
And diversly impugns Gods Providence :  
Noah refells his Faith-les arguments :  
The Flood surceast : Th' Ark-landed : Blood forbid :  
The Rain-bowe bent ; what is prefigured :  
Wine drowneth Wit : Cham scoffs the Nakednes  
Of's sleeping Sire : the Map of Drunkennes.

*A Preamble,  
wherin, by a mo-  
dest Complaint  
the Poet stirs up  
the Readers at-  
tention, and  
makes himse-  
lf way to the in-  
vocation of the  
name of God.*

IF Now no more my sacred rimes distill  
With Art-les ease from my discustom'd quill :  
If now the Laurell, that but lately shaded  
My beating temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :  
And if now, banisht from the learned Fount,  
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount  
Where sweet *Vrania* sitteth to indite,  
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowely flight ;  
Blame these sad Times ingratefull cruelty,  
My household cares, my healths infirmity,  
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,  
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.

Lo, there the clogs that weigh down heavily,  
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :

My

My harvest's haile: the pricking thorns and weeds  
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.  
O gracious God! remove my great incumbers,  
Kindle again my faiths neer-dying imbers:  
Allwage thine anger (for thine own Son's merit)  
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit:  
Comb, gild, and polish, more then ever yet,  
This later issue of my labouring wit:  
And let not me be like the wind, that proudly  
Begins at first to roar and murmur loudly  
Against the next hils, over-turns the Woods,  
With furious tempests tumbles-vp the floods,  
And (fiercely-fell) with stormy puffs constrains  
The sparkling fints to roule about the Plains;  
But flying, faints, and every league it goes,  
One nimble feather of his wing doth lose:  
But rather like a River poorly-breeding  
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:  
Which, toward the Sea, the more he flies his source,  
With growing streams strengthens his gliding course,  
Rowles, roars, and foams, raging with rest-less motion,  
And proudly scorns the greatnes of the Ocean.

THE DOOMS of Adam lackt not long effect:  
For, th'angry Heav'ns (that can, without respect  
Of persons, plague the stubborn Reprobate)  
In Waters buried th' *Vniuersall State*:  
And never more the nimble painted Legions  
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions:  
We all had perisht, and the Earth in vain  
Had brought such store of fruits, and grafs, and grain,  
If *Lamechs* Son (by new-found Art directed)  
That huge vast vessell had not first erected,  
Which (sacred refuge) kept the parent-payrs  
Of all things moving in the Earth and Ayrs.

Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat  
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,  
*Noe* passeth not with tales, and idle play,  
The tedious length of dayes and nights away:

*The coming of  
the Flood, and  
building of the  
Ark.*

*Noah's exercises  
aboard the Ark.*

But,



But, as the Sommers sweet distilling drops,  
 Vpon the meadows thirsty yawning chops,  
 Re-greens the Greens, and doth the flows re-flowr,  
 All scorcht and burnt with *Auster's* parching powr:  
 So the care-charming hony that distills  
 From his wise lips, his house with comfort fills,  
 Flatters despair, dries tears, calms inward smarts,  
 And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted harts.

Cheer yee, my children: God doth now retire  
 These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire  
 Of his strict *Iustice* holy indignation  
 Hath brought vpon this wicked generation;  
 Arming a season, to destroy mankinde,  
 The angry Heav'ns, the water, and the winde:  
 As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will  
 Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm windes, and waters still.

His wrath and mercy follow turn, by turn;  
 That (like the Lightning) doth not lightly burn  
 Long in a place: and this from age to age  
 Hides with her wings, the faithfull heritage.  
 Our gracious God makes scant-weight of displeasure,  
 And spreads his mercy without weight or measure:  
 Somtimes he strikes vs (to especiall ends)  
 Vpon our selues, our Children, or our friends,  
 In soule or body, goods, or else good names,  
 But soon he calls his rods in burning flames:  
 Not with the fist, but finger he doth beat vs;  
 Nor doth he thrill so oft as he doth threat-vs:  
 And (prudent Steward) giues his faithfull Bees  
 Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.  
 And thus the deeds of Heav'ns lust-gentle King,  
 The Second Worlds good Patriarch did sing.

*Cham, full of  
 impiety, is  
 brought-in, an-  
 swering his Fa-  
 ther: and diuers-  
 ly impugning the  
 wisdom & irre-  
 prehensible Pro-*

But, brutish *Cham*, that in his brest accurst,  
 The secret roots of sinfull *Atheisme* nurst,  
 Wishing already to dis-throne th' *Eternall*,  
 And self-vsurg the Maiesty supernall:  
 And to himself, by name of *Iupiter*,  
 On *Afrik* sands a sumptuous *Temple* rear:

With

With bended brows, with stout and stern aspect,  
In scornfull tearmis his Father thus be-checkt.

Oh! how it grieues me, that these servil terrors  
(The scourge of Cowards, and base vulgars errors)  
Haueta'n such deep root in your feeble brest!

Why, Father, alwayes selfly thus deprest,  
Will you thus alwaies make your selfe a drudge,  
Fearing the fury of a fained Iudge?  
And will you alwaies forge your selfe a Censor  
That weighs your words, and doth your silence censure?  
A fly Controuler, that doth count your hairs,  
That in his hand your hearts keyes ever bears,  
Records your sighes, and all your thoughts descrites,  
And all your sinnes present and past espies?  
A barbarous Butcher that with bloudy knife  
Threats night and day your grievous guilty life?

O! see you not the superstitious heat  
Of this blinde zeale, doth in your minde beget  
A thousand errors & light credulity  
Doth drive you still to each extremitie,  
Faining a God (with thousand storms opprest)  
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beast.

Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,  
Wails others woes, and at the onely weeping  
Of others blood, in suddaine wound deceases,  
In manly breast a womans heart posselles:  
And who (remorse-les) lets at any season,  
The stormy tide of rage transport his reason,  
And thunders threats of horror and mishap,  
Hides a Bears heart vnder a humane shap,  
Yet, of your God, you one while thus pretend,  
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end  
But ake a while: anon, he frets, he frowns,  
He burns, he brains, he kills, he damps; he drowns;

The wildest Boar doth but one Wood destroy;  
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy;  
And yet this Gods cutrageous tyranny  
Spoys all the World, his onely Empery.

vidence of God  
Almighty and  
All-mercifull:  
and the humble  
Or religious Zeal  
of Noah.



O goodly *Justice*! One or two of vs  
Have sinn'd perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;  
All bear the paine, yea even the innocent  
Poore Birds and Beasts incur the punishment.

No, Father, no: ('t is folly to infer it)  
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,  
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,  
Nor savage-fell, nor suddain passionate,  
Nor such as will for some small fault vndoo  
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.

All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,  
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations  
Hath hoorded-vp) with selfs-weight enter-cruisht,  
Now all at once vpon the earth have rushit:  
And th'endless thin ayr (which by secret quils  
Had lost it selfe within the windes-but hills  
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold  
To ycy crysell turned by the cold)  
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again;  
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,  
But in fewe dayes with raging *Flouds* o're-flown  
The top-Iess Cedars of mount *Libanon*.

*Answers of No-  
ah to all the blas-  
phemies of Chā,  
and his fellow-  
Atheists.*

*Argues*  
*Dauid*

Then, with iust griefe the godly Father gall'd  
A deep, sad, sigh from his harts centre hal'd,  
And thus reply'd: O false, rebellious *Cham*!  
Mine ages sorrow, and my houses shame,  
Through self-conceit contemning th'holy Ghost,  
Thy sense is baend, thine vnderstanding lost:  
And ô I fear (Lord falsifie my fear)  
The heavy hand of the high Thunderer  
Shall light on thee; and thou I doubt shalt be  
His Furies obiect, and shalt testifie  
By thine infamous lifes accursed state,  
What now thy shame-Iess lips sophisticate.

*I. Answer: God  
is infinite, immu-  
table, Almighty,  
and incompre-  
hensible.*

I (God be pray'd) knowe that the perfect Circle  
Whose Center's every-where, of all his circle  
Exceeds the circuit; I conceive aright  
Th'Almighty-most to be most infinite.

That

That th'onely E S S E N C E feels not in his minde  
 The furious tempests of fell passions winde:  
 That moouelefs, all he moves: that with one thought  
 He can build Heav'n; and builded, bring to nought:  
 That his high Throne's inclos'd in glorious Fire  
 Past our approach: that our faint soule doth tier,  
 Our spirit growes spright-les, when it seeks by sense  
 To sound his infinit Omnipotence:  
 If surely knowe, the Cherubins do hover  
 With flaming wings his starry face to cover.  
 None sees the Great, th' Almighty, Holy-ONE,  
 But passing by, and by the back alone.  
 To vs, his Essence is inexplicable,  
 Wondrous his wayes, his name vn-vtterable;  
 So that concerning his high Maiesty  
 Our feeble tongues speak but improperly.  
 For, if we call him strong, the prayse is small:  
 If blessed spirit, so are his Angels all:  
 If Great of greats, he's voide of quantity:  
 If good, fayr, holy, he wants quality;  
 Sith in his Essence fully excellent,  
 All is pure substance, free from accident.  
 Therefore our voice, too faint in such a subject  
 T'enfue our soule, and our weak soule her object;  
 Doth alwayes stammer; so that euer when  
 'Twould make Gods name redoubted among men;  
 (In humane phraze) it calls him pittifull,  
 Repentant, ieaious, fierce, and anger-full.  
 Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,  
 Of ignorance and error taxt, like vs:  
 His ieaious hatred doth not make him curious,  
 His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious.  
 Th'immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:  
 And all the best that feeble man doth heer,  
 With vehemence of some hot passion driv'n;  
 That, with ripe iudgement doth the King of Heav'n.  
 Shall a Physician comfortably bold,  
 Fear-les, and tear-les, constantly behold

*So that men can  
 not speak of Him  
 but improperly.*

*Why we cannot  
 speak of God but  
 after the manner  
 of men.*

*2. Answer. The  
 Repentance and  
 the change which  
 the Scripture at-  
 tributes to God,  
 is far from Error  
 and defect.*

*Two compari-  
 sons explaining  
 the same.*

His.



His sickly friend vext with exceeding pain,  
 And feel his pulse, and give him health again?  
 And shall not th' ever-selfe-resembling God  
 Look down from Heav'n vpon a wretched clod,  
 Without he weep, and melt for griefe and anguish;  
 Nor cure his creature, but himselfe must languish?

And shall a Iudge, self-angerless, prefer  
 To shamefull death the strange adulterer,  
 As onely looking fixtly all the time  
 Not on the sinner, but the sinfull crime?

3. Answer: *Iu-  
 stice being a ver-  
 tue in Man, can-  
 not be a vice in  
 God.*

And shall not then th' Eternall *Iusticer*  
 Condemn the Atheist and the Murderer,  
 Without selfs-fury? O! shall *Iustice* then  
 Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?  
 Or shall his sacred Will, and soverain Might  
 Be chayn'd so fast to mans frail appetite,  
 That filthy sin he cannot freely hate,  
 But wrathfull Rage him selfly cruciate?

4. Answer: *God  
 doth not punish  
 Offenders for de-  
 fence of his owne  
 Estate: but to  
 maintain vertue  
 & to sound vice.*

Gods sacred vengeance, serves not for defence  
 Of his own *Essence* from our violence  
 (For in the Heav'ns, aboue all reach of ours,  
 He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towers):  
 But, to direct our liues and laws maintain,  
 Guard Innocence, and Iniurie restrain.

5. The iniquitie  
 of the world de-  
 served extreame  
 punishment.

Th' Almighty past not mean, when he subuerted  
 Neer all the World from holy paths departed.  
 For, *Adams* Trunk (of both our Worlds the Tree)  
 In two faire Branches forking fruitfully,  
 Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the first brought forth a sute  
 Of bitter, wilde, and most detested fruit:  
 Th' other, first rich in goodnes, afterward  
 With those base Scyons beeing graft, was marr'd:  
 And so produced execrable clusters  
 Worthy so wicked and incestuous lusters:  
 And then (alas!) what was there to be found  
 Pure, iust, or good, in all this Earthly Round?

6. When all are  
 generally deprav-

*Cain's* Line posselt sinne, as an heritage;  
*Seth's* as a dowry got by mariage:

## The Arke.

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So that, (alas!) among all humane kinde  
Those Mongrell kisses marr'd the purest minde.  
And we (even we, that have escaped here  
This cruell wrack) within our conscience bear  
A thousand Records of a thousand things  
Conuincing vs before the King of kings;  
Whereof not one (for all our self-affection)  
We can defend with any iust obiection.

God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods  
The earthly Bands and all the ayrie broods;  
For, sith they liv'd but for mans seruice sole,  
Man, raz'd for sin out of the *Living Roule*,  
Those wondrous tools, and organs excellent,  
Their Work-man rest, remain'd impertinent.  
Man's only head of all that draweth breath.  
Who lacks a member, yet perseuereth  
To liue (we see): but, members cut away  
From their own head, do by and by decay.

Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth.  
For, sithence man had from his very birth  
Rebeld against him, was't not equity,  
That for his fault, his house should vtterly  
Be rent and raz'd? that salt should there besow'n,  
That in the ruins (for instruction)  
We for a time might read and vnderstand:  
The righteous vengeance of Heav'n's wrathfull hand,  
That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waves  
Of ayry clouds, or vnder-earthly caves?

If all blew Curtins mixt of ayr and water,  
Round-over-spreading this wide All-Theater,  
To som one Climate all at once should fly,  
One Country they might drown vndoubtedly:  
But our great Galley having gone so far,  
So many months, in sight of either *Star*,  
From Pole to Pole through sundry Climats whorl'd,  
Shoves that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.

Now *non-plust*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,  
Thou fly for succour to thine Ayery Damp:

Y

ued, all merite to  
be destroyed.

7. The least im-  
perfect passe con-  
demnation, euen  
then when they  
are most lively  
chastised.

8. God destroying  
the workman,  
doth no wrong to  
the Tools, if hee  
break, & batter  
them with their  
Master.

9. A Traitor  
deserues to haue  
his house razed  
to the ground.

10. The Flood  
was no naturall  
accident, but a  
most iust indige-  
ment of God.

11. The waters of  
the Flood sprung

Showe,



not from a natural motion only, but proceeded from other then natural Causes, which cannot produce such effects,

Showe, in the concave of what Mountains steep  
We may imagine Dens sufficient deep  
For so much ayre as gushing out in fountains,  
Should hide the proud tops of the highest Mountains;  
Sith a whole tun of ayre scarce yeelds (in triall)  
Water ynough to fill one little Viall.  
And what should then betide those empty spaces?  
What should succeed in the forsaken places  
Of th'air's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking thence)  
Sith there's no voyd in th'All-circumference?

12. The consideration of the power of God in subiecting the creatures to Noah: in sustaining & feeding them so long in the Ark (which was as a Sepulchre) confuteth all the objections of Atheists.

Whence (wilt thou say) then coms this raging flood,  
That ouer-flows the windy Rypbean Wood,  
*Mount Libanus*, and eniuously aspires  
To quench the light of the celestiall fires?  
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from coms it (*Ch*)  
That Wolves, and Panthers waxing meek and tame,  
Leaving the horror of their shady home,  
Adiourn'd by Heav'n, did in my presence com,  
Who holding subiect vnder my command  
So many creatures humbled at my hand,  
And now restor'd to th' honour and estate,  
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?  
Whence doth it com, or by what reason is't,  
That vnmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist  
Com without call? Whence coms it, that so little  
Fresh water, fodder, meal, and other victuall,  
Should serue so long so many a greed-gut  
As in the dark holds of this *Ark* is shut?  
That heer the Partridge doth not dread the Hawk?  
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?  
That all these storms our Vessell haue not broak?  
That all this while we do not ioyntly choak  
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink  
Of such a common and continuall sink?  
And that our selues, mid all these deaths, are sav'd  
From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?

13. The Arke full of Miracles,

In all the compass of our floating Inns,  
Are not so many planks, and boards, and pins,

## *The Arke.*

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As wonders strange, and miracles that ground  
Mans wrangling Reason, and his wits confound :  
And God, no less his mighty powr displayd  
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.

O sacred Patron ! pacifiethine ire,  
Bring home our Hulk : these angry floods retire ;  
A-live and dead, letvs perceiue and proove  
Thy wrath on others, on our selues thy love.

Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,  
Beguiles the time, and charms his misery,  
Hoping in God alone : who, in the Mountains  
Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,  
Shutting Heav'ns sluices, causing th'ayr (controul'd)  
Close vp his channels, and his Seas with-hould,  
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'ns fresh fans (quoth he)  
Earths sweeping Brooms, O Forrests enmity,  
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers  
My nimble Postes and speedy Messengers,  
Mine arms, my sinews, and mine Eagles swift  
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot list ;  
When from my mouth, in my iust-kindled ire  
Fly Sulphry fumes, and hot consuming fire,  
When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull wonder  
I muster horror, darknes, clouds, and thunder :  
Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,  
That hills and dales haue hidden from the sky.

Th' *Eolian* Crowd obays his mighty call,  
The surly surges of the waters fall,  
She Sea retreateth : and the sacred *Keel*  
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet do kneel  
A thousand Hills, his lofty horn adoring  
That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.

Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)  
Sends forth the Crowe, who flutters neer-about ;  
And finding yet no landing place at all,  
Returns a-board to his great Admirall.

Som few daies after from the window flies  
The harm-lesse Doue for new discoueries :

*which confound  
the wits, & stop  
the mouthes of  
profane wrang-  
lers.*

*God causeth the  
Flood to cease.*

*The Arke resteth  
on the Mountain  
Ararat, in Ar-  
menia.*

*What Noah  
before he we  
forth.*



But seeing yet no shear, she (almost tyr'd)  
A-boord the Carrack back again retir'd.

But yer the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode,  
To view the World a-fresh she flies abroad;  
And brings a boord (at evening) in her bill  
An Olive branch with water pearled still.

O happy presage! O deer pledge of loue!  
O wel-com newes! behold, the peacefull Doue  
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal  
And truce with God; who by this sacred seal  
Kindly confirms his holy Couenant,  
That first, in fight the Tiger rage shall want,  
Lions becowards, Hares couragious;  
Yer he be false in word or deed to vs.  
O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,  
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots  
Hau'e lived still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,  
I doe reioice it hath not all things wasted:  
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,  
Prays'd be the bounty of th'immortall King  
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing  
With beauty fresh so suddainly renewing.

*He expecteth  
Gods command  
to goe  
forth: whereby,  
at the first hee  
was shut vp in  
the Ark.*

Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World gan list  
Most of his Iles above the waters drift,  
Though waxen old in his long weary night,  
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:  
Though choak't with ill ayr in his stinking staul,  
Hee'l not a-shoar till God be pleas'd with-all;  
And till (deuout) from Heav'n he vnderstand  
Som Oracle to licence him to land.

But warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his Cave,  
(Or rather from a fowl infectious Grave)  
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Japheth*, and their twice-two Brides,  
And thousand pairs of liuing things besides,  
Vnclean and clean: forth holy *Patriark*  
Had of all kinds inclosed in the Ark.

But, heer I hear th'vngodly (that for fear  
Late whisperd softly in each others ear,

With silent murmurs muttering secretly)  
Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;  
Who will beleewe (but shallow-brained Sheep)  
That such a ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,  
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,  
So many months could bear so great a charge?  
Sith the proud Horse, the rough-skin'd Elephant,  
The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,  
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,  
Fill vp a Hulk farr deeper, longer, broader?

New obiection  
of Atheists, con-  
cerning the ca-  
pacity of the  
Ark.

Answer:

O profane mockers! if I but exclude  
Out of this Vessell a vast multitude  
Of since-born mongrels, that deriue their birth  
From monstrous medly of *Venerian* mirth;  
Fantastik Mules, and spotted Leopards,  
Ofincest-heat ingendred afterwards:  
So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,  
Since, dayly sprung from strange and mingled louses  
Wherein from time to time in various sort,  
Dedalian Nature seems her to disport:  
If playner, yet I proue you space by space,  
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,  
By subtile iudgement made and *Symmetrie*,  
Might lodge so many creatures handsomly,  
Sith euery brace was *Geometricall*:  
Nought resteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;  
If, who disputewith God, may be content  
To take for currant, Reasons argument.

An vn-answe-  
rable answere to  
all profane ob-  
iections.

But heert' admire th' Almightyes powrfull hand  
I rather loue, and silence to command  
To mans discourse: what he hath said, is don:  
For, euermore his word and deed are one.

By his sole arm, the Gallions Masters saw  
Themselues safe rescu'd from deaths yawning iaw;  
And offer-vp to him in zealous wise,  
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;  
And send with-all above the starry Pole  
These winged lighes from a religious soule;



World-shaking Father, Windes King, calming-Seas,  
 With milde aspect behold vs: Lord appease  
 Thine Angers tempest, and to safety bring  
 The planks escap't from this sad Perishing:  
 And bound for ever in their ancient Caves  
 These stormy Seas, deep World-devouring waves.

*Commandments,  
 Prohibitions, &  
 Promises of God  
 to Noah & his  
 Posteritie.*

Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,  
 And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny:  
 Resume your Scepter and with new behests,  
 Bridle againe the late revolted Beasts,  
 Re-exercise your wonted rule again,  
 It is your office over them to raigne:  
 Deere Children, vse them all: take, kill, and eate:  
 But yet abstain and doe not take for meat  
 Their ruddy soules: and leaue (O sacred seed!)  
 To rav'ning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.

I, I am holy: be you holy then:  
 I deeply hate all cruell bloody men:  
 Therefore defile not in your brothers blood  
 Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood;  
 Fly homicide: doe not in any case,  
 In man, mine Image brutishly deface:  
 The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;  
 And blood with blood be venged first or last;  
 For euermore vpon the murderers head  
 My roaring storm, of fury shall be shed.

*The Rain-Bowe  
 giuen for a Pledg  
 of the Promise,  
 that there shall  
 be no more gene-  
 rall Flood.*

From hence-forth, fear no second Flood that shall  
 Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:  
 I assure ye no; no, no, I swear to you  
 (And who hath ever found mine Oath vntrue?)  
 Again, I swear by my thrice sacred Name:  
 And to confirm it, in the Clouds I frame.  
 This coloured Bowe. When then som tempest blacke  
 Shall threat again the feareful World to wrack,  
 When water loaden Heav'ns your Hills shall touch,  
 When th'ayr with Midnight shall your Noon be-pitch,  
 Your cheerfull looks vpto this Rain-bowe cast.  
 For, though the same on moylstfull Clouds be plac't,

Though

# The Arke.

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Though hemm'd with shows, and though it seem to sup  
(To drown the World) all th' Oceans waters vp,  
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)  
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.

Noah looks-vp, and in the Ayr he views

A semi-Circle of a hundred hews:

Which, bright ascending toward th' æthereall thrones,

Hath a lyne drawn between two Orizons

For iust Diameter: an even-bent bowe

Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth shewe

To be all painted of a golden hew,

The second green, the third an orient blew;

Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green

Still (Opal-like) some changeable is seen.

A Bowe bright-shining in th' Arch-Archers hand,

Whose subtile string seems level with the Land,

Half-parting Heav'n; and over vs it bends,

Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;

A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies;

Where powrfull Nature shewes her freshest dies.

And if you onely blew and red perceiv;

The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceiv;

Of both the flowing and the flaming Doom,

The Judgement pass, and Judgement yet to come.

Then, having call'd on God, our second Father

Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,

But fals to work, and wisely now renew' th

The Trade he learn'd to practice in his youth,

For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude

That first his hand in brothers blood imbrewd,

As scorning Ploughs, and hating harm-lesse tillage,

And (wantons) prising lesse the homely village,

With fields and Woods, then th' idle Cities shades;

Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades,

But Sets Sons, knowing Nature soberly

Content with little, fell to Husbandry,

Thereto reducing with industrious care,

The Flocks and Doves cover'd with wool and hair;

Description of  
the Rain-Bowe.

What it signifi-  
eth.

Noah falls to  
Husbandry, and  
tills the Earth, as  
he had done be-  
fore the Flood.



As prayse-full gain, and profit void of strife,  
Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.

So, the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers  
Had scarcely boxed all th'EArths dropsie vapours,  
When hee that sav'd the store-seed-World from wrack,  
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back,  
And there soon-after planteth heedfully  
The brittle branches of the *Nectar-tree*:

*He plants a vine* For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill  
To the warm Sunsey lying open still,  
He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches  
The crooked Vines choice scyons, shoots, and branches:  
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses,  
Cuts, props, and proins; and God his work so blesses,  
That in the third *September* for his meed  
The plentious Vintage doth his hopes exceed.

*He is over-taken with Wine.* Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage  
Of bitter griefs that vex his feeble age,  
To see with mud so many Roofs o're-grown,  
And him left almost in the World alone,  
One-day a little from his strictness shrunk,  
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:  
And, silly, thinking in that hony-gall  
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.

*Description of a drunken-man.* His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,  
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,  
His idle prattle from the purpose quire,  
Is abrupt, stuttering, all confus'd, and light:  
His wine-stuff stomach wrung with wind he feels;  
His trembling Tent all topsh turuiewheels:  
At last, not able on his legs to stand,  
More like a foul Swine then a sober man,  
Opprest with sleep, he wallows on the ground,  
His shame-les snorting trunk, so deeply drownd  
In self-obliuion, that he did not hide  
Those parts that *Casár* covered when he died.

*Fit Comparisons to set forsb the* Ev'n as the Ravens with windy wings o're-fly  
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,

Despise

# The Arke.

313

Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bows  
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flows,  
And greedy, light vpon the loathsom quarters  
Of som late *Lopez*, or such *Romish* Martyrs:

Or as a young, vnskillfull, Painter raw,  
Doth carelesly the fairest features draw  
In any face, and yet too neerly marks  
Th'vnpleasing blemish of deformed marks,  
As lips too great, or hollownes of eyes,  
Or sinking nose, or such indecencies:

Even so th'vngodly Sonns of Leasings Father  
With black Obliuions sponge ingrately smother  
Fair Vertues draughts, and cast despightfully  
On the least sinns the venom of the ey,  
Frum others faults, and trumpet in all ages  
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:

Like scoffing *Cham* that impudently viewd  
His Fathers shame, and most profanely-lewd,  
With scornfull laughter (grace-les) thus began  
To infamize the poor old drunken man;

Com (brethren) com, com quickly and behold  
This pure controul that so oft contrould  
Vs without cause: see how his bed he soyls:  
See, how the wine (his matter) now recoyls  
By's mouth, and eyes, and nose: and brutally so  
To all that com his naked shame doth shoue.

Ah shame-les beast (both brethren him reprov'd,  
Both chiding thus, both with iust anger moou'd)  
Vnnaturall villain, monster pestilent,  
Vnworthy to behold the firmament,  
Where (absent we) thou ought'st haue hid before  
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy silence more,  
Thy Fathers shame, whom age, strong wine, and grief,  
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;  
Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter  
Proclaim'st his fault on infamies Theater.  
And saying this (turning their sight a-side)  
Their hoary Fathers nakednes they hide.

*nature and pro-  
perty of Slande-  
rers, & Detrac-  
ters imitating  
Cham.*

*His speech to his  
Brethren, seeing  
his Fathers na-  
kednes.*

*Their discreet  
behaviour.*

When



Noah awaked  
curseth Cham  
and his posterity:  
& bleisseth Sem  
and Iaphet, and  
their issue.

When wine had wrought, this good old-man awook,  
Agniz'd his crime, ashamed, wonder-strook  
At strength of wine, and toucht with true repentance,  
With Prophet-mouth gan thus his Sons fore-sentence:  
Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)

Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly Morn,  
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Evening* see  
Thy necke still yoaked with Captiuitie.  
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed  
Spread wide my *Iapheths* fruitfull- & warming seed.

Error, no error, but a wilfull badnes:

*An execratiō of O fowl defect! O short, O dangerous madnes!*

*Drunkennes, de- That in thy rage dost harm-les (Lytus smother,*  
*scribed with its By his deer friend; Pentheus by his Mother,*  
*shamefull, daun- Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent,*  
*gerous and dese- Ther talkfull, blab; cruell, the violent:*  
*nable effects.*

The fornicator, wax adulterous;

Th' adulterer, becom incestuous:

With thy plagues leauen swelling all our crimes;

Blinde, shameles, sense-les, quenching oftentimes

The soule within it self: and oft defames

The holiest men with execrable blames.

And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,

Makes his new vessels wooden bands re-coyl,

Lifts-vp his lees, and spews with fuming vent

From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:

So ruin'st thou thine hoast and foolishly

From his harts bottom driv'st all secrecy.

But, hadst thou neuer don (O filthy poison!)

More mischief heer, but thus bereft of reason

This Vertues Module (rather Vertues best)

We ought thee more then Death it self detest.

FINIS.

## BABYLON.

THE II. PART OF THE II.  
DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Th' Antichesis of Blest and Cursed States,  
 Subject to Good and Evil Magistrates :  
 Nimrod vsurps : His prowess-full Policy,  
 To gain himself the Goal of Souerainty :  
 BABEL begun : To stop such out-rages,  
 There, God confounds the builders Languages :  
 Tongues excellent : the Hebrue, first and Best :  
 Then Greek and Latin : and (aboue the rest)  
 Th' Arabian, Toscan, Spanish, French, and Dutch,  
 And Ours, are Honoured by our Author much.*

**O** Happy people where good Princes reign,  
 Who tender publike more then priuate gain !  
 Who (vertue's patrons, and the plagues of vice)  
 Hate Parasites, and harken to the wise :  
 Who (self-commanders) rather sin suppress  
 By self-examples, then by rigorousnes :  
 Whose inward-humble, outward Maiesty  
 With Subjects loue is guarded loyally :  
 Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory,  
 But knowe themselves set on a lofty story  
 For all the world to see and censure too :  
 So, not their lust, but what is iust they do.  
 But, 't is a hell, in hatefull vassallage,  
 Vnder a Tyrant to consume ones age :

*A preface, representing the felicity & happy estate of common weales gouerned by good and prudent Princes : & the misery of those that live in subiection vnto Tyrants : which the Poet very fitly proposeth as his introduction to the life and Manners of Nimrod.*

A self-



A self-shav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,  
 Whose cursed Courts with blood and incest swell:  
 An Owl, that flies the light of Parliaments  
 And State-assemblies. iealous of th'intents  
 Of priuate tongues; who (for a pastime) sets  
 His Peers at ods; and on their fury whets:  
 Who neither faith, honour, nor right respects:  
 Who euery day new Officers erects:  
 Who brooks no learned, wise, nor valiant subiects,  
 But daily crops such vice-vpbraiding obiects:  
 Who (worse then Beasts, or savage monsters been)  
 Spares neither mother, brother, kiff, nor kin:  
 Who, though round fenc't with gard of armed Knights,  
 A many moe he fears, then he affrights:  
 Who taxes strange extorts; and (Caniball)  
 Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subiects all.

*A Prayer fitted  
 to the former  
 discourse, and  
 giuing entry to  
 that which fol-  
 loweth.*

Print (O Heav'ns King!) in our kings harts a zeal,  
 First, of thy lawes; then of their publik weal:  
 And if our Countries now-Po-poisoned phrase,  
 Or now-contagion of corrupted daies,  
 Leave any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;  
 O! cancel it, that they may euery where,  
 In stead of *Babel*, build *Jerusalem*:  
 That lowd my *Muse* may eccho vnder them.

*Nimrods exer-  
 cises & essays to  
 make himseife  
 Master of the  
 rest.*

YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twise six yeers,  
 Hetyranniz'd among his stripling-peers,  
 Out-stript his equals, and in happy howr,  
 Layd the foundations of his after-powr,  
 And bearing reeds for Scepters, first he raigns  
 In Prentice-Princedom over sheep-heard Swains.  
 Then knowing well, that who so aym's (illustrer)  
 At fancied blis of Empires awful lustre;  
 In valiant acts must pass the vulgar sort,  
 Or mask (at least) in louely Vertues Port:  
 He spends not night on beds of down or feathers,  
 Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers  
 His youthfull limbs: and takes ambitiously  
 A rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:

In stead of softlings iests, and iollities,  
He ioyes in Iousts, and manly exercises:  
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling flesh,  
Scarce fully slain, luke-warm and bleeding fresh.

Then, with one breath, he struieth to attain  
A Mountaintop, that ouer-peers the Plain:  
Against the stream to cleave the rowling ridges  
Of Nymph-strong floods, that haue born down their bridges,  
Running vnrean'd with swift rebounding sallies  
A-crofs the rocks within the narrow vallies:  
To ouertake the darr himselfe did throwe,  
And in plain course to catch the Hinde or Roe.

But, when fine lustres of his age expir'd,  
Feeling his stomach and his strength aspir'd  
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,  
Boar, Libbard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounse, or Bear,  
Him dread-lesse combats; and in combat foyle,  
And rears high Trophies of his bloody spoils.

The people, seeing by his warlike deed  
From theeues, and robbers euery passage freed:  
From hideous yells, the Desarts round about:  
From fear, their flocks; this monster-master stout,  
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,  
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

Then *Nimrod* (snatching Fortune by the tresses)  
Strikes the hot Steele; sues, sooths, importunes, presses.  
Now these, then those, and halstning his good Hap  
Leaues hunting Beasts, and hunter Men to trap.  
For, like as He, in former quests did vse  
Cals, pit-falls, toyls, sprenges, and baits, and glews:  
And (in the end) against the wilder game,  
Clubs, darts, and shafts, and swords, their rage to tame:  
So, som he wins with promise-full intreats,  
With presents som, and som with rougher threats:  
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)  
Vsurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy:  
Whereas, before each kindred had for guide  
Their proper Chief, yer that the youthfull pride

*Perseuerance in  
painefull and la-  
borious exercises  
of Nimrod  
growne gracious  
with the people.*

*He abandons  
his first petty  
Chase, and hun-  
teth wylier for a  
more pretious  
Prey.*



*Tyrannicall rule  
of Nimrod, and  
his proud enter-  
prize.*

Of vpstart State, ambitious boyling, fickle,  
Did thrust (as now) in others corn his sickle.

In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant gan deuise  
To perpetrate a thousand cruelties,  
Pel-mel subuerting for his appetite  
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple sacred Right.

He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his nose  
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he lose  
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end  
Might slip their yoke; he subtle makes them spend,  
Draws dry their wealth, and busies them to build  
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde.

W'haue liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Grooms:  
Leaue these rowling tents, and wandring rooms:

Let's raise a Palace, whose proud front and feet  
With Heav'n and Hell may in an instant meet;  
A sure *Asylum*, and a safe retreat,

If th'irefull storm of yet-more Floods should threat:

Lets found a Citie, and vnited there,  
Vnder a King let's lead our liues; for fear  
Least seuer'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,

We be disperst o'reall the Regiments  
That in his course the Days bright Champion eyes,  
Might-les our selues to succour, or aduise.

But, if the fire of som intestine war,  
Or other mischief should diuide vs far,

Brethren (at least) let's leaue memorials  
Of our great names on these cloud-neighbouring wals.

Now, as a spark, that Shepheards (vnespied)  
Haue faine by chance vpon a Forrest side,  
Among dry leaues; a-while in secret shrouds,  
Lifting a-loft small, smoaky-wauing clouds,  
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it blushes,  
With angry rage; and rising through the bushes,  
Climbs fragrant Hawthorns, thence the Oak, and than  
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:  
It still gets ground, and (running) doth augment,  
And neuer leaue still all neer Woods be brent:

*A comparison  
shewing, liuely,  
the efficacie of  
the attempts of  
Tyrants, the  
Rods of Gods  
righteous venge-  
ance vpon vn-  
godly people.*

So, this sweet speech (first broacht by certain Minions)

Is soon applauded 'mong the light opinions:

And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,

To all the base confused multitude;

Who longing now to see this Castle rear'd,

Them night and day in differing crafts bestirr'd.

Som fall to felling with a thousand stroaks

Aduenturous Alders, Alhes, long-liv'd Oaks;

Degrading Forrests, that the Sun might view

Fields that before his bright rayes neuer knew.

Ha' ye seen a Town expos'd to spoyl and slaughter

(At victors pleasure) where laments and laughter

Mixtly resound; som carry, som conuay,

Som lug, som load; 'gainst Souldiers seeking Prey

No place is sure, and yea a day be done,

Out at her gate the ran sack't Town doth run:

So (in a trice) these Carpenters disrobe

Th' *Assyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,

Strip the steep Mountains of their gastly shades,

And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:

Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick-instling meet abroad,

And bending axles groan beneath their load.

Heer, for hard Cement, heap they night and day

The gummy slime of chalky waters gray:

There, busie Kil-men ply their occupations:

For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations;

They dig to hell; and damned Ghosts again

(Past hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:

Their hammers noyse, through Heav'ns rebounding brim,

Affrights the fish that in fair Tygris swim.

These ruddy wals in height, and compass growe;

They cast long shadow, and far-off do shoue:

All swarms with work-men, that (poor sots) surmise

Euen the first day to touch the very skies.

Which, God perceiuing, bending wrathfull frowns,

And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns;

'Mid cloudy fields, hills by the roots he rakes,

And th' vnmov'd hindges of the Heav'ns he shakes.

*Lively Descrip-  
tion of the people  
occupied in some  
great busines.*

*God displeased  
with the audaci-  
ous enterprise of  
Nimrod and  
his resoluerh to*

See,



*break their De-  
signes by consoy-  
ding their Lan-  
guage.*

See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble, Dwarfs,  
See their huge Castles, Walls, and Counter-scarfs:  
O strength-full Peece, impregnable I and sure  
All my iust anger's batteries to endure.  
I swore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more  
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;  
Yet build they Towns: I will'd that scattered wide  
They should go man the World; and lo they bide  
Self-prisoned heer: I meant to be their Master,  
Myself alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;  
And they, for Lord, a Tyrant fell have ta'en them;  
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb and rean them;  
Who scorns mine arm, and with these braving Towns  
Attempts to scale this Cry stall Throne of ours.

Com, com, let's dash their drift; and sith, combin'd  
As well in voice, as blood, and law, and minde,  
In ill they harden, and with language bold  
Incourage-on themselves their work to hold,  
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence:  
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;  
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the brother,  
The Sire, and Son, not vnderstand each other.

*Execution of  
Gods decree.*

This said, as soon confusedly did bound  
Through all the work I wot not what strange sound,  
A iangling noise; not much vnlike the rumors  
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors:  
Som speak between the teeth, som in the nose,  
Som in the throat their words do ill dispose,  
Som howl, som hallow, som doe stut and strain,  
Each hath his gibberish, and all strue in vain  
To finde again their know'n beloued tongue,  
That with their milk they suckt in cradle, young.

*A fit comparison*

Arise betimes, while th' *Opal-coloured Morn*,  
In golden pomp doth *May-days* decor adorn:  
And patient hear th' all-differing voices sweet  
Of painted Singers, that in Groves do greet  
Their Loue-*Ton-iours*, each in his phrase and fashion  
From trembling Pearch vttering his earnest passion;

And so thou mayst conceipt what mingle-mangle

Among this people euery where did iangle:

Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;

One brings him vp a hammer: hew this brick

(Another bids) and then they cleaue a Tree:

Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee:

One calls for planks, another mortar lacks:

They bear the first, a stone; the last an ax:

One would haue spikes, and him a spade they giue:

Another asks a saw, and gets a siue:

Thus crosse y-crosse, they prate and point in vain;

What one hath made, another mays again:

Nigh breath-les all, with their confus'd yawling,

In boot-les labour, now begins appawling.

In brief, as those, that in som channell deep

Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep,

Perceiuing once (in thousand streams extending)

The course-chang'd Riuer from the hills descending,

With watry mountains bearing down their Bay,

As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey;

Abandon quickly all their work begun,

And heer and there for swifter safety run:

These Masons so, seeing the storm arriu'd

Of Gods iust Wrath, all weak, and heart-depriu'd,

For sake their purpose, and like frantick fools

Scatter their stufte, and tumble down their tools.

O proud reuolt! O trayterous felony!

See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee:

By this Confusion: ah! that language sweet,

Sure bond of Cities, friendships mastik meet,

Strong curb of anger, yerst vnited, now

In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how:

That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mouer,

That calm-rage harts-theef, quel-pride coniure-louer:

That purest coyn, then currant in each coast,

Now mingled, hath sound, waight, and colour lost,

Tis counterfeit: and ouer euery shoar

The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.

Z

Then,

*An other elegant  
comparison shew-  
ing that there  
is no Counsaile,  
no Endenour, no  
diligence, no  
might nor mul-  
titude, that can  
resist God.*

*Discommodities  
proceeding from  
the confusion of  
Tongues.*



Then, *Finland*-folk might visit *Africa*,  
 The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,  
 Without a truch-man : now, the banks that bound  
 Our Towns about, our tongues do also mound :  
 For, who from home but half a furlong goes,  
 As dumb (alas!) his Reason's tool doth lose :  
 Of if we talk but with our neer confines,  
 We borrow mouthes, or else we work by signes.

Vn-toild, vn-tutord; sucking tender food,  
 We learn'd a language all men vnderstood ;  
 And (leav'n-years-old) in glasse-dust did commence  
 To draw the round Earths fair circumference :  
 To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,  
 We reacht betimes that Castles highest part,  
 Where th' *Encyclopedie* her darling Crowns,  
 In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.

Now (ever-boys) we wax old, while we seek  
 The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek :  
 We can but babble, and for knowledge whole  
 Of Natures secrets, and of th' *Essence* sole  
 Which *Essence* giues to all, we tire our minde  
 To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde,  
 Our letters and our syllables to waigh  
 At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,  
 Who teach vs yet to read, and giue vs (raw)  
 An *A. B. C.* for great *Iustinians* law,

*Hippocrates*, or that *Diuiner* lore,  
 Where God appears to whom him right adore.  
 What shall I more say ? Then, all spake the speech  
 Of God himsele, th' old sacred *Idiom* rich,  
 Rich perfect language, where's no point, nor signe,  
 But hides som rare deep mysterie diuine;  
 But since that pride, each people hath a part  
 A ballard gibberish, harsh, and ouerthwart ;  
 Which daily chang'd, and losing light, wel-neer  
 Nothing retains of that first language cleer,

The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation  
 Fed with fair *Nilus* fruitfull inuadation,

The Hebrew  
 Tongue in all  
 Mens mouthes  
 before the confu-  
 sion of Language  
 ges.

A conclusion tri-  
 ed, whereby ap-

Longing to know their Languages prioritie,  
Fondly impos'd the censuring authoritie  
To silly Iudges, void of iudging sense  
(Dumb stammerers to treat of eloquence)  
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,  
In silent Cels, where neuer noyse should com  
Of charming humane voice, to eccho there,  
Till triple-twelve months full expired were.  
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men  
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd childeren,  
Crie often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words  
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth affords.  
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*  
*Bek* meaneth bread, much to reioyce began,  
Glad that kinde Nature had now gract them so,  
To grant this Sentence on their side to go.

Fools, which perceiv'd not, that the bleating flocks  
Which pould the neighbour Mountains mostly locks  
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,  
*Greece*, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Jewry*, com  
Com born with vs: but euery Countries tongue  
Is learnt by much vse, and frequenting long.  
Only, we haue peculiar to our race,  
Aptnesse to speak; as that same other grace  
Which, richly-diuers, makes vs differ more  
From dull, dumb wretches that in Desarts roar.

Now, that Bels bellow (if that any say)  
That Lions roar, and slothfull Ases bray,  
Now lowe, now lowd; and by such languages  
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:  
Those are not words, but bare expressions  
Of violent fits of certain passions:  
Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,  
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, loue, or ioy.

And so I say that all the winged quiers,  
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,  
Ear-tickling tunes: for though they seem to prattle  
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;

peareth that chil-  
dren are natu-  
rally apt to learn  
to speake: not a-  
ble of themselues  
to speake, with-  
out example.

Answer to the  
objection taken  
from the confused  
voice of Beasts.

To another Ob-  
jection, of the  
chirping of Birds.



To winde their voice a hundred thousand waies;  
In curious descant of a thousand layes:

T' haue taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;

Their sounds want sense, their notes are word-less still:

Their song, repeated thousand times a day,

As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

*Advantage of  
Man endued  
with Reason, a-  
bove the rest of  
the Creatures.*

*Iosephus Scali-  
ger, skilfull in  
13. languages.*

But, only Man can talke of his Creator,  
Of Heav'n, and earth, and fire, and ayre, and water;

Of Iustice, Temperance, Wisdom, Fortitude, and goodnesse;

In choise sweete tearmes, that various sense include;

And not in one sole tongue his thoughts diffunder;

But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,

The Learned's Sun; who eloquently can,

Speak Spanish, French, Italian; Nubian,

Dutch, Chaldee, Syriack, English; Arabick;

(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek;

O rich quick spirit! Owits Chameleón;

Which any Authors colour can put on;

Great *Iulius* Son, and *Sylvius* worthy brother;

Th' immortal grace of *Gascony*, their mothers;

*Answer to a  
third objection  
touching Parot-  
resembling Ec-  
cho. & speaking  
without speech.*

And, as for layes, that in their wyery gail

Can ask for victuals, and vnvictual'd rail;

Who, daring vs for eloquences meed;

Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed;

Say the Lords Prayer, and oft repeat it all;

And name by name a good great household call;

Th' are like that voice, which (by our voice begot)

From hollow vaine babbles it wote not what;

In vaine the ayre they beat, in vaine cleaving;

And dumbly speak, their owne speech not conceiuing;

Deaf to themselves; for, speech is nothing (sure);

But th' vnseen soules resounding purrature;

And chiefly when 'tis short, sweete, painted plain;

As it was all, yer that rough hunters raign.

*The Hebrew  
Tongue the  
principall.*

Now, when I note, how th' Hebrew breuiety,

Euen with fewe words expresth happily

Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing past

Through all the closets of the mazy hart:

Better

Better then Greek with her *Synonimæes*,  
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphoræes*,  
Her apt Coniunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,  
And many other much esteemed graces:

*First reason.*

When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet  
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet  
All that our faith beleevues, or eyes behold;  
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:  
Whether (with curious pain) we do transport  
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort  
(For, as in ciphering, th'onely transportation  
Of figures, still varies their valuation:  
So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slackes a name,  
Giuing a secret twist vnto the same):  
Or whether wee (euen as in grofs) bestowing  
The numbers, which, from one words letters flowing,  
Vnfold a secret; and that word again  
Another of like number doth contain:  
Whether one letter for a word be put;  
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:  
As *Egypt*s silence sealed-up (mysterious)  
In one Character a long sentence serious.

*Second reason.*

*Simile.*

When I obserue, that from the *Indian* Dawning,  
Euen to our *Irish* *Aetna*'s fiery yawning:  
And from hot *Tambur*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,  
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian,  
Nor ignorant in all the Laws diuine,  
But yet retaines som tearms of *Palestine*,  
Whose Elements (how-so disguiz'd) draw-nigh  
The sacred names of th'old Orthography.

*Third reason.*

When I consider that Gods antient WILL  
Was first entrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:  
That neuer *Vrim*, *Dream*, or *Vision* sung  
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaaks* tongue:  
That in the same, the Lord himselve did draw  
Vpon two Tables his eternall Law:

*Fourth reason.*



And that (long since) in *Signs* Languages,  
His heav'nly Postes brought downe his messages.

*Fifth reason.*

And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then

They gaue not idle, casuall names to men,  
But such as (rich in sense) before th'euent,  
Markt in their liues some speciall accident;  
And yet, we see that all those words of old  
Of Hebrew still the sound and sense doe hold.  
For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife  
*Eua* (translated) signifieth life:

*Cain*, first begot: *Abel*, as vain: and *Seth*,

Put in his place: and he that, vnderneath

The generall Deluge, saw the World distress;

In true interpretation, foundeth Rest.

To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-euer *Greece* do grudge)

The sacred right of Eldership Iudge.

All hail, therefore, ô sempiternall Spring

*Praise of the  
Hebrew Tongue,  
Mother and  
Queene of all  
the Rest.*

Of spirituall pictures! speech of Heav'n's high King,

Mother, and Mistresse, of all Tongues the Prime;

Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time:

Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements

Flowe with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.

O sacred *Dialect*! in thee the names

Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames

In brieft abridgements: and the names of Birds,

Of Water-guests, and Forrest-hanting Heards,

Are open Books, where every man might read

Their natures story, till th'Heav'n-shaker dread,

In his iust wrath, the flaming sword had set,

The passage into Paradise to let.

*Adam gaue  
Hebrew names  
to all the Crea-  
tures.*

For, *Adam* then (in signe of mastery) giuing

Peculiar names vnto all creatures liuing,

When in a generall muster ranged right,

They marcht by couples in his awfull sight,

He framed them so fit, that learned ears

Bearing the soule the sound, the maruails bears,

Where-with th'All-forming voice adorned fair

Th'inhabitants of Sea, and Earth, and Ayr.

And

And, for each body acts, or suffers ought,  
 Having made Nouns, his Verbs he also wrought:  
 And then, the more t'enrich his speech, he brings  
 Small Particles, which stand in lieu of strings,  
 The master members fitly to combine  
 (As two great boards, a little glew doth ioyn)  
 And serue as plumes, which euer dancing light  
 Deck the proud crests of helmets burnisht bright:  
 Frenches to mantles; ears, and rings to vessels:  
 To marble statues, bases, feet, and tressels.

Hee enriched the  
 Language with  
 the composition  
 of Verbs and  
 Clauses.

This (*Adams* language) pure pertisted since,  
 Til th' iron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince:  
 Resounding onely, through all mortall tents,  
 The peer-les accents of rich eloquence;  
 But then (as partiall) it it selfe retyr'd  
 To *Hebers* house: whether of the conspyr'd  
 Rebels, he were not; but in sober quiet,  
 Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:  
 Or whether, thither by compulsion brought,  
 With secret sighes hee oft his God besought,  
 So with vnwilling hands helping to make  
 The walls he wist deep sunk in *Scyrian* Lake:  
 As wretched Galley-slaues (bearing the Seas  
 With forced oars, fighting against their ease  
 And liberty) curse, in their griev'd spright,  
 Those, for whose sake they labour day and night:  
 Or whether else Gods liberall hand, for euer  
 (As it were) meeting holy mens indeuour,  
 For his owne sake, of his free grace and pleasure,  
 To th' Hebrew race deposited this treasure;  
 While the proud remnant of those scattered Nations  
 Had falsed it in hundred thousand fashions,  
 When euery one where Fate him called flew,  
 Bearing new words into his Country new.

The Hebrew  
 Tongue continued  
 from *Adam* to  
 the time of *Nim-  
 rod*: Since whe  
 it rested in the  
 house of *Heber*,  
 of whom it is  
 called Hebrew.

Smiles

A sub-division  
 of the Languages  
 first diuided.

But slippery Time, enviously wasting all,  
 Disfigur'd soon those Tongues authentically,  
 Which 'mid the *Babel*-builders thunder, bred  
 On *Tygris* banks, o're all the earth were spread:

And,



And, ay the world the more confus'd to leaue,  
The least of them in many Tongues did cleaue.

*Wherof proceed  
the sundry chan-  
ges in one selfe-  
same Language.*

Each language alters, either by occasion  
Of trade, which (causing mutuall commutation  
Of th'Earths and Oceans wares) with hardy luck  
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:  
Or else, because Fame-thirsting wits, that toyl  
In golden tearms to trick their gracious stile,  
With new-found beauties prank each circumstance,  
Or (at the least) doe new-coyn'd words inhaunce  
With currant freedom: and again restore  
Th'old, rusty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of yore.

*Simile.*

For, as in Forrests, leaues doe fall and spring:  
Even so the words, which whilom flourishing,  
In sweet Orations shin'd with pleasing lustre  
(Like snowe-white Lillies in a fresh green pasture)  
Passe now no more; but, banisht from the Court,  
Dwell with disgrace among the Country sort:  
And those, which Eld's strict doome did disallow,  
And damn for bullion, goe for current now.

*The liberty of a  
witty, learned,  
and indicious  
Writer.*

A happy wit, with gracious iudgement ioyn'd  
May giue a Pasport to the words new coyn'd  
In his own shop: also adopt the strange  
Ingraft the wilde: enriching with such change  
His powerfull stile; and with such sundry ammel  
Paynting his phrased, his Prose or Verse enamell

One language hath no law but vse: and still  
Runs blinde, vnbridled, at the vulgars will,  
Anothers course, is curiously inclos'd  
In lists of Art; of choise fit words compos'd.  
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,  
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold  
With the yeer-spinners. One, vnhappy-founded,  
Liues in a narrow valley euer bounded:  
Another 'mong the learned troupe doth presse  
From *Alexanders* Altars, even to *Fex*.

*Excellencie of  
the Hebrew,*

And such are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greeke*, and *Latin*:  
Th' *Hebrew*, because of it we hold the Paten.

Of *Thrice-Eternalls* euer sacred Word :  
And, of his Law, that is the first Record.  
The *Greeke*, as hauing cunningly compriz'd  
All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd.  
And manly *Roman*, with the sword vndaunted  
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.

Writing these later lines, weary wel-neer  
Of sacred *Pallas* pleasing labours deer ;  
Mine humble chin salureth oft my brest ;  
With an *Ambrosial* dew mine eys possesse  
By peece-meal close ; all mouing powrs be still ;  
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill ;  
Down in my sloath-lov'd bed again I shrink ;  
And in dark *Lethe* all deep cares I sink :  
Yea, all my cares, except a zeal to len  
A gainfull pleasure to my Country-men.  
For, th' holy loues-charm, burning for their sake,  
When I am sleeping, keeps my soule awake.

Gold-winged *Morpheus*, East-ward issuing  
By's crySTALL gate (it earlier opening  
Then daies bright door) fantastick leads the way  
Down to a vale, where moist-cool night, and day :  
Still calms and storms : keen cold, and sultry smother :  
Rain, and fair weather follow not each-other :  
But *May* still rains, and rose-crown'd *Zephyrus*  
With wanton sighes makes the green trees to buse,  
Whose whispering boughs, in Quall form do fence  
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.

Lust in the midst of this enammeld vale  
Rose a huge Rock, cut like a Pedestall ;  
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands  
Of during brasfe, which beareth in his hands  
Both fire and water : from his golden tongue  
Grow thousand chains, which all the mead a-long  
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,  
Bound fast by th' ears, but faster by the hart.  
Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie  
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from cruelty.

Greek, and La-  
tine Tongues a-  
bove the rest.

A pleasant in-  
troduction to his  
following Dis-  
course, wherein  
Poetically He  
describeth and  
bringeth in the  
principall Lan-  
guages, together  
with such as  
haue excelled in  
each of them.

The God of  
Dreams.

Description of  
the House, and  
Image of Elo-  
quence : and of  
the principall  
Languages.

Neer



Neer hills do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,  
Seeming to daunce at his sweet voices sound.

Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art  
On bases firm, a double rowe doth girt  
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:  
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)  
Bear, foure by foure, one of the Tongues which now  
Our learned Age for fairest doth allow.

1. The Hebrew  
Supported by 4.  
Pillars; (viz.)

Moses.

Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer Spirits supporting heer  
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear  
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,  
Who holds a green-dry, wither'd-springing wand,  
And in his arms the sacred Register  
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;  
Is *Israels* guide: first Author, he that first  
Vnto his heirs his Writings offer durst:  
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed  
All *Grecian* Writ, but euery *Grecian* Deed.

David.

*David's* the next, who, with the melody  
Of voice-matcht fingers, draws (spears) harmony,  
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound  
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:  
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*  
Shall cease their Galliard, th'ever-blessed soules  
Of *Christ* his champions (cheer'd with his sweet songs)  
Shall daunce to th'honour of the *Strong of Stronges*;  
And all the Angels glory-winged Hostes  
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hosts*.

Salomon.

The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,  
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,  
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd  
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde*.

Esay.

Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,  
*Grace*-fellowed, graue, holy and eloquent.

2 The Greeke  
by  
Homer.

Sweet-numbred *Homer* heer the *Greek* supports,  
Whose School hath bred the many-differing sorts  
Of ancient Sages: and, through every Realm,  
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:

Plato

Plato, the all-divine, who like the Fowl  
(They call) of *Paradise*; doth neuer foul  
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies  
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, about the skies:  
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,  
Gold-mouthed hearts-king, law of learned men.

Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catiline* and (since)  
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence  
Yeelds thousand streams, whence (rapt in admiration)  
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation:  
*Cæsar*, who knowes as wel to write, as war:  
The Sinnewy *Salust*: and that Heav'n-fall'n star,  
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tybers* brink,  
Who neuer seems in all his Works to wink;  
Who neuer stumbled, euer cleer and graue;  
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-braue:  
Still like himsele, and else, still like to no-man:  
Sustain the stately, graue-sweet ancient *Roman*.

On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plac't:  
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions grac't.  
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,  
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-stirrers:  
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indight  
Heroïk numbers, full of life and light;  
Short, sharpe-concepted, rich in language cleer,  
Though last in age, in honour formost heer.

Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound,  
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtile, and profound,  
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Auicem*,  
And *Ibnu-farid's* figure-flowing Pen.

The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the story  
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Iseban* (lasting glory  
Of *Wittenberg*) with *Benser* gilding bright:  
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight.  
*Gueuarra*, *Boscan*, and *Granade*, which sup:  
With *Garcilace*, in honey *Pytho's* cup  
The smiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian*:  
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,

Plato:  
Herodotus.  
Demosthenes:

3. The Latine

by  
Cicero.  
Cæsar.  
Salust.  
Virgil.

4. The Italian

by  
Boccace.  
Petrarch.  
Ariosto.  
Tasso.

5. The Arabik

by  
Aben-Roes.  
Eldebag.  
Auicem.  
Ibnu-farid.

6. The Dutch

by  
Peuther.  
Luther.  
Peucer.  
Butric.

7. The Spanish

by  
Gueuarra.  
Boscan.

Ravissit.



- Granada. Ravisht *Osyas*, he might well haue claymed  
 Garcilaco. The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named.  
 8. The French, Now, for the *French*, that shape-lesse *Column* rude,  
     by Whence th' idle Mason hath but grossly hew'd  
     (As yet) the rough scales from the vpper part,  
 Marot. Is *Clement Marot*; who with *Art-les Art*  
     Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,  
     Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first:  
     Whom, as a time-torn Monument, I honour:  
     Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:  
     Or age-worn Image: not so much for shoue,  
     As for the reuerence that to *Eld* I owe.  
     The next I knowe not well; yet (at the least)  
     Heseems som skilfull Master with the rest:  
     Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear  
     Like *Iaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere*.  
 Amyot. That, is great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,  
 Ronsard. Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their *Art-various* varnish;  
     And, hardy-witted, handleth happily  
     All sorts of subiect, stile, and Poësie.  
 Plessis. And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheisme*,  
     Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Judaisme*,  
     With their own Arms: and sacred-graue, and short,  
     His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such fort,  
     That his quick reasons wingd with grace and Art,  
     Pearce like keen arrows, every gentle hart.  
 9 The English, Our *English* Tongue three famous Knights sustain;  
     by Moore, Bacone, Sidney: of which, former twain  
 Sir Thomas (High Chancelors of England) weaned first  
 Moore. Our Infant-pharse (till then but homely nurst)  
 Sir Nicholas And childish toys; and rudenes chaling thence,  
 Bacone. To ciuill knowledge, ioyn'd sweet eloquence.  
 Sir Phil. Sidney And (World-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*  
     His Swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,  
     That (all with-childe with Fame) his fame they bear,  
     To *Thetis* lap, and *Thetis*, every-where.  
     But, what new Sun dazels my tender eyes?  
     What suddain traunce rapt me about the skies?

What

What Princely Port? O what imperiall grace?  
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels face?

Say (learned Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this  
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Mistress,  
That Great *Eliza*, making hers disdain,  
For any Man, to change their Maydens reign?  
Who, while *Erynny*s (weary now of hell)  
With fire and Sword her neighbour States doth quell,  
And while black *Horror* threats in stormy rage,  
With dreadfull down-fall th'vniuersall stage;  
In happy Peace her Land doth keepe and nourish:  
Where reuerent *Iustice*, and *Religion* flourish.  
Who is not only in her Mother-voice,  
Rich in Oration; but with phrases choice,  
So on the sodain can discourse in *Greek*,  
*French*, *Latin*, *Tuscan*, *Dutch*, and *Spanishe*ek,  
That *Rome*, *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,  
Plead all for right in her natiuitie.

Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting martialist,  
To grace the *Muses* and the *Arts*, persist;  
And (O!) if euer these rude rimes be blest  
But with one glaunce of Nature's only Best;  
Or (lucky) light between those *Yvory* palms,  
Which hold thy State's stem, in these happy calms,  
View them with milde aspect, and gently read  
That for thy praise, thine eloquence we need.

Then thus I spake: O spirits diuine and learned,  
Whose happy labour, haue your lands eterned:  
O! sith I am not apt (alas) nor able  
With you to bear the burthen honourable  
Of *Albions* Fame, nor with my feeble sight  
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight;  
At least permit me, prostrate to imbrace  
Your reuerend knees: permit me to inchace  
Your radiant crests with *Aprils* flowry Crown;  
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,  
My feeble tunes eternall fames deriue;  
While in my Songs, your glorious names suruiue.

And the incom-  
parable Queene  
*Elizabeth*,

Her prudence,  
Piety, Iustice,  
Religion, Lear-  
ning, and Elo-  
quence.

Granting



End of the Pi-  
son.

Granting my sute, each of them bowd his head,  
The valley vanisht, and the pillers fled:  
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)  
But that I lym'd his limber wings with ink,

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FINIS.

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THE COLONIES.  
THE III. PART OF THE II.  
DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

To stop ambition, Strife, and Avarice,  
Into Three Parts the earth divided is:  
To Sem the East, to Cham the South, the West  
To Iapheth falls; their severall scopes exprest:  
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World supply:  
Antiquities uncertain Search, and why:  
Assyria sceptred first; and first imparts,  
To all the rest, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:  
The New-found World: Mens diuers humors strange:  
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

While through the Worlds vn-haunted wildernes  
I, th'old, first Pilots wandring House address  
While (*Famous DRAKE-like*), coasting every strand  
I do discover many a *New-found-Land*:  
And while, from Sea to Sea with curious pain  
I plant great *Noahs* plentious Vine again:  
What bright-brown cloud shall in the Day protect me?  
What fiery Pillar shall by Night direct me  
Toward each Peoples primer Residence,  
Predestin'd in the Court of Providence,  
Yer our bi-sexed Parents, free from sin,  
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?

O sacred Lamp! that went'st so brightly burning  
Before the *Sages*, from the spycie *Morning*,  
To shew th' Almighty Infants humble Birth;  
O! chase the thick Clouds, drive the darknes forth

Being heere to  
intreat of the  
Transmigration  
of so many Na-  
tions, issued out  
of the loignes of  
Noah, our Poet  
desireth to be ad-  
dressed by some  
speciall fauour  
of God.

Which



*The true, & only  
drift of all his in-  
deuours.*

*A comparison  
expressing the ef-  
fect of the as-  
tonishment, which  
the confusion of  
Tongues brought  
into the Babel-  
builders.*

*Why God would  
not that the seed  
of Noah should  
reside in the  
Plain of Shynar.*

*The Earth distri-  
buted among the  
Sons of Noah.  
To Sem, the  
East.*

Which blindeth me : that mine aduenturous Rime,  
Circling the World, may search out euery Clime.  
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage shift  
From side to side ; yet is my speciall drift,  
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring  
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Christ, our King.*

As WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudstraps  
Through Forrests shrill their roaring thunder-claps,  
The shivering Fowls do sodainly forgo  
Their nests and perches, fluttering to and fro  
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings  
A whistling murmur of their whisking wings ;  
The grissel Turtles (seldom seen alone)  
Dis-payer'd and parted, wander one by one ;  
And euen the feeble downie feathered Yong  
Venter to flie, before their quils be strong :  
Euen so, the Builders of that *Babel-Wonder*,  
Hearing Gods voice a-loud to roar and thunder,  
In their rude voices barbarous difference,  
Take (all at once) their fearfull flight from thence  
On either hand ; and through th' Earth voidly-vast  
Each packs a-part, where God would haue him plac't.

For, Heav'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)  
Hauing decreed to giue the World to man ;  
Would not, the same a nest of thecues should be,  
That with the Sword should share his Legacie ;  
And (bruitly mixt) with mongrell stock to stoar  
Our Elements, round, solid, slimy floar :  
But rather, fire of Couetize to curb,

Into three Parts he parts this spacious Orb,  
'Twixt *Sem* and *Cham*, and *Iapheth* : *Sem* the East,  
*Cham* South, and *Iapheth* doth obtain the West.

That large rich Country, from *Perosite* shoars  
(Where stately *Ob*, the King of Riuers, roars,  
In *Scythian* Seas voiding his violent load,  
But little less then six dais sayling broad)  
To *Malaca* : *Moluques* Iles, that bear  
Cloues and Canele : well-tempered *Sumater*

Sub-terquinoſiall : and the golden ſtreams  
Of *Biſnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms :  
From th' *Euxin* Sea and ſurge of *Chaldean* Twins  
To th' *Anian* Streight : the ſloathfull, ſlymy Fens  
Where *Quinzay* ſtands ; *Chiorze*, where Bulls as big  
As Elephants are clad in ſilken ſhag,  
Is great *Sems* Portion. For the Deſtinies  
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)  
*Aſſur* & *Aſſyria* ſend, that in ſhort time  
*Chale* and *Rheſen* to the Clouds might climb,  
And *Niniue* (more famous then the reſt)  
Aboue them raiſe her many-towred Creſt :  
The ſceptred *Elam*, choſe the *Persian* Hills,  
And thoſe fat fields that ſwift *Araxis* fills ;  
*Lud*, *Lydia* : *Aram* all *Armenia* had :  
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.

*Cham* became Souerain ouer all thoſe Realms  
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne* ſtreams,  
*Botangas*, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguanetre*,  
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poiſonie matter :  
North-ward with narrow *Mid'terranean* Sea  
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa* :  
Towards where *Tians* Evening ſplendor ſank,  
With Seas of *Foz*, *Cape-verde*, and *Cape-blanc* :  
And toward where *Phœbus* doth each morning wake,  
With *Adel* Ocean, and the *Crimſin* Lake.  
And further, all that lies between the ſleep  
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,  
Between th' *Erythrean* Sea, and *Persian* *Sine*,  
He (mighty Prince) to's *Afriks* State doth ioine.  
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell  
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Israel*)  
*Phœn* peopled *Lybia* : *Mizram* *Egypt* mann'd ;  
And's firſt-born *Chus*, then *Ethiopian* ſtrand.  
*Iapheth* extends from ſtruggling *Helleſpont*,  
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount  
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,  
Whole tumbling billows bathe the ſhoars of *Spain* :

To *Cham* the  
South.

To *Iapheth* the  
North & Weſt.



And from those Seas, where in the steed of Keels  
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,  
To the *Marfilian*, *Morean*, and *Thyrrhenian*,  
*Ligurian* Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,  
Iust opposite to *Asia* rich in spice,  
Pride of the Word, and second *Paradise*:  
And that large Country stretcht from *Amana*  
To *Tanais* shoars, and to the source of *Rha*.

Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they say) sprung all  
The war-like Nations scattered ouer *Gaul*,  
And *Germans* too (yerst called *Gomerits*):  
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog*, *Scythes*:  
From *Madaï*, *Medes*: from *Mesech*, *Maxacans*:  
From *Iauan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.

According to  
his accustomed  
modesty and di-  
cretion, the Poet  
chuseth rather  
Silence then to  
speak vncertain-  
ly of things vn-  
knowne.

Heer, if I list, or lov'd I rouer-shooting,  
Or would I follow the vncertain footing  
Of false *Berosus* and such fond Deluders  
(Their zealous Readers insolent Illuders)  
I could deriue the lineal Descents  
Of all our Sires; and name you euery Prince  
Of euery Prouince, in his time and place  
(Successiue'y) through-out his Ancient Race:  
Yea, sing the Worlds so diuers populations;  
And of least Cities shewe the first Foundations.  
But, neuer will I so my sails abandon  
To euery blast, and rowing so at randon  
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star  
Which shines 'boue all the Heav'ns) venter so far  
On th'vnknowne surges of so vast a Sea  
So full of Rocks and dangers euery way;  
Hauing no Pylot, save som brain-sick Wrighters  
Which coyn Kings names vaine fabulous Indighters  
Of their own fancies, who (affecting glory)  
Vpon a Flyes foot build a goodly story.

And though I  
knowe not the  
Search of such  
Antiquities is so  
uncertaine.

Som words allusion is a certain ground  
Whereon a lasting Monument to Found:  
Sith fairest Riuer, Mountains strangely steepy  
And largest Seas, neuer so vast and deep

b7A

b7A

(Though

(Though self-eternall, resting still the same)  
Through sundry chances often change their name:  
Sith it befalls not alwayes, that his seed  
Who builds a Town, doth in the same succeed:  
And (to conclude) sith vnder Heav'n, no Race  
Perpetually possesseth any place:

But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,  
We hold a Field, a Forrest, or a Hill:  
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moues)  
Waue hunteth waue, and billow billow shoues;  
So do all Nations iustle each the other,  
And so one People doth pursue another;  
And scarce the second hath a first vn-housed,  
Before a third him thence again haue rowled.

So, th' ancient Britain, by the Saxons chaç't  
From 's natie Albion, soon the Gauls displac't  
From *Armorik*; and then victoriously  
(After his name) surnam'd that *Britannie*.

So, when the Lombard had surrendered  
Fair, double-named *Isters* flowry-bed  
To skar-faç't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiously  
The rest of Gauls from wealthy *Insubrie*;  
Which, after fell in *French-mans* hands again,  
Won by the sword of *Worthy Charlemain*.

So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandal*, beaten both  
From *Corduba* and *Seul* by the *Goth*,  
Seiz'd *Carthage* straight; which after-ward they lost  
To wise *Iustinians* valiant *Roman* Hoast:  
And *Romans*, since, ioyn'd with the barbarous troop  
Of curled *Moors*, vnto th' *Arabians* stoop.

The sacrilegious greedy appetite  
Of Gold and Scepters glistering glorious bright,  
The thirst of Vengeance, and that puffing breath  
Of eluish *Honour*, built on blood and death,  
On desolation, rapes, and robberies,  
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries;  
Vn-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations  
Through euery Clymat seek new habitations.

Famous exam-  
ples to this pur-  
pose.  
Of the ancient  
Britains.  
Of the Lom-  
bards.

Of the *Alains*,  
*Goths*, and  
*Vandals*.

The causes of  
such Transmi-  
grations.



I speak not heer of those *Alarbian* Routers,  
*Numidian* Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drovers,  
 Who shifting pastures for their store of Cattle :  
 Do heer and there their hayrie Tents imbattle :  
 Like the black swarms of Swallows swiftly-light,  
 Which twice a-yeer crosse with their nimble flight  
 The Pine-plough'd Sea, and (pleas'd with purest ayr)  
 Seek every Season for a fresh repair :  
 But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh  
 With their own bloods-price purchast Victory ;  
 Who, better knowing how to win, then wield ;  
 Conquer, then keep ; to batter, then to build ;  
 And brauely choosing rather War then Peace,  
 Haue ouer-spread the World by Land and Seas.

The originall  
 remones, voya-  
 ges & conquests  
 of the Lom-  
 bards.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurs't,  
 On *Rugeland* and *Linonia* seized first ;  
 Then hauing well reueng'd on the *Bulgarian*  
 The death of *Agilmont* ; the bold Barbarian  
 Surpriseth *Poland* ; thence anon he prestes  
 In *Rhines* fair streams to rensse his Amber tresses :  
 Thence turning back, he seats him in *Moravia* ;  
 After, at *Buda* ; thence he postes to *Pauia* ;  
 There reigns 200. years : triumphing so,  
 That royall *Tessin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the Goths.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom issuing forth  
 From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,  
 Imcamp't by *Vistula* : but th' ayr (almost)  
 Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coast,  
 He with victorious arms *Sclauonia* gains,  
 The *Transylvanian* and *Valacchian* Plains.  
 Thence plyes to *Thracia* : and then (leauing *Greeke*)  
 Greedy of spoyl, fouretimes he brauely seeks  
 To snatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)  
 The Palms which she o'reall the World had won ;  
 Guided by *Rhadaguse*, and *Alaric*,  
 And *Vidmarus*, and *Theodoric* :  
 Then comes to *Gaul* : and thence repulst, his Legions  
 Reit euer since vpon the *Spanish* Regions.

Such

## The Colonies.

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Of the ancient  
Gauls.

Such th'antik *Gaul*: who rousing every way,  
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,  
Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Mistress sackt  
Which rather *Mars* then *Remulus* compact:  
Then pill'd *Pannonia*: then with conquering ploughs  
He furrows-vp cold *Strymons* slymie flows:  
Wastes *Macedonia*: and (inclind to fleece)  
Spares not to spoyl the greatest Gods of *Greece*:  
Then (cloyd with *Enrop*) th' *Hellepont* he past,  
And there Mount *Ida*'s neighbour world did waste:  
Spoylth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth inthrall:  
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.

Most famous Peoples dark Antiquity,  
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity  
Stumbles each step; and learned Diligence,  
Itself intangles; and blinde Ignorance  
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)  
In pits and ponds, and boggs, and quag-mires lights.

It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt)  
But (as it were) to coast the same about:  
And, rightly tun'd vnto the golden string  
Of *Amrams* Son, in grauest verse to sing,  
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Iapheth* did re-plant  
Th' vn-peopled World with new inhabitant:  
And that again great *Noah*'s wandring Boat  
The second time o're all the World did float.

Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight vnceast,  
From *Babylon* vnto the farthest *East*,  
*Tartarian* Chorats siluer waues t' essay,  
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cashay*,  
*Iapheth* to *Spain*: and that profanest *Cham*,  
To thirstie Countries *Meder* and *Bigam*,  
To *Cephalavpon* Mount *Zambrica*,  
And *Cape of Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.

For, as *Hymetus* and Mount *Hybla* were  
Not ouer-spread and couered in one year  
With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice  
Each Hyve supplying new-com Colonies

He affirmeth  
finally that the  
three Sonnes of  
Noah peopled  
the World, and  
sheweth how.

2. Fit compar-  
isons to represent  
the same.



(Heav'ns tender Nurcelings) to those fragrant Mountains,  
 At length their Rocks dissolv'd in Honey Fountains :  
 Or rather, as two fruitfull Elms that spread  
 Amidst a Close with brooks enuironed,  
 Ingender other Elms about their roots ;  
 Those, other still ; and still, new-springing shoots  
 So ouer-growe the ground, that in fewe yeers  
 The sometimes-Mead a great thick Grove appears :  
 Euen so th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout,  
 Disperst, at first go seat themselues about  
*Mesopotamia* : after (by degrees)  
 Their happy Spawn, in sundry Colonies  
 Crossing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,  
 All the green-mantled nether Globe hath mann'd :  
 So that, except th' Almighty ( glorious Iudge  
 Of quick and dead) this World's ill dayes abridge,  
 Ther shall no soyl so wilde and sauage be,  
 But shall be shadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

Why the first  
 Monarkie began  
 in Assyria.

Therefore, those Countries neere *Tigris* Spring,  
 In those first ages were most flourishing,  
 Most spoken-of, first Warriours, first that guide,  
 And giue the Law to all the Earth beside.

*Babylon* (living vnder th' awfull grace  
 Of Royall Greatnes) sway'd th' Imperiall Mace,  
 Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,  
 Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall :  
 Yer *Gauls* had houses, *Latins* Burgages,  
 Our *Britains* Tents, or *Germans* Cottages.

The Hebrewes  
 and their next  
 neighbours were  
 religious & lear-  
 ned before the  
 Grecians knew  
 any thing.

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conuersation,  
 Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination,  
 Knew the Vnknown, with eyes of Faith they saw  
 Th' inuisible *Mesias*, in the Law :  
 The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made,  
 Had measur'd Heav'n, conceiv'd how th' Earths thick shade  
 Eclipt the siluer brows of *Cynthia* bright,  
 And her brown shadow quencht her brothers light.

The *Memphian* Priests were deep Philosophers,  
 And curious gazers on the sacred Stars,

Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematicks;  
Yer any Letter, knew the ancientst *Assiiks*.

Proud *Egypt* glistred all with golden Plate,  
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (vnder *Atna* grate)  
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented  
*Promethens*, mong the *Greeks* had fire inuented.

*Gauls* were not yet; or, were they (at the least)  
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their feast,  
But Mast and Acorns, for the which they gap't  
Vnder the Trees when any winde had hapt:  
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)  
Durst rowe about the salt-blew *Africk* Main;  
Traffikt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were drest,  
And pomp and pleasure *Euphrates* posselt.

For, as a stone, that midst a Pond ye sling,  
About his fall first forms a littlering,  
Wherein, new Circles one in other growing  
(Through the smooth Waters gentle-gentle flowing)  
Still one the other more and more compell  
From the Ponds Centre, where the stone first fell;  
Till at the last the largest of the Rounds  
From side to side 'gainst euery bank rebounds:  
So, from th' Earths Centre (which I heer suppose  
About the Place where God did Tongues transpose)  
Man (day by day his wit repolishing)  
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to spring,  
As he doth spread, and shed in diuers shoals  
His fruitfull Spawn, round vnder both the Poles.

Forth from *Assyria*, East-ward then they trauail  
Towards rich *Hytanis* with the golden grauell:  
Then people they the *Persian Oroatis*;  
Then cleer *Choaspis*, which doth humbly kisse  
The Walls of *Susa*; then the Vallies fat  
Neer *Caucasus*, where yerst th' *Arfaces* sate:  
Then mann they *Media*; then with humane seed,  
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they speed.

The Sons of these (like flowing Waters) spred  
O're all the Country which is bordered

The Egyptians,  
& Tyrians had  
their fill of Ri-  
ches, and Pomp,  
and Pleasure,  
before the  
Greeks or  
Gauls knew  
what the world  
meant.

The first Colo-  
nies of Sem in  
the East.

The second,

With



With *Chiesel'Riuer*, 'boue *Thacalistan*;  
*Gadel* and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Balestan*.

The third.

Their off-spring then, with fruitfull stems doth soar  
*Basinagar*, *Nayard*, and eyther shoar  
 Offamous *Ganges*; *Aua*, *Toloman*,  
 The Kingdom *Mein*, the Musky *Charazan*;  
 And round about the Desert *Op*, where oft  
 By strange *Phantasmas* Passengers are coft.

The fourth.

Som ages after, linkt in diuers knots,  
*Tipur* they take, rich in *Rhinocerots*;  
*Caichin*, in *Aloes*; *Mangit*, and the shoar  
 Of *Quinz'* and *Anie* lets them spread no more.

First Colonies of  
 Iapheth in the  
 West.

From that first Centre to the West-ward bending,  
 Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,  
 Seiz lefe *Armenia*; then, within *Cilicia*,  
 Possels the Ports of *Tharsis* and of *Issa*,  
 And the delicious strange *Corycian* Caue  
 (Which warbling sound of *Cymballs* seemes to haue)  
*Ionia*, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,  
*Bythinia*, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turns.

The second.

Then passing *Sestos* Straights; of *Strymon* cold,  
 Herber and Nest they quaff; and pitch their Fold  
 In vales of *Rhodope*, and plow the Plains  
 Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third diui-  
 ded into many  
 branches.

On th' other side, *Thrace* subtle *Greece* beswarms;  
*Greece*, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):  
*Italy*, *France*; *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*  
 (*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Britanie*;  
 On th' other side, it spreads about *Moldania*,  
*Mare-Maiour*; *Podolia*, and *Monania*;  
 With *Transylvania*, *Serua*, and *Panonia*;  
 The *Prussian* Plains, and ouer all *Polonia*:  
 The verge of *Vistula*, and farther forth  
 Beyond the *Alma*, drawing to the North.

First Colonies  
 of Cham, to-  
 ward the South.

Now turn the South-ward: see, see how *Chalda*  
 Spews on *Arabia*, *Phoenice*, and *Iudea*,  
*Chams* cursed Ligne, which (ouer-fertill all)  
 Betweene two Seas doth into *Egypto* fall;

Sowes all *Cyrenia*, and the famous Coast  
Whereon the roaring *Punik* Sea is tost:  
*Fez*, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Guzol*, *Aden*,  
*Terminan*, *Tombus*, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden*:  
The sparkling Deserts of sad *Libya*,  
*Zeczec*, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,  
And scalding quick-sands of those thirsty Plains  
Where *I Esvs* name (yet) in som reuerence raigns;  
Where *Prefter Iohn* (though part he *Indaize*)  
Doth in som sort devoutly *Christianize*.

But would'st thou knowe, how that long Tract, that lies  
Vnder Heav'n's starry Coach, couered with yce,  
And round embraced in the winding arms  
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but seldom warms)  
Came peopled first? Suppose, that passing by  
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company  
With the far-flowing *Silver Euphrates*,  
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:  
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,  
*Albania*, *Colchis*, and *Bosphorax* strand:  
And then from thence toward the bright *Leuant*,  
That vast Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant  
In wandring troops; and towards th' other side  
Which (neer her source) long *Volga* doth divide,  
*Moscony* Coast, *Permia*, *Linonia*, *Prussia*,  
*Biarmia*, *Scrisinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Russia*.

But whence (say you) had that *New-World* his *Guests*,  
Which *Spain* (like *Delos* floating on the Seas)  
Late digg'd from darknes of Oblivion's Grate,  
And it vndoing, it new Essence gaue  
If long agoe; how should it hap that no-man  
Knew it till now? no *Persian*, *Greeke*, no *Roman*:  
Whose glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding,  
O're all the World, of this had never tryding?  
If but of late; how swam their Cities since  
So full of Folk? how pass their Monuments  
Th' *Egyptian* Spires, *Mausolus* stately Tomb,  
The Walls and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*.

Colonies of the  
North.

How the New-  
found World  
(discovered in  
our Time) came  
peopled.  
A double questi-  
on.

Why



L. Answer.

Why! thinke ye (fond) those people fell from Heav'n  
 All-ready-made; as in a Sommer Ev'n  
 After a swelting Day, som sultry show'r  
 Doth in the Marshes heaps of Tadpals pour,  
 Which in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)  
 Lie cruelt and croaking in the Mud together?  
 Or else, that setting certain slips, that fixt  
 Their slender roots the tender mould betwixt,  
 They saw the light of *Phœbus* lyuening face;  
 Having, for milk, moist dewes; for Cradle, grasse?  
 Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,  
 As Toad-stools, Turneps, Leeks, and Beets haue birth?  
 Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerst did sowe)  
 Were brauely born armed from topto toe?

That spacious Coast, now call'd *America*,  
 Was not so soon peopled as *Africa*;  
 (Th'ingenious, Tower-full, and Law-louing Soil,  
 Which, *Ioue* did with his Lemans name en-tile)  
 And that which from cold *Bosphorus* doth spread  
 To pearl'd *Auroras* Saffron-coloured Bed.  
 Because, they ly neerer the diapry verges  
 Of tear-bridge *Tigris* Swallow-swifter surges,  
 Whence our amaz'd first Grand-fires faintly fled,  
 And like sprung Partridge euery-where did (pred;  
 Except that World, where vnder *Castiles* King,  
 Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.

But the rich buildings rare magnificence,  
 Th' infinite Treasures, various Governments,  
 Showe that long since (although at sundry times)  
 'T had Colonies (although from sundry Climes):  
 Whether the violence of tempestuous weather,  
 Som broken Vessels haue inforced thither;  
 Whether, som desperat, dire extremity  
 Of Plague, War, Famine; or th' Authority  
 Of som braue *Typhis* in aduenture to st)  
 Brought weary Caruels on that *Indian* Coast.

Coniectures touch-  
 ing the Peo-  
 pling of the same

Who maketh doubt but yerst the *Quinzay* Fraights  
 As well might venture through the *Anian* Straights,  
 And

And finde as easie and as short a way  
 From the *East Indies* to the *Tolguage Bay*,  
 As usually the *Asian Ships* are wont  
 To pass to *Greece* a-croſs the *Helleſpont*:  
 Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the *Straight Abilia*:  
 Through the *Mefine* ſtream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?

From *Tolm* and *Quinir*'s ſpacious Plains (wherein  
 Bunch-backed Calves, with Horſe-like manes are ſeen,  
 And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azaſia*,  
*Toma*, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Coffia*,  
*Mecchi*, *Anacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,  
*Los Campos de Labor* (where Floods are froze).

On th' other ſide, *Xaliſco* ſoyl they Mann

(Now new *Galixia*) *Cuſule*, *Mecnuacan*:

And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile

Another *Venice* (or a *Citie-Ile*).

Strange things there ſee they (that amaze them much)

Green Trees to wither with their very touch;

And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,

That (*Aetna*-like) bright Flaſhes belches vp.

Thence, reach they th' *Iſthmos* of rich *Panama*,

And on their right hand build *Oucanama*,

With *Caffamalca*, *Cuſco*, *Quito*: and

In famous *Pern*'s very golden Strand

Admire the Lake that laueſh *Collo* about,

Whoſe Waues be ſalt within, and freſh without:

And ſtreams of *Cinca*, that with vertue ſtrange,

To hardeſt ſtone, ſoft Mud and Chalk do change.

Then ſeiz they *Chili*, where all day the Deep  
 Runs roaring down, and all the night doth ſleep:

*Chinca*, the *Patagons*, and all the ſhoar

Where th' azure Seas of *Magellan* do roar.

Left-ward, they ſpread them' longſt the *Darians* ſide;

Where through th' *Urabian* Fields the *Huo* doth ſlide,

Neer *Zenn*'s ſtream, which toward the Ocean drags

Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets Eggs:

To new *Granada*, where the Mount embosſ

With Emeralds doth ſhine; *Cumanean* Coaſt,

Where

Wonders of the  
 New-found  
 World.



Where noysom vapours (like a dusky night)  
 Bedimms their eys; and doth impair their sight:  
 Therefore som troops, from *Cumana* they carrie  
 To *Caripana*, *Omagu*, and *Pari*:  
 By *Maragnon*, all ouer fell *Brasile*,  
 And *Plate's* fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.

Ghesse too, that *Grotland* yerst did *Picne* store,  
 And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;  
 As *Tombut*, *Melli*, *Gago* and *Terminan*,  
 Planted the Plains and shoars of *Corican*.

How it was possible  
 that Noah  
 and his 3. Sonnes  
 should so multiply.

Yet (happely) thou'lt gladly grant me this,  
 That mans ambition ay so bound-les is,  
 That steepest Hills it ouer-climbs with ease,  
 And runs (as dry-shod) through the deepest Seas:  
 And (maugre meagre Thirst) her Carrells Lands,  
 On *Afrik*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* Sands;  
 But hardly credit'st, that one Family,  
 Out of foure couples should so multiply,  
 That *Asia*, *Europ*, *Africa*, and All  
 Seems for their off-spring now too streight and small.

1. Answer.

If thou set-light by th'everlasting Voyce,  
 Which now again re-blest the Loue-full choyce  
 Of sacred Wedlocks secret binding band;  
 Saying, *Increase*, *Flourish* and *Fill the Land*:

2

And if profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,  
 That *Seauenty Iews*, in *Egypt* (in affliction)  
 Within foure-hundred yeers and half three-score,  
 Grew to fise-hundred-thousand soules and more:

3

Consider yet, that being fed that while,  
 With holesom Fruits of an vn-forced soyl,  
 And kindly meats, not marred by the Book,  
 And wanton cunning of a sawcy Cook;  
 Waigh furthermore, that being not cut-down  
 With bloody swords when furious neighbours frown;  
 Nor worn with Trauail, nor in feebled  
 With hatefull Sloath: Our Grand-fires flourished  
 Hundreds of yeers in youth; and even in Age  
 Could render duly *Venus* Escuage:

And

And that *Polygamy* (in those dayes common)  
Most Men vsurping more then one sole Woman,  
Made then the World so mightily augment  
In vpright Creatures; and (incontinent)  
From fruitfull loigns of one old Father-stock,  
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:

Euen as an ear of Corn (if all the yield  
Be yeerly sow'n still in a fertill Field)  
Fills Barns at length; and spreads in spacious Plain  
Millions of millions of like ears again.

Or as two Filthes, cast into a Meer,  
With fruitfull Spawn will furnish in fewe yeer  
A Town with victuall, and serue (furthermore)  
Their neighbour Waters with their Fry to store.

Haue not our Dayes a certain Father know'n,  
Who with the fruit of his own body grow'n,  
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,  
And issue-blest (the Crown of Old Desires)  
In his own life-time, his own off-spring saw  
To wed each other, without breach of Law?  
So far, the branches of his fruitfull Bed,  
Past all the Names of Kindreds-Tree did spread.

'Tis know'n that fewe *Arabian* Families  
New-planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,  
In compals of three hundred yeers and less;  
And *Bugie*, *Argier*, *Oran*, *Thunis*, *Tex*,  
*Fez*, *Melli*, *Gago*, *Tonbus*, *Terminan*  
With hatefull Laws of *Heathens* *Alcoran*.

If this, among the *Africans* we see,  
Whom cor'ziue humour of Melancholy  
Doth alwayes tickle with a wanton Lust,  
Although less powr-full in the *Paphian* loust  
For Propagation (for too-often Deed  
Of *Loues-Deights*, enfeebles much their seed:  
And inly, still they feel a Wintery Fever,  
As outwardly, a scorching Sommer ever)  
Ghes how much more, those, whose hoar heads approach  
And see the turnings of Heav'ns flaming Coach;

Comparison to  
that purpose.

An example of  
our dayes.

Another exam-  
ple.



Do multiply ; because they seldom venter,  
And but in season, *Venus* lists to enter.

And, the cold, resting (vnderth' *Arctick* Star),  
Still Master of the Field in champion War,  
Makes Heat retire into the Bodies-Towr:

Which there vnited, giues them much more powr.

*The North hath  
exceedingly  
multiplied in  
people: the South  
not so.*

From thence indeed *Hunns, Herules, Franks, Bulgarians,  
Circassians, Sweues, Burgognians, Turks, Tartarians,  
Dutch, Cimbers, Normans, Alains, Ostrogothes,  
Tigurins, Lombards, Vandals, Visigothes,*  
Haue swarm'd (like Locusts) round about this Ball,  
And spoyl'd the fairest Provinces of all:

While barren South had much a-doo'r assemble  
(In all) two Hoasts; that made the North to tremble:  
Whereof; the One, that one-ey'd Champion led,  
Who famous *Carthage* rais'd, and ruined:  
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd so;  
That neuer since, could *Afrik* Army shoue.

*Whence our Au-  
thor taketh occa-  
sion to enter into  
an excellent dis-  
course of Gods  
wondrous worke  
in the diuers  
temperatures,  
qualities, com-  
plexions, and  
manners, of so  
many Nations  
in the World.*

O! see, how full of Wonders strange is Nature:  
Sith in each *Climat*, not alone in stature,  
Strength, hair, and colour, that men differ doo,  
But in their humours and their manners too.  
Whether that, custom into Nature change:

Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range:  
Or diuers Lawes of diuers Kingdoms, vary vs:  
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, cary vs.

The Northern-man is fair, the Southern foul;  
That's white, this blacke; that smiles, and this doth scowl:  
Th' one's blythe and frolik, th' other dull and froward;  
Th' one's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward:  
Th' ones hair is harsh, big, curled, th' other's slender;  
Th' one loueth Labour, th' other Books doth tender:  
Th' one's hot and moist, the other hot and dry;  
Th' one's Voyce is hoarce, the other's cleer and high:  
Th' one's plain and honest, th' other all deceit;  
Th' one's rough and rude, the other handsom neat:  
Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every winde;  
The other (constant) never changeth minde:

Th'on

# The Colonies.

351

Th' one's loose and wanton, th' other continent;  
Th' one thrift-le's lauish, th' other prouident:  
Th' one milde Companion; th' other, stern and strange,  
(Like a wilde Wolf) loues by himself to range:  
Th' one's pleas'd with plainness, th' other pomp affects:

Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts respects.  
But middling folk, who their abiding make  
Between these two, of eyther guile partake:  
And such haue stronger limbs, but weaker wits;  
Then those that neer Nyles fertill sides do sit;  
And (opposit) more wit, and lesse force

Then those that haunt Rhines and Danubius shoars.  
For, in the Cirque of th' Vniuersall City,  
The Southern-man, who (quick and curious-witty)  
Builds all on Dreams, deep Extrasies, and Traunces,  
Who measures Heav'ns eternall-mouing Daunces,  
Whose searching soule can hardly be suffiz'd

With vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Priest;  
The Northern-man, whose wit in's Fingers settles;  
Who what him list can work in Wood and Mettles,

Who (Salmon-like) can thunder connterfait;  
With men of Arms, and Artizans is fet;

The Third (as knowing well to rule a State)  
Holds, grauely-wise, the room of Magistrate;

Th' one (to be brief) loues studious Theory;  
The other Trades, the third deep Policy.

Yet true it is, that since from later lustres,  
Minerua, Themis, Hermes, and his Sisters

Haue set, as well, their Schools in th' Artick Parts;  
As Mars his Lists, and Vulcan Shops of Arts;

Nay, see we not among ourselues, that liue  
Mingled almost (to whom the Lord doth giue

But a small Turf of Earth to dwell upon)  
This wondrous ods in our condition?

We finde the *Alman*, in his sight couragious,  
But salable; th' *Alman* too outragious;

Suddain the *French* impatient of delay;  
The *Spaniard* slowe, but sure to betray;

Th' *Alman*,



Especially the  
French, Ger-  
man, Italian, &  
Spaniard.

Th' *Alman*, in Counsaile cold, th' *Italian* quick,  
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniards* politick:  
Fine Feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares;  
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman*, fares:  
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and brave,  
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave:  
Th' *Italian* proud in tyre, *French* changing much,  
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and vn-fit the *Dutch*:  
The *French*-man braves his Fo, th' *Italian* cheers-him,  
The *Alman* spoyle, the *Spaniard* neuer bears-him:  
The *French*-man sings, th' *Italian* seems to bleat:  
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great:  
*Spaniards* like Iugglers lett; th' *Almans* like Cocks,  
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox:  
*Dutch* *Loners* proud; th' *Italian* envious,  
Frolik the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Causes why the  
Lord would haue  
Man-kinde so  
dispersed ouer  
all the World.

Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race  
Should ouer-spread th' Earths vniuersall Face:  
That, drawing Io his Children from the crimes  
Which seem peculiano to their Natiue Climes,  
He might reueal his grace: and that Heav'ns Lights  
Might well incline (but not constrain) our Sprights:  
That over all the World, his Saints, alwayes  
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of Praise:  
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far  
Might ay-rebound as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*:  
And that the treasures which strange Soyle produce,  
Might not seem worth-les; for the want of vice,  
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter  
And vent their Wares about to euery Quarter.

The World com-  
pared to a migh-  
ty City, wherein  
dwell People of  
all conditions;  
continually traf-  
fiking together,  
& exchanging  
their particular  
commodities, for  
benefit of the  
Publike.

For, as in LONDON (busie with euery sort)  
Heer's the Kings Palace, where the Innes of Court:  
Heer (to the Thames ward) all along the *STRAND*;  
The stately Houses of the Nobles stand:  
Heer dwell rich Merchants, where Artificers,  
Heer Silk-mer, Merchants, Gold-Smiths, Jewellers:  
There's a Church-yard full of shopes of Books;  
Heer stand the Shambles, where the Ruffs of Cocks

Hee

## The Colonies.

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Heer wonn Vp-Holsters, Haberdashers, Horners;  
 There Potheccaries, Grocers, Taylours, Tourners:  
 Heer Shoo-makers; there Ioyners, Coopers, Coriers;  
 Heer Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Felters, Furriers:  
 This Street is full of DRAPERS, that of Diars:  
 This Shop with Tapers, that with Womens Tyars:  
 For costly Toys, Silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,  
 Heer's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN:  
 And All's but an Exchange, where (briefly) no-man  
 Keeps ought, as priuate. Trade makes all things common.

So come our Sugars from Canary Iles:  
 From Candy, Currance, Muskadels, and Oyls:  
 From the Moluques, Spices: Balsamum  
 From Egypt: Odours from Arabia com:  
 From India, Drugs, rich Gemms, and Iuorie:  
 From Syria, Mummie: black-red Ebonie,  
 From burning Chus: From Peru, Pearl and Gold:  
 From Russia, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):  
 From Florence, Silks: From Spayn, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:  
 From Denmark, Amber, Cordage, Firres, and Flax:  
 From France and Flanders, Linnen, Woad, and Wine:  
 From Holland, Hops: Horse, from the banks of Rhine.  
 In brief, each Country (as pleas'd God distribute)  
 To the Worlds Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

And, as sometimes that sumptuous Persian Dame  
 (Out of her Pride) accustomed to name  
 One Province for her Roab, her Rayl another,  
 Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother,  
 This herrich Mantle, that her royall Chain,  
 This her rare Bracelets, that her stately Train:  
 Even so may Man; For, what wilde Hill so steep?  
 What so walle Defart? what so dangerous Deep?  
 What Sea so wrack full? or so barren shoar  
 In all the World may be suppos'd so poor,  
 But yields him Rent: and free from envious Spight,  
 Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?

Th'inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glafs  
 Of siluer Brooks in curled Streams doth pass,

*Man, lord of the  
 World: which for  
 the commodity  
 of his life contri-  
 butes bountifullly  
 all manner of  
 necessaries.*

*The same more  
 especially dila-  
 ted in the parti-  
 culars.*

B b

Scruc



Serue vs for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece  
 Affoords vs Sythe-work, yeerly twice or thrice:  
 The Plains for Corn: the swelling Downs for Sheep;  
 Small Hills for Vines: the Mountains strangely-steep  
 (Those Heav'n-climbe Ladders, Labyrinths of wonder,  
 Cellars of winde, and Shops of sulphury Thunder;  
 Where stormie Tempests haue their vgly birth;  
 Which thou mis-call'st the blemish of the Earth;  
 Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light  
 Made them of envie, or of oversight)  
 Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;  
 Bear mighty Forrests, full of Timber-Trees  
 (Whereof thou buildest Ships and Houses fair,  
 To trade the Seas, and fence thee from the Ayre)  
 Spew spacious Riuers, full of fruitfull breed,  
 Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;  
 Fatten the Earth with fresh, sweet, fertill milks;  
 Drive gainfull Mills; and serue for Forts and Lifts  
 To stop the Furie of Warres waste-full hand;  
 And ioyn to th' Sea, the middle of the Land.  
 The Wyldes and Desarts, which so much amaze thee,  
 Are goodly Pastures, that do daily graze thee  
 Millions of Beasts for tillage, and (besides)  
 Store thee with Flesh, with Fleeces, and with Hides.  
 Yea, the vast Sea (which seems but onely good,  
 To drown the World; and couer with his Flood,  
 So many Countries, where we else might hope  
 For thrifty pains to reape a thankfull Crop)  
 Is a large Lardar, that in brynie Deepes,  
 To nourish thee, a World of Creatures keeps:  
 A plentiful Victualler, whose prouisions serue  
 Millions of Citties that else needs must starue  
 (Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lie  
 Gasping for thirst vpon the sand, a-drie):  
 'Tincreaseth Trade, Iournies abbreviates,  
 The flitting Clouds it cease-les exhalates;  
 Which, cooling th'ayr, and gushing down in rain,  
 Make Ceres Sons (in sight) to mount a-main.

But, shall I still be Boreas Tennis-ball?  
 Shall I be still stern Neptune's tossed Thrall?  
 Shall I no more behold thy native smok,  
 Dear Ithaca? Alas! my Bark is broak,  
 And leaks so fast, that I can rowe no more:  
 Help, help, (my Mates) make haste unto the shoar.  
 O! we are lost; unless som friendly banks  
 Quicklie receiue our Tempest-beaten planks.  
 Ah, conrtious ENGLAND, thy kinde arms I see  
 Wide-stretched out to saue and welcome me.  
 Thou (tender Mother) wilt not suffer Age  
 To snowe my locks in Forrein Pilgrimage:  
 That fel Breile my breath-les Corps should shrowd,  
 Or golden Peru of my praise be prowd,  
 Or rich Cathay to glory in my Verse.  
 Thou gav'st Cradle: thou wilt giue me Herse.  
 All-baile (dear ALBION) Europ's Pearl of price,  
 The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradise:  
 Thrice-happy Mather, which ay bringest-forth  
 Such Chinalry as daunteth all the Earth  
 (Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms  
 By Sea and Land, where euer Titan warms):  
 Such Artizans as do wel-neer Eclipse  
 Fair Natures praise in peer-les Workmanship:  
 Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece and Rome  
 (At least) haue equall'd, if not ouer-com;  
 And shine among their (Modern) learned Fellows,  
 As Gold doth glister among paler Yellows:  
 Or as Apollo th' other Planets passes:  
 Or as His Flowr excels the Meadow-grasses.  
 Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires do seem;  
 Civil in manners, as in buildings trim:  
 Sweet is thine Ay, thy Soyl exceeding Fat,  
 Fenc't from the World (as better-worth then That)  
 With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Brasi)  
 Which neuer Stranger yet had power to pass;  
 Saue when the Heav'ns haue for thy haynous Sin,  
 By som of Thine, with falle Keys let them in.

Heer (as it were)  
 wearied with so  
 long a voyage,  
 from so broad &  
 bottom-les an O-  
 cean (in imitati-  
 on of the inimi-  
 table Author)  
 the Translator  
 hoping kind en-  
 tertainmēt, put  
 in fir the Port o  
 England: whos  
 happy praises he  
 prosecutes at  
 large; Conclu-  
 ding with a Zea-  
 lous Praier for  
 preservation of  
 the King and  
 prosperitie of his  
 Kingdome.



About thy borders (O Heav'n-blessed ILE)  
 There neuer crawls the noysom Crocodile;  
 Nor Bane-breath'd Serpent, basking in thy sand,  
 Measures an Acre of thy flowry Land;  
 The swift foot Tiger, or fierce Lionels  
 Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy wilderness;  
 Nor rauening Wolues worry thy tender Lambs,  
 Bleating for help unto their help-les Dams;  
 Nor subtle Sea-Horse, with deceitfull Call,  
 Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.

What though thy Thames and Tweed haue neuer rowl'd,  
 Among their gravel, massie grains of Gold?  
 What though thy Mountains spew no Silver-streams?  
 Though every Hillock yield not precious Gemms?  
 Though in thy Forrests hang no Silken Fleeces?  
 Nor sacred Incense, nor delicious Spices?  
 What though the clusters of thy colder Vines  
 Distill not Clarets, Sacks, nor Muscadines?  
 Yet are thy Woolls, thy Corn, thy Cloth, thy Tin,  
 Mines rich enough to make thee Europes Queen,  
 Tea Empress of the World; Yet not sufficient  
 To make thee thankfull to the Cause efficient  
 Of all thy Blessings: Who, besides all this,  
 Hath (now nine Lustres) lent thee greater Bliss;  
 His blessed Word (the witnes of his fauour)  
 To guide thy Sons unto his Son (their Sauer)  
 With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,  
 Thy neighbours Countries neuer breathed scant.  
 And last; not least (so far beyond the scope  
 Of Christians Fear, and Anti-Christians Hope),  
 When all, thy Fall seem'd to Prognosticate,  
 Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;  
 In raising STWARDS to thy regal Throne,  
 To Rule (as Dauid and as Salomon)  
 With Prudence, Prowess, Iustice, and Sobrieties,  
 Thy happy People in Religious Piety.  
 O too-too happy! too-too fortunate!  
 Knew'st thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.

## The Colonies.

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But least (at last) Gods righteous wrath consume-us  
If on his patience still we thus presume-us:

And least (at last) all Blessings had before

Double in Curses to torment-us more:

Deer Mother ENGLAND, bend thine aged knee,

And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with me;

Off with thy Pomp, hence with thy Pleasures past:

Thy Mirth be Mourning, and thy Feast a FAST:

And let thy soule, with my sad soule, confesse

Our former sins, and foul unthankfulness.

Pray we the Father, through th' adopting Spirit,

Not measure us according to our merit;

Nor strictly weigh, at his High Iustice Beam,

Our bold Rebellions, and our Pride extream:

But, for his Son (our deer Redeemer's) sake,

His Sacrifice, for our Sins Ransom, take;

And, looking on us with milde Mercies Ey,

Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctifie;

That neuer more, his Furie we incense

To strike (as Now) with raging Pestilence

(Much less prouoke him by our guilt so far,

To wound us more, with Famine and with War).

Lord, cease thy wrath: Put up into thy Quiver

This dreadfull shaft: Deer Father us deliuer:

And under wings of thy protection keep

Thy servant IAMES, both waking and a-sleep:

And (furthermore) we (with the Psalmist) sing

Lord giue thy iudgementsto (our Lord) the King,

Psalms. 72.

And to his Son: and let there aye be one

Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,

To feed thy Folk in Iacob, and (advance)

In Israel thy (deer) Inheritance,

And (long-long-lined) full of Faith and Zeal,

Reform (like Asa) Church and Common-weal;

Raising poor Vertue, razing proudest Vice,

Without respect of Person or of Price;

That all bold Atheists, all Blasphemers, then,

All Popish Traytors may be weeded clean.

And, Christ be All that say not heere, Amen.

FINIS.





THE COLUMNES.  
THE III. PART OF THE  
II. DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Seth's Pillars found: Heber instructs his Son  
In th' use therof, and who them first begun;  
Opens the One, and findes on severall Frames,  
Foure lively Statues of foure lovely Dames  
(The Mathematicks) furnisht each apart,  
With Equipages of their severall Art:  
Wonders of Numbers and Geometrie:  
New Observations in Astronomy:  
Mulsiks rare force: Canaan (the Cursed) cause  
Of Hebers stop, and BARTAS wittie pause.

*Being about to  
treat of the Ma-  
thematicks, our  
Poet heer implo-  
reth especiall  
assistance in  
handling so high  
and difficult a  
Subiect.*

**I**F euer (Lord) the purest of my Soule  
In sacred Rage were rapt about the Pole:  
If euer, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,  
Offerd thee Layes that learned France admir'd:  
Father of Light, Fountain of learned Art,  
Now, now (or neuer) purge my purest part:  
Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance  
My care-free Powrs in som celestiall Trance:  
That (purg'd from Passion) thy Divine address  
May guide me through Heav'ns glistering Palaces;  
Where (happily) my deer VRANIA's grace,  
And her fair Sisters I may all embrace:  
And (the melodious Syrens of the Sphears,  
Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs.)

(So.

So ravished, I may at rest contempe  
The Starrie Arches of thy stately Temple:  
Vnto this end, that as (at first) from thee  
Our Grand-fires learn'd Heav'ns Course and Qualitie;  
Thou now mai'st prompt me som more lofty Song,  
As to this lofty Subiect doth belong.

AFTER THAT Mens strife-hatching, haut Ambition,  
Had (as by lot) made this lowe Worlds partition;  
Phalec and Heber, as they wandred, fand  
A huge high Pillar, which vpright did stand  
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean set,  
Seeming great *Neptunes* surly pride to threat;  
Whereon, a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorne bright,  
Tosauē from Shipwrack those that faile by night)  
And afterward, another nigh as great;  
But not so strong, so stately, nor so neat:  
For, on the flowrie field it lay all flat,  
Built but of Brick, of rusty Tyles, and Slat:  
Whereas the First was builded fair and strong  
Of Iasper smooth, and Marble lasting long.

What Miracles! what monstrous heaps! what Hills  
Heav'd vp my hand! what Types of antike Skills  
In form-les Forms (quoth *Phalec*)! Father shoue  
(For, th' Ages past I know full well you knowe):  
Pray teach me, who did both these Works erect:  
About what time; and then to what effect.

Old *Seth* (saith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerst  
(Who was the Scholler of his maker first)  
Hauing attain'd to knowe the course and sitē  
Th' aspect and greatnes of Heav'ns glistring Lights;  
Hetaught his Children, whose industrious wit  
Through diligence grew excellent in it.  
For, while their flocks on flowrie shoars they kepe  
Of th' Eastern Floods; while others soundly slept  
(Hushing their cares in a Night-shortning nap,  
Vpon *Oblusions* dull and sense-les Lap)  
They liuing lusty, thrice the age of Ravens,  
Observ'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns;

*The occasion and  
ground of this  
Discourse.*

*Phalecs Que-  
stion.*

*Hebers answer.*



And on their Grand-fires firm and goodly ground  
 A sumptuous building they in time doe found.  
 But (by Tradition *Cabalistik*) taught  
 That God would twice reduce this world to nought,  
 By *Flood* and *Flame*; they reared cunninglie  
 This stately payr of *Pillars* which you see;  
 Long-time safe-keeping, for their after-Kin,  
 A hundred learned Mysteries therein.

The opening of  
 the Pillars.

This hauing said, old *Heber* drawing nigher,  
 Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,  
 Where (*Phalec* following) soon perceive they might  
 A pure Lamp burning with immortal light.

Simile.

As a mean person, who (though oft-disgrac't  
 By churlish Porters) is conuaid at last  
 To the Kings Closet; rapt in deep amaze,  
 At th'end-les Riches, vp and down doth gaze:  
 So *Phalec* fares. O father (cries he out)  
 What shapes are these heer placed round about,  
 So like each other wroughe with equal skill,  
 That foure rain-drops cannot more like distill?  
 What Tools are these? what diuine secrets lie  
 Hidden within this learned Myserie?

The liberall  
 Sciences.

These foure (quoth *Heber*) Foure bright Virgins are,  
 Heau'ns Babes; and sisters, the most fair and rare,  
 That e're begot th'eternall Spirit (ex-pir'd  
 From double Spirit) or humane soule admir'd.

Arithmetike.

This first, that still her lips and fingers moues,  
 And vp and down so sundry wayes remoues,  
 Her nimble Crowns, th'industrious *Arith*  
 Which knowes to call all Heau'ns bright Images,  
 All Winters hail; and all the gawdy flows  
 Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.  
 Shee's stately deckt in a most rich Attire:  
 All kinde of Coyns in glistering heapes ly by-her:  
 Vpon her sacred head Heav'n seems to drop  
 A richer showr then fell in *Danaes* Lap:  
 A gold-ground Robe; and for a Glasse (to look)  
 Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,

Wherein

Wherein the chief of her rare Rules are writ,  
To be safe-guarded from times greedy bit.

Mark heer what Figure stands for *One*, the right

Root of all Number; and of Infinite:

Loues happinels, the praise of Harmonic,

Nurserie of All, and end of *Polymnie*:

No Number, but more then a Number yet;

Potentially in all, and all in it.

Now, note *Two*'s Character, *One*'s heir apparant,

As his first-born; first Number, and the Parent

Of Female Payrs. Heer now obserue the *Three*,

Th'eldest of Odds, Gods number properly;

Wherein, both Number, and no-number enter:

Heav'n's deereft Number, whose inclosed Center

Doth equally from both extreame extend:

The first that hath beginning, midst, and end.

The (*Cubes*-Base) *Foure*; a full and perfect summ,

Whose added parts iust vnto Ten doe com;

Number of Gods great Name, Seasons, Complexions,

Winde, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections,

Th' Hermaphrodite *Five*, neuer multiply'd

By'tself, or Odd, but there is still descry'd

His proper face: for, three times *Five* arrive

Vnto Fifteen; *Five* *Fives* to Twenty-five.

The perfect *Six*, whose iust proportions gather

To make his Whole, his members altogether:

For *Three*'s his halfe, his *Six* *One*, *Two* his *Third*;

And *One* *Two* *Three* make *Six*, in *One* conferrd.

The Criticall and double-sexed *Seav'n*,

The Number of th'vnfix'd Fires of Heav'n;

And of th'eternall sacred *Sabbath*;

Which *Three* and *Foure* containeth ioyntly both.

Th' *Eight*, double-square. The sacred note of *Nine*,

Which comprehends the *Musick* Triple-Trinett

The *Ten*, which doth all Numbers force combine

The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*:

The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand* (solid corps)

Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantick* shoars,

Her Numbers.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8. 9.

10.

100. 1000.

Can.



Can summe the sand, and all the drops distilling  
From weeping *Auster*, or the Ocean filling.

Addition.

See: many *Summs*, heer written streight and even

Each over other, are in one contriven:

Subtraction.

See heer small Numbers drawn from greater count:

Multiplication.

Heer *Multipl'd* they infinitely mount:

And lastly, see how (on the other side)

Division.

One Summ in many doth it self *Divide*.

That fallow-fac't, sad, stooping *Nymph*, whose eye  
Still on the ground is fixed stedfastly,

Geometry.

Seeming to draw with point of siluer Wand

Som curious Circles in the slyding sand;

Who weares a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,

Emboss't with Gold, trayled with silver Floods,

Bordered with greenest Trees, and Fringed fine

With richest azure of Seas storm-full brine:

Whose dusky Buskins (old and tattered out),

Showe, she hath travell'd far and neer about

By North and South, it is *Geometrie*,

The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symmetrie*,

The life of Instruments of rare effect,

Law of that Law which did the World create,

Her Instrumēt

and Figures.

Heer's nothing here, but *Ruler*, *Squre*, *Compasses*, *Quadrant*,  
*Weights*, *Measures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Balances*,

Lo, where the Workman with a stedd' hand

Ingeniously a leuell Line hath drawn,

War-like *Triangles*, building fir *Quadrangles*,

And hundred kindes of Forms of *Mans* *Angles*,

*Straight*, *Broad*, and *Shrill*: Now see on the other side

Other, whose *Tracts* neuer directly slide,

As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpent*,

And that which most the learned do prefer,

The compleat Circle, from whose every place

The Centre stands in equidistant space.

See heer the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,

*Pyramides*, *Prismas*, *Dodecahedrons*,

And there the *Sphere*, which (Worlds Type) comprehends

In't self it self; having nor middle nor ends

Arts excellence, praise of his peers, a wonder  
Wherein consists (in diuers sort) a hundred:  
Firm *Mobile*, an vp-down-bending-Vault,  
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought,  
See, how so soon as it to veer begins,  
Both vp and down, forward and back it wends,  
And, rapt by other, not it self alone  
Moues, but moues others with its motion  
(Witness the Heav'ns: yea, it doth seem, beside,  
When it stands still, to shake on every side,  
Because it hath but one small point wher-on  
His equal halves are equi-peiz'd vpon,  
And yet this goodly *Globe* (where we assemble)  
Though hung in th'Ayr) doth neuer selfy tremble:  
For, it's the midst of the Con-centrik Orbs,  
Whom neuer Angle nor out-nook disturbs.

All *Solids* else (cast in the Ayr) reflect  
Vn-self-like-forms: but in a *Globe* each tract  
Seems still the same, because it euery-where  
Is vniform, and differs not a hair.

More-over, as the Buildings *Ambligon*  
May more receiue then Mansions *Oxigon*  
(Because th' acute, and therect-Angles too,  
Stride not so wide as obtuse Angles doo)  
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit span  
More room then any other *Figure* can.  
Th'other are eas'ly broke, because of ioyns,  
Ends and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:  
But, th' *Orb's* not subiect vnto such distress,  
Because 'tis ioyntless, point-less, corner-less.

Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hither bend thy minde,  
And learn Two Secrets which but few shall finde,  
Two busie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,  
Where future Schools shall wander long about,  
Beating their brains, their best endeouours, troubling:  
The *Circles* Squareness, and the *Cubes* Re-doubling.

Print euer faster in thy faithfull brain,  
Then on brasse leaues, these *Problemes* proued plain,

The certainty  
of Geometry.

Not



Not by Sophistick Subtle Arguments,  
But euen by practice and experience:  
Vn-disputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,  
Which with new wonders all the World shall fill!

*Her rare inuen-  
tions.  
Mills.*

Heer-by the Waters of the lowest Fountains  
Shall play the Millers, as the Windes on Mountains:

*Gunnies.*

And grain so ground within a rowling Frame,  
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.

*Ships.*

Heer-by, a Bullet spewd from Brazen brest  
In fiery fume against a Town distrest,

With roaring powr shall pass the Rocks in sunder,  
And with the noise euen drown the voice of Thunder.

*Printing.*

Heer-by, the Wings of fauourable Windes  
Shall bear from Western to the Eastern Indes,

From *Africa* to *Thule's* farthest Flood,  
A House (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;

While sitting still, the Pilot shall at ease  
With a short Leauer guide it through the Seas.

*The Crane.*

Heer-by, the *PRINTER*, in one day shall rid  
More Books, then yerst a thousand Writers did.

*The Staffe.*

Heer-by, a Crane shall steed in building, more  
Then hundred Porters busie pains before:

The *Iacobs-staff*, to measure heights, and Lands,  
Shall far excell a thousand nimble hands,

To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* even;  
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.

*Dials and  
Clocks.*

A Wand, Sand, Water, small Wheels turning ay,  
In twice-twelve parts shall part the Night and Day.

*Sphers.*

Statues of Wood shall speak: and fained Sphears  
Shoue all the Wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.

Men, rashly mounting through the emptie Skie,  
With wanton wings shall crosse the Seas wel-nigh:

And (doubt-les) if the *Geometrician* finde  
Another world where (to his working minde)

To place at pleasure and convenience  
His wondrous Engines and rare Instruments,

Euen (like a little God) in time he may  
To som new place transport this World away.

Because

Because these Two our passage open see  
 To bright *Vrania's* sacred Cabinet,  
 Wherin shee keeps her sumptuous Furniture,  
 Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:  
 Because, to climbe starrie *Parnassus* top  
 None can, vnles these Two doo help him vp  
 (For, who so wants either of these Two eyes,  
 In vain beholds Heav'n's glistering Canopies)  
 The Caruer (heer) close by *Geometry*  
 And *Numbring Art*, hath plac't *Astronomy*.

A siluer Crescent wears she for a Crown,  
 A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,  
 Brows stately bent in milde-Maiestie wife,  
 Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes,  
 An Azure Mantle wauing at her back,  
 With two bright Claspes buckled about her neck;  
 From her right shoulder sloaping over-thwart-her,  
 A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,  
 Flourisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each  
 With glistering Stars imboist and poudred rich;  
 And then, for wings, the golden plumes she wears  
 Of that proud Bird which itarry Rowells bears.

But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) seemes she thus,  
 With spreading arms, to reach and offer vs?  
 My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there,  
 With crossing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear;  
 Wherein, the Earth (as the most vile and base,  
 And Lees of All) doth hold the lowest place:  
 Whom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart  
 With azure Zone: or rather, every part  
 Couers with Water winding round about,  
 Saue heer and there some Angles peeping out:  
 For, th' Oceans liquid and sad slyding Waues  
 Sinking in deepest of Earths hollow Caues,  
 Seek not (within her vast vnequall heighr)  
 The Centre of the wideness, but the weight.

There, should be th'Ayr, the Fire, and wandring Seauen;  
 The Firmament, and the first-mouing Heav'n

(Besides

Her 2. Globes.

1. The Terrestrial.



(Besides th'Empyreall Palace of the *Sanctified*)

Each ouer other, if they could be painted.

*His 10 Circles.*

But th'Artist, faining, in the steed of these,

Ten Circles, like Heav'ns Superficiēs;

To guide vs to them by more easie Path;

In hollow Globe the same described hath.

*The Equi-noc-tiall.*

'Mid th'amplest *Six*, whose crossing difference

Divides in two the *Sphears* Circumference;

Stands th' *Equinoctial*; equi-distant all

From those two *Poles* which do support this Ball.

Therefore each Star that vnderneath it slides,

A rest-les, long, and weary Iourney rides;

Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far

Then any other steady fixed Star

(Which wexeth slowe the more it doth aduance

Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)

And while *Apollo* driues his Load of Light

Vnder this *Line*, the Day and dusky Night

Tread equall steps: for, learned Natures hand

Then measures them a-like in every Land.

*The Zodiac.*

The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides,

And his fair Hindges from the World's divides

Twicetwelue Degrees; is call'd the *Zodiack*,

The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make

Th'Yeers Revolution: through new *Houses* ranging,

To cause the *Seasons* yearly foure-fold changing.

*The 1. Colure.*

Th'other, which (crossing th'Vniuerfall Props,

And those where *Titans* whirling Chariot sloaps)

Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts in two

Heer *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;

Of the Sun's stops, it *Colure* hath to name,

Because his Teem doth seem to trot more tame

On these cut points: for heer he doth not ride

Flatling a-long, but vp the *Sphears* steep side.

*The 2. Colure.*

Th'other, which cuts this equi-distantly

With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wisely)

*The Meridian.*

The Second *Colure*: The *Meridian*. This

Which neuer in one Point of Heav'n persists;

But

But still pursues our *Zenith*: as the light  
Inconstant *Horizon* our shifting sight.

For the foure small ones: heere the *Tropiks* turn,  
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.  
And neerer th' *Hindges* of the golden Sphear,  
Heere's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:

Which *Circles* cross not (as you see) at all  
The Center-point of th' vniuersall Ball;

But, parting th' Orb into vn-equall ells,  
'Twixt th' *Equi-nox* and them, rest *Parallels*.

The other Ball her left hand doth support,  
Is Heav'n's bright Globe: for, though that *Art* com short  
Of Nature far, heere may ingenious soules  
Admire the stages of *Star-seed* *Poles*.

O what delight it is in turning soft  
The bright Abbridgement of that Vpper Loft,  
(To seem) to see Heav'n's glorious Host to march  
In glistering Troops about th' *Asthereal Arch*!

Where, one for Arms bears Bowe and Shafts: a Sword  
A second hath; a trembling Launce a third:

One fals: another in his Chariot rowles  
On th' azure Brass of th' ever-radiant Bowles:

This serues a-foot, that (as a Horseman) rides:  
This vp, that down; this back, that forward slides:

Their Order order-less, and Peace-full Brail  
With-child's the World; fils Sea, and Earth, and All.

I neuer see their glaunces inter-iect  
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aspect;

Now milde, now moody: but, mee thinks I see  
Som frolik Swains amid their dauncing glee;

Where Men and Maids together make them merry,  
With Iigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:

Where, on his Loue, one smiles with wanton eye;  
Where-at his Rivall frowns for Iealousie.

But why (quoth *Phaetec*) hath th' All-Fair, who frames  
Nought heere below, but 's full of Beauties flames;

Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' azure Crystalline  
(Where Beauties self, and Loue should euer shine).

6  
The Horizon.  
7 and 8  
The Tropiks.

9 and 10  
The South and  
North Circles.

The Celestiall  
Globes.

The diuers  
spect of the ce-  
lestiall Bodies.

Simile.

Question.

So.



So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell:  
Fellows, more fit for th'v'gly Fiends in Hell.

*Ans. were.*

Surely (saith *Heber*) God's all-prudent pleasure  
Makes nothing Art-lesse, nor without iust measure:  
And thus the Worlds chief praise of Beauty carries,  
That in each part infinitely varies.

*The reason of the  
names given to  
the 12. Signes  
of the Zodiak.*

Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,  
Heav'ns shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,  
Did vnto each, such Shape and Name deuise,  
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.

1. Aries.

In form of *Ram* with golden Fleece, they put  
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Yeers bounds doth 'butt;  
Because the World (vnder his temp'rate heat  
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

2. Taurus.

Of *Bull* the next: because the husband-men  
With yokes of slowe-pac't smoking Bullocks then  
Tear-vp their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,  
Furbulh their Coulters in the Corn-fit soyl.

3. Gemini.

Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes  
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:  
Then all things couple, then Fruits double growe,  
Then Flowrs do flourish, and corn Fields do showe.

4. Cancer.

The fourth a *Lobsters* name and frame they made,  
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,  
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and so neuer flinteth,  
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.

5. Leo.

The fift a *Lion*: for, as *Lions* breath  
Is burning hot, so likewise, vnderneath  
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth sparkles, and the streams  
Seem sod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

6. Virgo.

The sixt a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,  
Th'Earth loatheth then the Suns Loue-glances on her  
T'inflame her loue: and (reclus'd as it were)  
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.

7. Libra.

*Balance* the seventh: because it equall weighs  
Nights louing-silence, and grief-guiding Daies;  
And Heat and Cold: and in *Must*-Month, the Beam  
Stands equi-poiz'd in equi-peizing them.

*Scorpio*

# The Columnnes.

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*Scorpion* the next: because his piercing sting  
Doth the first tydings of cold Winter bring.  
The ninth an *Archer* both in shape and Name,  
Who day and night follows his fairest game;  
And his keen Arrowe every where bestowes  
Headed with Yce, featherd with Sleet and Snowes.

The next a *Kid*: because as Kids do clime  
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time  
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)  
Begins again vp towards vs to clamber.

And then, because Heav'n alwayes seems to weep  
Vnder th'nsuing *Signes*; on th' Azure steep  
Our Parents plac't a *Skinker*: and by him,  
Two siluer *Fishes* in his floods to swim.

But if (my Son) this superficial gloze  
Suffice thee not: then may we thus suppose,  
That as before th' All-working Word alone  
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,  
Th' eternall Plot, th' *Idea* fore-conceiv'd,  
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,  
Did in the Work-mans spirit diuinely ly;  
And, yer it was, the World was wondrously:  
Th' Eternall *Trine-One*, spreading even the Tent  
Of th' All enlightning glorious Firmament,  
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks  
Ther pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.

See heer the pattern of a siluer Brook  
Which in and out on th' azure stage doth crook,  
Heer th' Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crowe,  
Heer swims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth rowe,  
Heer bounds the Courser, there the Kid doth skip,  
Heer smoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:  
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Ayr,  
But hath in Heav'n som like resemblance fair.  
Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales  
Are all but Copies of Heav'ns Principals;  
And sacred patterns, which to serue all Ages,  
Th' Almighty printed on Heav'ns ample stages.

Cc

8. Scorpio.

9. Sagitarius.

10. Capricor-  
nns.

11. Aquarius.

12. Pisces.

A deeper and  
more curious  
reason of the  
same.

In heauen are  
patterns of all  
things that are  
in earth.

Yea



A third witty,  
pleasant, & ele-  
gant reaso of the  
names aforesaid.

Yea surely, durst I (but why should I doubt  
To wipe from Heav'n so many slanders out,  
Of profane Rapin and detested Rapes,  
Of Murder, Incest, and all monstrous Scapes,  
Wher-with (heerafter) som bold-fabling *Greeks*  
Shall foully stain Heav'n's Rosy-blushing cheeks?)  
Heer could I showe, that vnder euery *Signe*

Th' Eternal grav'd son, Mystery divine

Of 's holy City; where (as in a glass)

To see what shall heer-after com-to pass:

As publik and autentik Rowles, fore-quoting

Confusedly th' Euent most worthy noting,

In his deer *Church* (his Darling and Delight).

Plaustrum.

O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming brauely bright,

Which like a Whirl-winde in thy swift Career

Rapt'st vp the *Thesbit*; thou do'st alwayes veer

About the *North-pole*, now no more be-dabbling

Thy nimble spoaks in th' Ocean, neither stabling

Thy smoking Coursers vnder th' Earth, to bayt:

Boötes.

The while *Elisha* earnestly doth wayt

Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherite

His Masters Office, and his mighty Spirit;

That on the starry Mountain (after him)

He well may manage his celestially Teem.

Hercules.

Close by him, *David* in his valiant Fift

Lyra.

Holds a fierce *Lions* fiery flaming Crest:

Corona Borea.

Heer shines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown*:

lis.

Thereth' vgly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)

Vrsa minor.

*Seav'n* (shining) *Stars*: Lo, heer the whistling *Lance*,

Pleiades.

Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.

Cuspis.

Pure Honours Honour, Praise of Chastity,

O fair *Susanna*, I should mourn for thee,

Andromeda.

And moan thy teares, and with thy frends lament

Cassiopeia.

(With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull punishment,

Cepheus.

Saue that so timely (through Heav'n's prouidence)

Yong *Daniel* saues thy wronged Innocence:

Perseus.

And by a dreadfull radiant splendor, spread

Caput Medusa.

From Times-Child Truth (not from *Medusa's* head)

Condemns th' old Leachers, and est-foons vpon  
Their curled heads there hayls a storm of stone.  
Also, as long as Heav'n's swift Orb shall veer,  
A sacred Trophee shall be shining heer  
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idoll fell,  
Which the same Prophet shall in *Babel* quel.

Wher-to more fit may *Pegasus* compair,  
Than to those Courfers, flaming in the ayr,  
Before the Tyrant of *Iess-Asia's* fury,  
Vsurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Iury*?  
Wher-to the *Coach-man*, but *Ezechiel*?  
That so well driues the *Coach* of *Israel*?  
Wher-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*,  
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,  
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom sure to meet,  
So neer his end sings so exceeding sweet?  
Wher-to the *Fish* which shineth heer so bright,  
But to that *Fish*, that cureth *Tobies* sight?  
Wher-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek *Man*,  
Who dry-shod guides through Seas *Erythean*  
Old *Jacobs* Fry: And *Jordans* liquid glasse  
Makes all his Hoast dry (without boat) to passe?

And furthermore, God hath not onely graven  
On the brasse Tables of swift turning Heav'n  
His sacred *Mot*; and, in *Triangle* frame,  
His *Thrice-One* Nature stamped on the same:  
But also, vnder that stouie *Serpent-Slayer*,  
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'n's glorious heir)  
Who with the Engin of his *Crosse* abates  
Th' eternall Hindges of th' infernall Gates:  
And, vnder that fair Sun-fixt-gazing *Fowl*,  
The God of Gods deer Minion of his Soule,  
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,  
His Spirit; his Loue, which visits earthly Climes  
In plumy shape: for, this bright winged *Signe*,  
In head and neck, and starry back (in fine)  
No lesse resembles the milde simple *Dove*,  
Than crook-bild *Eagle* that commands aboue.

*Draco.*

*Pegasus.*

*Gygous.*

*Piscis Borealis.*

*Delphinus.*

*Trigonos.*

*Ophiucus.*

*Aquila.*



- What shall I say of that bright *Bandelee*,  
Which twice-six *Signs* so richly garnish heer?  
Th' Years *Vsher*, doth the *Paschal* Lamb fore-tell:  
The *Bull*, the *Calf*, which erring *Israel* had sent,  
Sets vp in *Horeb*. These fair shining *Twins*,  
Those striving Brethren, *Isaacs* tender Sons:  
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab-like*) crawls  
Backward from *Virtue*; and (*fowl Swine-like*) fals  
In *Vices* mire: profanest old (at last)  
In soule and body growne a-like vn-chaste.  
The fift, that *Lion* which the Hair-strong Prince  
Tears as a Kid, without Wars instruments.  
The sixt, that *Virgin*, euer-maiden Mother,  
Bearing for vs, her Father, Spouse, and Brother.  
The next that *Beam*, which in King *Dannels* hand,  
So iustly weighs the *Iustice* of his Land.  
The next, that Creature which in *Malra* stings  
Th' Apostles hand, and yet no blemish brings,  
For't is indifferent, whether we the same,  
A spotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name;  
The *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son; The *Goat* (*I ghes*);  
Is *Arons* Scape-Goat in the *Wildernes*.  
The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,  
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Messias*,  
Who in clear *Iordan* washeth clean the foule;  
Of all that rightly do repent with inuile  
These Two bright *Fishes*, those wher-with the Lord  
(Through wondrous blessing of his powerfull Word)  
Feeds with five Loaves (vpon *Asphaltis* shoar);  
Abundantly five thousand Folk; and more.  
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, and there  
Let's mark as much the *Southern* *Hemil-spear*.  
Ah! know't thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,  
Which shines so brightly by the burning *Steer*?  
'Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Iordan* leads,  
His Army dry shod; and (*triumphant*) treads  
On *Canaan* *Currs*, and on th' *Amorrean* *Hare*,  
Foyld with the fear of his victorious war.
- Aries.  
Taurus.  
Gemini.  
Cancer.  
Leo.  
Virgo.  
Libra.  
Scorpio.  
Sagittarius.  
Capricornus.  
Aquarius.  
Pisces.  
Orion.  
Eridanus.  
Canis.  
Canicula.  
Lepus.

Seeth'ancient *Ship*, which, over windes and waues  
Triumphing safe, the Worlds seed-remnant saues.  
Lo, heer the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose light  
Cures in the Desert, those whom Serpents bite.  
Heer th' happy *Rav'n*, that brings *Elias* cates;  
Heer the rich *Cup*, where *Ioseph* meditates  
His graue Predictions: Heer that Heav'nly *Knight*,  
Who prest appearing armed all in white,  
To *Maccabees*, with his flaming *spear*  
So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolf* doth tear,  
That on Gods *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long),  
Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song  
Of *Lewis* foundeth in his House again;  
And that rich Crown th' *Assmonean* Race doth gain,  
To rule the *Jewes*. Lo, therethe happy *Fish*  
Which payes *Christ's* Tribute (who our Ransom is):  
And heer the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast,  
The Prophet *Ionas* for three daies dorth rest.

But while (my spoaks-man, or I rather his)  
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'ns *Images*,  
Through path-les paths his wandering steps doth bring,  
And boldly quauers on a Maiden string;  
Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds  
Or points of Faith, all that he heer propounds;  
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,  
Or *Strick Fate* (th' Almightyes hands to chain):  
Or in Heav'ns Volume reading things to-com,  
Erroneously a *Chaldee-Wife* becom.  
No, no such thing; but to refresh again  
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:  
That hither-to having with patience past  
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,  
Such gloomy Forrests, craggy Rocks and steep,  
Wide-yawning Gulfs, and hideous Dungeons deep,  
You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,  
Wher-on the Heav'ns lauish their plentious treasure,  
Where *Zephyre* puffs perfumes, and siluer Brooks  
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.

Hydra.

Corvus.  
Cratera.  
Centaurus.

Lupus.  
Ara.

Corona australis.  
Piscis australis.

Balæna.

A notable correction of the Poet  
upon these last  
Discourses.



Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can say  
Whether our Nephews yet another-day  
(More zealous then our selues in things Divine)  
This curious *Art* shall Christianly refine;  
And giue to all these glistring *Figures* then,  
Not *Heasben* names, but names of *Holy* men?

He proceedes to  
discover the se-  
crets of *Astro-*  
*nomie*.

But, seek we now for *H-ber*, whose Discourse  
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planet*s course:  
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrik*,  
With *Apogé*, *Perigé*, and *Eccentrik*;  
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedster of debate)  
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)  
*Saturn*, and *Iou*; three Sphears in one retain,  
Smooth *Hermes* five, fair *Cynthia* two-times-twain.

For, the Divine Wits, whence this *Art* doth flowe,  
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,  
Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,  
Confusion, voyd; and rupture to remoue,  
Which would be caused, through their wandermēt,  
In th'Heav'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;  
Haue (more then men) presum'd to make, within  
Th'Eternall Wheels where th'erring Tapers been,  
Sundry small Wheels, each within other closed,  
Such equi-distance each-where inter-posed,  
That (though they kiss) they crush not; but the base  
Are vnder th'high, the high the lowe imbrace:  
Like as the Chest-nut (next the meat) within  
Is cover'd (last) with a soft slender skin,  
That skin inclos'd in a tough tawny shēl,  
That shēl in-cas't in a thick thistly tell.

Simile.

The vse of the  
*Astrolabe*.

Then tak's berth' *Astrolabe*, wher-in the Sphear  
Is flat reduced: he discovers there  
The Card of *Heights*, the *Almynantharats*,  
With th' *Azimynths* and the *Almadarats*  
(Pardon me Muse, if ruder phrase defile  
This fairest Table, and deface my stile  
With Barbarism: For in this Argument,  
To speak *Barbarian*, is most eloquent).

On th'other side, vnder aveering Sight,  
A Table veers; which, of each wandring Light  
Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,  
Dayes, names of Months, and *scale of Altitudes*.  
Removing th' *Albidade*, he spends som leasure  
To shew the manner how a Wall to measure,  
A Fountains depth, the distance of a place,  
A Countries compass, by Heav'n's ample face:  
In what bright starry *Signe*, th' Almighty dread,  
Dayes Princely Planet daily billeted:  
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all  
To finde his *Elevation* and his *Fall*.  
How long a time an entire *Signe* must wear  
While it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphere*:  
*Poles elevation*: The *Meridian line*:  
And diuers Hours of Day and night to finde.

These learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks,  
And heedfully to every Rule he harks:  
Wise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,  
This Talent turns, encreasing many-fold:  
And then presents it to his Noble seed,  
Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.

But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus* bright,  
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,  
Then *Iane*, then *Gynney*, and (inclin'd to change)  
Of shifting House, through both the Worlds do range  
(Both Worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctiall Line*):  
So the perfection of this Art divine,  
First vnder th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon  
Coms to the *Chaldes* by adoption:  
Scorning anon, th' olde *Babylonian* Spires,  
It leaues (wife *Tigris*, and to *Nile* retires;  
And, waxen rich, in *Egypt* it erects  
A famous School: yet, firm-les in affects,  
It falls in loue with subtill *Grecian* wits,  
And to their hands awhile it self commits;  
But, in renowned *Ptolomeus* Raign,  
It doth re-visit the deer *Memphian* Plain:

Simile.

*Astronomy*, by  
whom, and how  
maintained.

Yet,



Yet, Thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabian* try;  
From thence to *Rome*: From *Rome* to *Germany*.

O true *Endymious*, that imbrace above  
Vpon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love  
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about whose Bed, for Guard,  
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.

The prayse of  
learned *Astro-  
nomers*, and the  
profite of their  
Doctrines.

True *Atlases*: You Pillars of the *Poles*  
Empyreall *Palace*; you fair learned soules;  
But for your Wrightings, the Starrs-Doctrines soon  
Would sink in *Lathe* of Oblivion:

'Tis you that Marshall Months, and yeeres, and dayes:

'Tis you that quoad for such as haunt the Seas  
Their prosperous Dayes, and Dayes when Death ingraven  
On th' angry Welkin, warns them keep their Haven:

'Tis you that teach the Plough-man when to sowe:

When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;

When to retire to Garrison again;

When to assault a batter'd Peerce, and when

To conuoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:

'Tis you that shew what season fitteth most

For euery purpose; when to *Purge* is good,

When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-blood*:

And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix

Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix.

'Tis you that in the twinkling of an eye

Through all the Heav'nly Prouinces do fly:

'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)

Possess the whole World in your Governings:

And (to conclude) you Demi-Gods can make

Between your hands the Heav'ns to turne and shake:

O diuine Spirits! for you my (smoothe)st quill

His sweetest hony on this Book should still;

Still should you be my Theam: but that the Beauty

Of the last *Sister* draws my Love and Duty,

For, now I hear my *Phaet* humbly crave

The fourth Mayds name: his Father, mildly grave,

Replies him thus; Obserue (my dearest Son)

Those cloud less brows, those cheeks vermillion,

Those

Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet;  
That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet  
Which seem still Dancing: all those Harps and Lutes,  
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,  
Plac't round about her; proue in every part  
This is the noble, sweet, Voice-ord'ring *Arr*,  
Breath's Measurer, the Guide of supplest fingers  
On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) Sinnew-fingers:  
Th' Accord of Discords: sacred *Harmony*,  
And Numb'rie Law, which did accompany  
Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance  
Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to Dance.  
For (as they say) for super-Intendent there,  
The suprem Voice placed in every Sphear  
A Syren sweet; that from Heav'n's Harmony  
Inferiour things might learn best Melody,  
And their rare Quier with th' Angels Quier accord  
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,  
In's Royall Chappell, richly beautifi'd  
With glitt'ring Tapers and all sacred Pride.

Where, as (by Art) one selfly blast breath'd out  
From panting bellows, passeth all about  
Winde-Instruments; enters by th' under Clavers,  
Which with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers,  
Fills all the Bulk, and generally the same  
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;  
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voice,  
Flutes sweetest ayr, and Regals shrillest noise;  
Even so th' all-quickning spirit of God above  
The Heav'n's harmonious whirling wheels doth moue,  
So that re-treading their eternall trace,  
Th' one bears the Treble, th' other bears the Base.

But, brimmer far than in the Heav'ns, heere  
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we heere  
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, Earth belowe,  
Bear ay the Base; deep, hollow, sad, and slowe:  
Pale *Phlegm*, moist *Autumn*, Water moistly-cold,  
The Plummer-like-smooth-sliding *Tenor* hold:

The description  
of Musicke.

The Heavens  
Harmony.

Simile.

A four-fold  
Consort in the  
humors, seasons,  
and elements.

Hot-



Hot-humid *Bloud*, the *Spring*, transparent *Air*,  
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so faire  
Curst *Choler*, *Sommer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,  
Th' high warbling *Treble*, loudest in the *Quire*.

The power of  
*Musike* towards  
all things.

And that's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things  
Are stoopt by *Musik*; as reteining springs  
Of Number in them: and they feeble live  
But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns dance doth drive.

Towards Men.

Sweet *Musik* makes the sternest men-at-Arms  
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms:  
It cheers sad soules, and charms the frantick fits  
Of Lunatiks that are bereft their wits:

It kills the flame, and curbs the fond desire  
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire  
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes,  
Doth som proud Dame devoutly Idolize):  
It cureth Serpents bane-full bit, whose anguish  
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:

Towards Beasts,  
Birds, Flies, and  
Fishes.

The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all;  
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:  
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin, and the buzzing swarms  
Of busie Bees the tinkling Brasse doth charm.

Towards God  
himselfe.

O! what is it that *Musik* cannot doot,  
Sith th' all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:  
And makes the same down from the Emphyreall Pole  
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule:  
With divine accents tuning rarely right  
Vnto the raptur Spirit the raptur Spright:  
Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threameth most,  
With wrathfull tempest arming all his Host,  
When angry stretching his strong sinnewy arms,  
With bended back he throwes down thundry storms,  
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart turning Sheep  
Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a sleep;  
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand  
The sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.

Conclusion of the  
2. Day of the 2.  
Week.

But, while that *Heber* (eloquently) would  
Olde *Musikes* vse and excellence haue told;

## The Columnes.

379

Curst Canaan (seeking Jordans fatall course)  
Past by the Pillars, and brake his Discourse,  
And mine with-all; for I must rest me heer:  
My weary Lourny makes me faint well-neer:  
Needs must I craue new ayd from High, and step  
A litle back, that I may farther leap.

The end of the Second Day of the  
Second Week.

ABRA





# ABRAHAM.

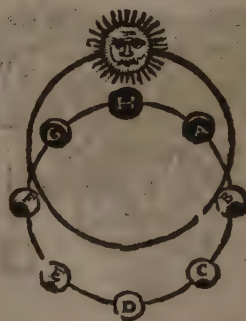
The THIRD DAY

Of

The SECOND WEEK;

Containing

- 
1. THE VOCATION.
  2. THE FATHERS.
  3. THE LAWE.
  4. THE CAPTAINS.
- 



---

*Acceptam refero.*

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## THE VOCATION.

## THE I. PART OF THE

III. DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ABRAM from Chaldeis Divinely CALL'D;  
 How Blest abroad: His (parted) Nephew Thrali'd  
 (In Sodom's ayd) to Chedorlaomer;  
 Rescu'd by Him: Type of that bloody War:  
 Melchisedec His Hap congratulates;  
 Ismael great; but G<sup>o</sup> p. confederates.  
 With (promis'd) Isaac, and his (CHRIST-kin) Seed  
 Which shall in number euen the Stars exceed.  
 Lot harbors Angels; sav'd from Sodom's Fire;  
 His Wife Transform'd: His Daughter's soul Desire.

¶ Till this Day (dear Muse) on every side  
 Within straight list thou hast been boundi'd,  
 End in a Path so narrow every-where;  
 Thou couldst not manage: onely heer and there  
 Reaching thine arms ouer the Rails that close  
 Thy bounded Race) thou caught'st som fragrant Rose,  
 Som Iuly-flower, or som sweet Sops-in-Wine,  
 To make a Chaplet thy chaste brows to binde.

But now, behold th'art in the open Plain;  
 Where thou maist liuely (like the Horse of Spain,  
 That having burst his halter and his holde  
 Lings through the field, where list him, vnecontrol'd)  
 Oruet, and turn, run, prance, aduance, and pride-thee;  
 A sacred fury of thy Zeal shall guide-thee.

Simile.

Th'whole



Th' whole World is thine: henceforth thy Sythe may mowe  
 The fairest Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth growe;  
 And, on the Sea of richest *Histories*  
 Hulling at large, a hundreth Victories,  
 A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new  
 Com huddling in, in heaps before thy view:  
 So that I fear, lest (trayn'd with various sent)  
 Thou be at fault in this vast Argument;  
 And least the best choice in so bound-lesse Store,  
 Pain thee no lesse now, than did Want before.

*Simile.*

But wotst thou what, my *Muse* (my deer delight,  
 My care, my comfort)? we will follow right  
 The modest hand of a fair Shepheardling,  
 Who doth not rudely spoyle the flowry Spring,  
 Of all her painted beauties; nor deface  
 All in one day a pleasant Gardens grace;  
 But mannerly amid the *Quarters* seeks  
 Such rarest flowrs as best her fancy likes:  
 And heere a blew one, there a red she pulls,  
 A yellow heer, and there a white she culls,  
 Then binds them with her hair, and blessed over  
 With a chaste kisse, she sends them to her Lover:  
 Wee'l ouer-run the *Annalls* of all Ages,  
 And choosing-out the chiefest Personages,  
 And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story  
 Wee'l offer them on th' Altar of *Gods* glory.

For He (I hope) who, no lesse good then wise,  
 First stirr'd vs vp to this great Enterprize,  
 And gaue vs heart to take the same in hand,  
 For Level, Compass, Rule, and Squire will stand;  
 Will change the Pebbels of our puddly thought,  
 To *Orient* Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought:  
 And will not suffer in this pretious *Frame*  
 Ought that a skilfull Buildersey may blame:  
 Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be som trace  
 But of that blindnes, common to our Race;  
 T' abate my glory, and to giue me proof  
 That (mortall) I build but with mortall stuff.

## The Vocation.

383

Dedication to  
the Kings Ma-  
iestie.

JAMES, richest Iem of *Scots*. and *Scotl and's* Praise,  
Who, with the same hand that the Scepter swayes,  
On Heav'n-faln paper in a golden stile,  
Dooſt happily immortal lines compile;  
And (new *Apollo*) vnder Others names  
Singſt in thy Childehood thine Owne future Fames:  
To whom but thee ſhould I theſe Verſes vow?  
Who through the World haſt made me famous now,  
And with a liberall learned hand indew'd  
My *Muſe* with luſtre of a *Royall Sure*;  
Before, ſo ragged that ſhe bluſht wel-neer  
That her chaſte Siſters ſhould ſo homely ſee-her  
The ſcorn of Art, of *Helicon* the ſhame,  
Vſurping (wrong) *VRANIA's* ſacred Name.

Through thee ſhe's *Heav'nly*. O wiſe, worthy Prince,  
May'ſt thou ſurmout all thoſe in Excellence,  
Which haue (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,  
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall ſpots)  
That, firſt *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)  
*Ev'nus* and *Donald* may enuy thy Praise;  
And even the *Scottiſh*, or (rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*  
(leſſes great ſon, ſo holily-behaved)  
Give place to thy Renown, and therewithall  
Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroicall,  
And all his beſt (which doth thee beſt belong)  
As he hath given thee his ſweet Harp and Song.

THOUGH profane ſervice of *Idolatri*  
Haddrown'd the whole Earth vniverſally:  
Though ſhame-leſs ſin (born with the *COLONIES*  
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize:  
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefeſt Seat,  
Their ſtrength in *Shinaar*; and that City great,  
Built on the ſlymy ſtrand of *Euphrates*,  
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feaſts,  
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* ſacred Ligne  
(Where God his grace yet ſeemed to confine)  
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Aſſyrian* aire,  
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire:

Simile.

Forgot



Forgot the true God : followed (rashly-rude)  
 The gross grand Error of the multitude:  
 Degeneriz'd, decay'd and withered quight :  
 Like some rare Fruit-Tree over-top with spight  
 Of Bryers and Bushes which it sore opprest,  
 With the sower shadow of their Thorny tress,  
 Till choakt withall, it dies as they do growe,  
 And beareth nought but Moss and Mistletoe.  
 But God, desirous (more for vs, then him)  
 In some one stock to saue *Faith's* sacred stem  
 (Like as before from the All-drowning Flood  
 He sav'd the worlds seed in an Ark of wood)  
 Marks *Abram* for his own: and from false Rites  
 To men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprights,  
 Him gratioussly to his own Service draws;  
 Not by meer Conduct of exterior cause,  
 As by contemplating th' Artship richly-rare  
 Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair,  
 Earths fruitfull power, producing (goodly-green)  
 From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,  
 Flowrs fragrant aier, so fresh and diuers-died,  
 Seas foaming Course, whose euer-Tilting Tide  
 (Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,  
 Bounded with lills, guided with reans of Reason:  
 But, by the motion of his Spirit, which seals  
 In our hearts Centre what his word reueals,  
 And prudently in his fit time and place  
 (Dispensing frankly his free gifts of Grace)  
 Doth inwardly bear-witnes, and aver-it  
 Vnder our Spirits that 'tis God's *Holy Spirit*.  
 The sacred *Faith* of *Abram* languisht not  
 In idleness, but alwaies waakt and wrought,  
 And ever liuely, brought forth Patience,  
 Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,  
 Loue, seruent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,  
 Sincerity, and true Perseuerance;  
 Fruits that (like Load-stones) haue a vertue giuen  
 (Through *Faith*) to draw their Father-Tree to Heav'n,

The calling of  
 Abraham.

The fruits of a  
 true faith & the  
 effect thereof.

And

And guide the soule to God (the spring of life)  
Of's kinf-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his deer Wife,  
Who with him following the Almighty's call,  
Wend to the strand where *Jordans* course doth crawl,  
Their own deer Country willingly forsake,  
And (true-religious) less account do make  
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lives content,  
Than of an end-less, friend-less Banishment.

O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection!  
O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!  
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's Restorer!  
Tears-wiping tame-grief! Hopes guide, hunting horror,  
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality!  
O liuely FAITH! through thy admired quality,  
How many wonders doost thou work at once,  
When from Sin's slumbers thou halt waakt vs once,  
And made vs inly in our spirits conceiue  
Beauties that neuer outward eyes perceiue!

Alas! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe  
These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flowe?  
Heer, first I drew this vitall ayr, and (pleas'd  
With my births news) my Mothers throes I eas'd:  
Heer, from her tender brest (as soft as silk)  
My tender gums suckt my first drop of milk:  
Heer, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile  
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:  
Heer, my chaste Sisters, Vncles, Aunts and Kin,  
My pritty prattling haue delighted in:  
Heer, many a time I wantonly haue clung,  
And on my Fathers wrinkled neck haue hung:  
Heer, I haue past my Lad-age fair and good;  
Heer, first the soft Down on my chin did bud:  
Heer, I haue learn'd Heav'ns Motions and the nature  
And various force of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water:  
Heer, I haue show'n the noblest tokens forth  
Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:  
Heer, I haue spent the best part of mine age:  
Heer, I possesse a plentious Heritage:

Natural considerations to haue  
stopped the Journey  
of Abraham



Heer, I haue got me many friends and fame;  
 And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:  
 And must I hence, and leaue this certain state,  
 To roam vncertain (like a Runnagate)  
 O're fearfull Hills, and thorough foaming Torrents  
 That rush-down Mountains with their roring currents,  
 In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'ns hottest beam  
 Shall burn without; within vs, Thirst extream:  
 And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear  
 Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there?  
 To seek a Country (God knowes where, and whither)  
 Whose vnknown name hath yet scarce sounded hither?  
 With staff in hand, and wallet at our back  
 From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?  
 To guise our selues (like counterfaiting Ape)  
 To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape?  
 T' haue (briefly) nothing properly our own  
 In all the World; no not our Grave-place known?

Is't possible I should endure to see  
 The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me;  
 O! can I thus my Native soyl forsake?  
 O! with what words shall I my farewell take?  
 Farewell *Chaldea*, deer delights a lieu:  
 Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farwell all of you,  
 Farwell for euer: Can I thus (alas!)  
 Rudely vnwinde me from the kinde embrace  
 Of their deer arms that will me faster holde  
 Than trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfolde;  
 Or then the Vine doth with her crawling spray  
 The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay?

Can I expose (with perill of my life)  
 Th' vn-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,  
 To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation  
 That brutally burns in all abhominat[i]on?

Besides, what rigour? nay, what paricide?  
 To hale from *Tygris* shoar to *Iordans* side  
 A weak olde-man, a man so weak and olde,  
 He scarce can creep without our help and holde?

2  
 Comparisons.

Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.  
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:  
But, for all Reasons, Faith suffizeth me.  
Who lodge with God can neuer House lesse be.

*His resolution a-  
bone al discourse  
of reason.*

Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age  
And death of Terah slow'd his pilgrimage;  
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)  
To Canaan (since called Palestine):  
Where God pours down such floods of goods vpon them,  
And bountiously bestows such blessings on them,  
That their abundance shortly seemst' exceed  
God's Promises, and their desires indeed.  
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,  
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,  
Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more,  
Pyning her Master so long time before  
With lingring hope) brings forth with painfull groans,  
But once in twelue ycers, but one Calf at once:  
All 's white with their wool: all their Cattle proves,  
Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.  
Their Wealth so growes, that wantoniz'd withall,  
Their envious Shepherds broach a ciuill Brawl.  
But, least this Mischiefe by the Grooms begun,  
Between their Masters might vnkindly run,  
The graue-milde Grand-sire of the Faithfull (there)  
And Ammon's Father, to cut-off the fear  
Of farther strife, and to establish rather  
Their Mindes then Bodies in a league together;  
Divided doly with a deep fore-sight  
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.

*The great blef-  
sing of God on  
his obedience.*

*Simile.*

*Iarre begun be-  
tweene his Ser-  
uants, and the  
Seruants of Lot.*

Then pleas'd, and parted; both go liue a-part:  
The Vncle kept the Mountain for his part;  
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowery Plain,  
And euen to Sodom stretcht his Tent and Train;  
And, dwelling there, becam a Citizen  
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.  
O Lot (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?  
Th' eternall vercure, and the trim prospect,

*Abram & Lot  
to shun conten-  
tion, part com-  
pany.*

*Lot dwels at  
Sodom.*

The



The plentious Pastures, and the purling Springs  
 Whose fibrous siluer thousand Tributes brings  
 To wealthy *Jordan*, watering so the soil  
 (Like Gods own Garden) doth thy sense beguile,  
 Blindeth thy iudgement, makes thee (miserable)  
 To seat thee with a People execrable,  
 Whose War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies  
 To Springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes.

*The battaile of  
 Siddim fought  
 by the king of E-  
 lam, with his  
 confederates, a-  
 gainst the Kings  
 of Sodom and  
 Gommorrha  
 with theirs.*

*Elam's* proud King, great *Chedor-laomer*,  
 (Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellazar*,  
 The Sovereign of the Nations, *Thadac*,  
 And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*),  
 Made war against the Kings of *Sodoma*,  
*Gommorrha*, *Zeboim*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;  
 Who, subiect to him for twelue years before,  
 Rebelled now, and cast the yoke they bore.

Both Camps approach, their bloody rage doth rise,  
 And euen the face of Cowards terriblize;  
 New Martiall heat inflames their minds with ire,  
 Their blood is moov'd, their heart is all on fire.  
 Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe)  
 Longing to meet, the fatall drums out-goe;  
 And euen already in their gesture fight:  
 Th' iron-footed courfers, lusty, fresh, and light,  
 Marying their Masters cause and courage both,  
 Snowe all the field with a white foming froth,  
 And prancing with their load (as proud withall)  
 With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.

Now both the Hoasts march forward furiously,  
 The Plain between soon shrinketh equally:  
 First in the ayr begins a fight of dust,  
 Then on the Earth both Armies brauely ioust;  
 Braue yet it was: for yet one might behold  
 Bright swords and shields, and plumed helms of gold  
 Vn-gaord with blood; no Cask had lost his head,  
 No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead.  
 But, on our Corn-field towards haruest-time  
 (For punishment of some ingratefull crime)

*Comparison.*

Th'in-

Th' incens'd hand of Heav'n's Almighty King  
 Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearls fling,  
 Than heer the arrows shewr on every side:  
 An iron Cloud Heav'n's angry face doth hide  
 From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then  
 For lack of ground fall vpon horse or men:  
 Ther's not a shaft but hath a man for White,  
 Nor stone but lightly in warm blood doth light:  
 Or, if that any fail their foes to hit  
 In fall; in flight themselues they enter-split:  
 The wounds com all from Heav'n: the bravest hee  
 Kils and is kild of him he doth not see:

Without an aim the Dart-man darts his spear,  
 And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.  
 As two stout Rams, both Ieloux-phrensie-sick,  
 Afront two flocks, spurr'd on with anger's prick,  
 Rush-on each other with tempestuous shock,  
 And butting boisterous, horns and heads do knock:  
 So these two Armies enterchanged blowes,

*Simile.*

And doubling steps and strokes vpon their Foes,  
 First flesh their Lances, and their Pikes imbrew,  
 Then with their swords about them keenly heaw,  
 Then stab with daggers; standing brauely too-t,  
 Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;  
 So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pearce  
 Another's Shield, and sends him to his Herse.  
 And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered braue)  
 Oft on their Foes (vn-plumed) crests do waue.

Of all their stroaks scarce any stroak is vain;  
 Yet stand they firm, and still the fight maintain:  
 Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,  
 None turn their backs, no neyther shrink a-side,  
 Of their own blood, as of their Foe's as frank.

But, too-too-tyred, som at last dis-rank:  
 Then, Threats, and Cries, and Plaints, redoubled ay,  
 And so pel-mel rage-blinded Mars doth play,  
 That now no more their Colours they discern;  
 But knowing none, to all are strangely stern.



Simile.

A martial braue  
of an olde Cap-  
tain against the  
effeminate soft-  
nes and delicacie  
of Carpet  
Knights.

The *Palestine* fights vnder *Elams* Standard,  
The *Shinarite* with *Sodoms* Ensignes wander'd:  
Euen as two swarms of busie Buzzers mounting  
Amid the ayr, and mutually affronting,  
Mingle their Troups; one goes, another comes,  
Another turns; a clowd of Moatlings hums  
Aboue our heads, who with their cypres wings  
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:  
Either of which, a hundred times a minute  
Doth lose a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

But, may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,  
Soft Carpet-Knights, all senting Musk and Amber  
(Whose chief delight is to be ouer-com)  
Vn-danted hearts that dare to Over-com?  
In Woman-Men a manly Constancy?  
In wanton Arms vn-wearied Valiancy?  
No, no, (*Gomorrhah*) this is not the place  
For quau'ring Lutes a warbling Voice to grace:  
No (*filthy Sodom*) 'tis not heer the game  
To play with Males, in spight of Natures name:  
No (*Zeböim*) heer are no Looking-Glasses  
For *Para-Nymphs* to gaze their painted faces:  
To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print;  
And curl the Lock (with *fanours* brayded in't):  
No (*Adamah*) we spend not heer the day  
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting, and Plays:  
Nor lastly (*Zoar*) is it heer the guise  
Of silken Mock-Mars (for a *Mistress-Prize*)  
With Reed-like Lance, and with a blunted Blade,  
To Championize vnder a Tented shade,  
As at your Tournes. Therefore to your Mew:  
Lay-down your weapons, heer's no Work for you:  
'Tis heer the Fashion (and the pride of Wars)  
To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood, and scars:  
Our Glass is heer a bright and glistring shield:  
Our Satten, steel: the Musick of the Field  
Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar:  
Death tilreth heer: The *Mistress* we adore,

Is Victory (true Sovereign of our hearts)  
 Who without danger graceth no Deserts:  
 Dead carcases perfume our dainty Nose:  
 Our Banquets heer, be Banquets for the Crows:  
 Fly therefore (Cowards) fly and turn your backs,  
 (As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)  
 But with our Swords and Lances (in your haste)  
 Through-thrilled (Villains) this shall be your last,  
 Said *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in such sort,  
 That 't seems a suddaine Whirl-winde doth transport  
 Their fainting Troups, Som (best-aduised) fly  
 To tops of Mountains, that do neighbour by;  
 Som through the Plain: but, neither (in the chace)  
 Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)  
 Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art:  
 This throwes away his shield, and that his dart;  
 Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes, and Lances,  
 Are no defence, but rather hinderances:  
 They with their hearts, haue also lost their sight,  
 And recking less a glorious end, in Fight,  
 Than thousand base deaths, desperately they ran  
 Into the flood that fets rich *Canaan*.

*Defeat of  
the Sodomites.*

Then, *Jordan* armes him gainst these infidels,  
 With rapid course, and like a sea he swells;  
 Lakes vnder ground into his channel range,  
 And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs do change:  
 He fumes, he foams, and swiftly whirling round,  
 Seems in his rage, these bitter words to sound:

Die (Villains) die: O more than infamous  
 Foul Monsters, drench your damned soules in vs.  
 Sa, sa, my Floods: with your cold moisture quench  
 The lust-full flame of their self-burning stench.  
 Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong,  
 Which they haue done our Mother *Nature* long.

The River swiftly whirling-in the slaues,  
 Aboue with Bowes, beneath with Bodies paues:  
 The gaudy Plume, yet floting light and soft,  
 Keeps for awhile, the hollow helm aloft;



But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,  
 Down to the bottom sink among the rest,  
 Striving and struggling (topsi-turvy toft)  
 While fain they would, but cannot yield the ghost;  
 Because the flood (vnwilling to defile  
 His purest waues with spirits so foul and vile)  
 Re-spews them still into themselves, and there  
 Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were:  
 Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last  
 To the main Sea, or his own shoar doth cast.

*Their own Ambush  
 serves a-  
 gainst them-  
 selves.*

The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorraha* then,  
 Hoping to train the King of *Elams* men,  
 Among the Clay-pits which themselves before  
 (T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered ore,  
 Ran thither-ward: but their confused flight,  
 In their owne ambush made their owne to light:  
 Wherein they lost the flou'r of all their rest,  
 Sooner of death, then of deaths fear posselt.

One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart  
 Which (from behinde) nigh pearst him to the heart,  
 Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho  
 Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did growe,  
 Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels  
 Vp to the waste in water: where he feels  
 A three-fold Fate: for there (O strange!) he found  
 Three deaths in one; at once *slain, hangd, and drown'd.*

Another, weening ore a Well to skip,  
 From the wet brim his hap-les foot doth slip,  
 And in he falls: but instantly (past hope)  
 He catcheth holde vpon a dangling rope,  
 And so at length with shifting hands gets-vp  
 By little and little to the fountains top.  
 Which *Thadael* (spying, to him straight he hies,  
 And thus alowd vnto the wretch he cries;  
 Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,  
 Your wonted yoak of *Elam* off to shake?  
 Is this your Skirmish? and are these your blowes,  
 Wher-wich t'incounter so courageous Foes?

Sir,

Sir, leave your ladder; this shall serue as well,  
This sword shall be your ladder down to Hell:  
Go pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)  
The Tribute heer deni'd vnto your owne:  
Heer-with he drawes his Fauchin bright and keen,  
And at a blowe heaws both his arms off clean;  
His trickling hands held fast, down fell his Trunk,  
His blood did swim, his body quickly sunk.

Another (roughly pushed by the Foe)  
Falls headlong down into a Bog belowe:  
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud  
With his heels vp-ward like a tree he stood;  
Still to and fro, wauing his legs and arms,  
As Trees are wont to waue in windy storms.

*Simile.*

Another heer (on hors-back) posting ouer  
A broad, deep clay-pit that green boughs do couer,  
Sinks instantly; and in his suddain Fate  
Seems the braue Horse doubly vnfortunate:  
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruizing in  
(With the keen scales of his bright Brigandin)  
His Masters bowels, serues (alas!) for Tomb  
To him that yerst so many times did comb  
His crispy Crest, and him so frankly fed  
In 's hollow Shield with oats and beans, and bread:  
Even so sometimes, the louing Vine and Elm  
(With double damage) ioyntly ouer-whelm;  
Shee wails the wrack of her deer Husbands glade;  
He moans his Spoules feeble arms and shade:  
But most it grieues him with his Trunk to crush  
The precious Clusters of her pleasing Bush;  
And pres to death vnkindly with his waight  
Her that for loue embraceth him so straight.

*Simile.*

Yet *Lot* alone (with a small troupe assisted)  
The Martiall brunt with Manly breast resisted,  
And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for  
The furious hoste of *Chedorlaomor*:  
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops  
Of tender Saplings with their slender tops,

*Lots valour.*

Is



Is fell'd almost as soon as vnder-taken  
By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken:  
Lot's little Number so environ'd round,  
Hemm'd with so many swords, is soon hew'n down.

*His vndanted  
resolution.*

*Simile.*

Then left alone, yet still all one he fares;  
And the more danger, still the more he dares:  
Like a strange Mastif fiercely set vpon  
By mongrell Currs, in number ten to one:  
Who tyr'd with running (growen more cunning) gets  
Into som corner, where vpright he sets  
Vpon his stern, and sternly to his Foes  
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he shoves,  
And snarls, and snaps; and this and that doth bite,  
And stoutly still maintains th'vnequall fight  
With equall fury, till (disdaining Death)  
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.

*Ariach*, admiring, and (euen) fearing too  
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doo;  
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus:  
Cease (valiant youth) cease, cease t'incounter vs.  
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor soule) expose  
And hazard thus thy life and Fame to lose,  
In such a Quarrell, for the cause of such?  
Alas, I pittie thy misfortune much.  
For, well I see, thy habit and thy tongue  
Thine Arms (but most) thy courage (yet so yong)  
Shewe that in *Sodom's* wanton walls accurst  
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrah* nurs't:  
O chief of Chivalry, referue thy worth  
For better wars: yield thee: and think hence-forth  
I highly prize thy prowess; and, by my sword,  
For thousand kingdoms will not false my word.

*Lot taken priso-  
ner.*

Past hope of Conquest (as past fear of death)  
*Lot* yields him then vpon the Princes Faith;  
And, from his Camel quick-dismounting, hies  
His Royall hand to kisse in humble wise:  
And th'Army, laden with the richest spoyl,  
Triumphantly to th'Eastward marcht the while.

No sooner noyse of these sad novels cam  
Vnto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,  
But instantly he arms to rescue LOT,  
And that rich prey the heathen Kings had got.  
Three hundred servants of his house he brings  
(But lightly arm'd with stauies and darts, and slings  
Aided by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)  
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant sons)  
So at the heels he hunts the feareless Foe,  
Yet waits aduantage yer he offer blowe)  
Favour'd by streightnes of the ways they took,  
And couer'd close with nights deceitfull cloak,

In Groom-land fields is found a dungeon,  
A thousand-fold more dark than Acheron,  
It hath no door, lest as it turns about  
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,  
But Silence serues for Port and Porter there,  
A gagged Vsher that doth neuer wear  
Stif-rustling silks, nor ratling chamlet lutes,  
Nor gingling spurs, nor creaking spanish boots;  
But, that he make no noyse (when ere he sturs)  
His high-day lutes are of the softest Furs,  
At other times (less-stately-service-ful)  
Hee's only clad in cotton, shod in wools;  
His left fore-finger ore his lips he locks;  
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,  
The rushing streams, and roaring Eolus,  
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus:  
Sleep silver Torrents; cease, sweet Chanta-clear,  
To bid Good-morrow to the Morning heer:  
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your native nest;  
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.

In midst of all this Cane so dark and deep,  
On a still-rocking couch lies bleat-ey'd Sleep,  
Snorting alowd, and with his panting breath  
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:  
Oblusion lies hard-by her drowzy brother,  
Who readily knowes not her self, nor other.

Abraham with  
his family of  
300. goes to res-  
cue Lot.

A lively descrip-  
tion of Sleep,  
with his Cel.  
Servants, furni-  
ture & company.

Then



Then solitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:  
 And nasty *Sloath* self-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,  
 Irresolute, vnhandsom, comfortles,  
 Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth prefs  
 The yellow *Night-shade*, and blew *Gladstols* iuice,  
 Wher-with her sleep-swoln heauy lids she glewes.  
 Confusedly about the silent Bed  
 Fantastick swarms of *Dreams* there houered,  
 Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:  
 Som sacred, som profane; som false, som true;  
 Som short, som long; som diuelish, som diuine;  
 Som sad, som glad; but monstrous all (in fine):  
 They make no noyse, but right resemble may  
 Th'vnnubred Moats which in the Sun do play,  
 When (at som Cranny) with his piercing ey  
 He peepeth-in, som darker place to spy.

Thither th' Almighty (with a iust intent  
 To plague those tyrants pride) his Angel sent.  
 No sooner entred, but the radiant shine  
 Of's glistring wings, and of his glorious eyn,  
 As light as Noon makes the dark House of Night.  
 The gawdy swarm of *Dreams* is put to flight,  
 And opening wide the sable Canapey  
 The winged Herald summon'd *Sleep* away.

*Silence* dislodg'd at the first word he spake:  
 But deaf dead *Sleep* could not so soon awake.  
 Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd, and touz'd,  
 And by the Angel often rubb'd and rouz'd:  
 At length he stirs, and stretching lazily  
 His legs and arms, and opening half an ey,  
 Foure or five times he yawns; and leaning-on  
 His (Lob-like) elbowe, hears This Message don,

Great Spirits-restorer, Cares-charm, Chacing-grief,  
 Night-short'ning Sier, Man's-Rest, and Mind's Relief,  
 Vp, vp (said he) dispatch thee hence in poste,  
 And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoste  
 Of those prowd Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)  
 On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in dis-aray.

Th' Angel,

Th' Angell, in th' instant back to Heav'n-ward gon,  
*Sleep* slowly harness his dull Bears anon;  
 And in a noys-les Coach all darkly dight,  
 Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowsiness*, and *Night*;  
 Th' ay'r thickning where he goes, doth nod the head,  
 The Woolf in Woods lies down, th' Oxe in the Mead,  
 Th' Orque vnder Water; and on Beds of Down  
 Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.  
 The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender spring  
 Of sweetest Haw-thorn, hangs her drowsie wing,  
 The Swallow's silent, and the lowdest *Humber*,  
 Leaning vpon the Earth, now seems to slumber:  
 Th' Yew mooues no more, the Aspe doth cease to shake,  
 Pines bow their heads, seeming som rest to take.

So soon as *Sleep's* black wings had ouer-spread  
 The Pagan Hoast; the Souldiers haste to bed:  
 For, instantly begin they all to wink,  
 To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink:  
 Their words half-spoke, are lost between their lips,  
 Through all their veins *Sleep's* charming humor slips,  
 Which to a deep and death-like *Letharge* brings  
 Both Heathen Souldiers, and their Heathen Kings.

*Abram* perceyuing now the Army neer,  
 By their own Fires, gan thus his Troups to cheer:  
 Souldiers (said he) behold, this happy Night  
 Shall make amends for that disastrous Fight  
 Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,  
 For *Sodom's* shame, and *Ene's* captivity:  
 Methinks already, *Victory* (adorn'd  
 With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns) return'd  
 From th' Enemy, on our triumphant spears,  
 Erecteth Tropheis far more rich than theirs:  
 Methinks already on our glittering Crests,  
 The glorious Garland of the Conquest rests,  
 Our way to Vertue lyes so smooth and plain,  
 With pain-les Honour, and vn-vent' red Gain.  
 This Hoast you see, is not the valiant Troup  
 That stript *Gomorrah*, and made *Segor* stoop

*Abrams* oration  
 to his little  
 Troups.

That



That *Jordan, Inde,* and *Euphrates* admire;  
 But a foul heard of *Swine* wallowing in myre:  
 Regard them as they are, not as they were:  
 See but their sloath, doe not their number fear:  
 He that's asleep is dead, and he that's dead  
 Bites not (they say): what haue we then to dread?  
 Why stay we, Lads? already down they are,  
 Their throats be naked, and their bosoms bare,  
 Their liues ly prostrat heer at our command;  
 And Fortune calls but for your helping hand.

Com, follow me; rather, the *Lord of Hosts*  
 (Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coasts  
 Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)  
 All worldly powr, and brings mens plots to nought:  
 Com (happy Troop) follow with one accord  
 Th'invincible braue Standard of the Lord.

This sayd: eft-soons I wot not what a grace,  
 What diuine beam reflected on his face:

*Simile.*

For as in March, the *Serpent*, having cast  
 His olde foul skin, crawls from his hole full fast,  
 Hisses, and stings, and stares vs in the face,  
 And (gold-like) glistering, glides along the grasse:  
 So Heav'n inspires fresh vigour in each part,  
 His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart,  
 A martiall Fury in his brest there boyls,  
 His stature seems much taller then yec-whiles,  
 Youth paints his cheeks with Rose and Lilly Dies,  
 A louely Lightning sparkles in his eyes;  
 So that his gallant Port and gracefull voice  
 Confirms the faintest, makes the sad reioyce.

*Abraham sets  
 upon the Campe  
 of Chedorla-  
 omer.*

Then, on the Camp he sets, wheround about  
 Lie mingled Carrs, and Horse, and Men that rout:  
 Rest seizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)  
 The fire it self slept in his ashy bed.

Th'Hebrews the while laid-on on back, or breast,  
 Or arm, or side; according as their Rest  
 To th' ground had bound them; and those liues bereft  
 The which Death's Image in an Image rest.

Heer

Heer, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,  
Pours-out at once his gore, his ghost, and Wine;  
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confused,  
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accused.

Another, taken by inchanting sleep,  
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons quaffing deep,  
Doth at a wound, given in his rattling gorge,  
The Wine again in his own Cup disgorge.

Another while, ingeniously he plays  
Vpon his Lute som passing-pleasing Lays,  
Sleep sieles his eyes vp with a gloomy clowd;  
And yet his hand still quauers light and lowd:

But, at the last it sinks; and, offering fair  
To strike the Base, strikes but the empty ayr:  
His soule, descending to th' Infernall Coasts,  
Goes to conclude his Song vnto the Ghosts:  
Dolefull it was, nor for the Argument  
(For't was of *Loue*) but for the sad event.

Another, wak'ned with those lowd alarms,  
Starts-vp, and groapeth round about for arms;  
Which, ah too soon he findeth, for his part:  
For a keen poignard stabs him to the heart.

Like as a Tigress, hauing with the gore  
Of Bulls and Hefers made her spots the more,  
And pay'd a Plain with Creatures mangled lims,  
Views on each side her valiant stratagems,  
Treads on the vanquisht, and is proudly-sad,  
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw she had:  
So th' *Hebrew* stalking round-about the slain,  
Braues (but it boots not) and would very fain  
That those dead bodies might their ghosts re-gather,  
Or that those Mountains would produce him (rather)  
Som Foes more wakefull, that more manfully  
In blood-drown'd Valleis might his valour try.

*Simile.*

*Amor's* three sons did no less slaughter make;  
*Abram* for zeale; they but for Furies sake:  
This, nayls a Souldier with his sword to th' ground;  
That, at a blowe, th' heads of two Heads dis-crown'd.

This,



This, vnderneath a Chariot kills the driuer:  
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.

The Tents already all in blood do swim,  
Gushing from sundry Corps, from severall lim.  
In brief, so many ravening Wolves they seem,  
Within whose breast, fierce Famine biteth keen,  
Who softly stealing to some fold of sheep  
(While both the Shepheard and his Curr doth sleep)  
Furbush their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey  
Vpon the best, to eate and bear-away.

Yet, at the length, the vanquished awake,  
And (re-aray'd) the Victors vnder-take;  
Putting the threeprowd *Amorites*, to flight,  
Who but for *Abram*, had bin routed quite.

Sleep, sleep (poor *Pagans*) sith you needs must die,  
Go sleep again, and so die easily,  
Die yer you think on death, and in your Dreams  
Gasp-out your soules; Let not your dazled beams  
Behold the havock and the horror too  
Of th' Execution, that our swords shall doo,  
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,  
Yer Death, to fright you with a thousand deaths,  
Said *Abraham*: and pointing every word  
With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword  
(As swift in doing, as in saying so)  
More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe,  
Than ever Storm-full cloud, which fed with Water's  
Thin moist-full fumes (the snowy Mountains daughters)  
Showr'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd floods of rain,  
On slender stems of the new tender Grain:  
Through blood, and blades, through danger, dust, and death,  
Through mangled Corps and carrs he trauerseth;  
And partly in the shock, part with his blowes,  
He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes,  
And by his travail to plie-turneth then  
The live and dead, and half-dead horse and men:  
His bright-keen Fauchin neuer threats, but hits;  
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it splits

*Comparison.*

## The Vocation.

401

Some privy postern, whence to Hel (in Post)  
Some groaning Pagan may gasp out his ghost:  
Heall as sayls, and him so braue bestowes,  
That in his Fight he deals more deaths than blowes.

*Simile.*

As the North-winde, re-cleering vp the front  
Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt  
The showrs that *Austers* spungy thirst exhales  
Out of those seas that circle *Orans* walls:  
So wher-so-e're our *Hebrew* *Champion* wield  
His war-like weapon and his glistering Shield  
(Whose glorious splendor darts a dreadfull light)  
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight,  
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope. and all,  
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:  
Or, if that any be so strangely-stout  
As not to faint, but brauely yet holde out,  
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot stop  
The victory, but haste his own mishap.

*Elamites over-  
throwen by A-  
braham.*

But in what Fence-schoole, of what master, say,  
Braue pearl of Souldiers, learnd thy hands to play  
So at so sundry weapons, such passados,  
Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazos, and stoccados?  
Even of that mightie God, whose sacred might  
Made Heav'n and Earth (and them so braue bedight)  
Of meerly nothing: of that God of Powr  
Who swore to be thy Target and thy Towr:  
Of that high God, who fortifies the weak,  
Who teacheth his, even steely bowes to break,  
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;  
But daunts the prowd, and doth their courage tame.

*God giueth  
victory.*

Thy sword abates th'armed, the strong, the stout;  
Thou cleav'st, thou kill'st: The faint dis-armed rout,  
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,  
And thy prowd dreadfull port confounds with wonder:  
Death and Despair, Horror and Fury fight  
Vnder thine Ensignes in the dismall Night:  
Thou slayest this, and that thou threat'st as much:  
This thou pursu'st, that thou disdain'st to touch:

*Abraham fol-  
lows the execu-  
tion.*

Ec

In



In brief (thou blest Knight braue) thou quelt at once  
Valiant and vile, arm'd and vnarmed ones.

Heer, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)  
In equall halues a Pagans head doth slyce:  
Down on each shoulder looketh either haif,  
To gaze vpon his ghastly *Epitaph*,  
In lines of blood writ round about him fair,  
Vnder the curtain of his parted hair.  
Heer, through a Ierkin (more then Musket-proof)  
Made tweluefold double of East-country Buff,  
Clean through and through thy deadly shaft doth thrill  
A Gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel:  
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers:  
And th' Ethnick soule flies both-waies out togethers:  
Heer thou do'st cleaue, with thy keen Fauchins force,  
The Bards and Breast-plate of a furious Horse,  
No sooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,  
Writing his Fortune in a bloody track:  
Thy barbed dart, heer at a *Chaldee* flies,  
And in an instant lardeth both his thighs,  
While he blaspheming his hard starrs and state,  
Hops (like a Pie) in stead of wonted gate.

Lot rescued, re-  
vengeth brauely  
his captivity.

Simile.

Now Lot (the while) escap't from ELAMS hands,  
Free from the burthen of his yron bands;  
With iust reuenge retorts his taken wrong,  
His feet growe swift, his sinnews waxen strong,  
His heart reuiues; and his reuiued heart  
Supplies new spirits to all and euery part.  
And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out  
Of som great Stable, staring scuds about,  
Shakes his prowd head and crest, yerks out his heels,  
Butts at the ayr, beats on the humble fields,  
His flying shadow now pursues amain,  
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as fast again,  
Again beholds it, with self-proud delight  
Looks on his legs, sets his stiff tayl vpright,  
And neighs so lowd to Mares beyond the Mound,  
That with the noyse the neighbour Hills resound:

So, onewhile Lo r, sets on a Troup of Horse,  
 A Band of Sling-men he anon doth force,  
 Anon he pusseth through a Stand of Pikes,  
 A Wing of Archers off anon he strikes,  
 Anon he stalks about a steepfull Rock,  
 Where som, to shun Death's (never shunned) stroak,  
 Had clambred-vp; at length a path he spies,  
 Wherevp he mounts, and doth their Mount surprize:  
 Whence, stones he heaves, so heavy and so huge,  
 That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge;  
 Vnder whose waight his flying Foes he dashes:  
 And in their flesh, bones, stones, and steel he passes:  
 Somtimes he shoots, somtimes he shakes a Pike  
 Which death to many, dread to all doth strike.  
 Som in the breast he wounds, some in the back,  
 Som on the hanch, som on the head he hacks,  
 He heaws down all; and maketh where he stood  
 A Mount of bodies in a Moat of blood.

At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place.  
 Then both sides ran; these chased, those do chase:  
 These onely vse their heels, those heels and hands:  
 Those wish but a fair way; these that the sands  
 Would quickly gape, and swallow quick to Hell  
 Themselues that fled, and them that chaç't so fell:  
 These render nought but blowes, those nought but blood,  
 Both sides haue broak their Ranks: pel-mel they scud;  
 Choakt-vp with dust, disordered, dis-aray'd;  
 Neither, Command, Threat, nor Intreat obay'd.

Thou that (late) bragdst, that thy White *Warmly* braue  
 Could dry-foot run vpon the liquid Waue,  
 And on the sand leaving no print behinde  
 Out-swifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,  
 With a steel Dart, by A B R A H M stifly sent,  
 Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle slent:  
 And thou that thrice, neer *Tygris* silver source,  
 Hadst won the Bell, as best in every Course,  
 Are caught by Lo r, and (thrild from side to side)  
 Loofest thy speed-praise, and thy life beside.

*The Pagans  
 wholly put to  
 flight.*



It seems no Fight, but (rather as befalls)  
 An execution of sad criminals :  
 Who so escapes the sword, escapes not so  
 His sad destruction ; or, if any tho  
 Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)  
 To rue the fatall ruine of the rest :  
 For th'Vncle and the Nephew never lin,  
 Till out of *Canaan* they haue chaç't them clean:  
 Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue  
 A flight of Pidgeons through the welkin blew ;  
 Stooping at this and that, that to their Louer,  
 (To saue their lyues) they hardly can recover.

*Simile.*

*The Kings of  
 Canaan recei-  
 ued Abraham  
 and his company  
 with great ioy  
 and the grateful  
 offer of their ho-  
 mage vnto him.*

At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords  
 Of *Palestine*, with glad and humble words,  
 Do welcom *Abram*, and refresh his Troop ;  
 To 's knees their heads, to 's feet their knees they stoop :  
 O valiant Victor ! for thy high deserts,  
 Accept the homage of our humble hearts.  
 Accept our gratefull zeal : or, if ought more  
 (As well thou maist) thou doest expect therefore,  
 Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our golde,  
 Our wiues, our lyues, and what we deereft holde :  
 Take all we haue ; for all we haue is thine :  
 No wrong to vs, to take thy Valours Fine.

*Melchisedech  
 blesteth Abra-  
 ham.*

*Melchisedech*, Gods sacred Minister,  
 And King of *Salem*, comes to greet him there,  
 Blessing his blis, and thus with zealous cry  
 Devoutly pearc't Heav'ns starfull Canopey.  
 Blest be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule  
 The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole ;  
 And Rules the Actions of all Humane-kinde  
 With full command ; and with one blast of winde  
 Razes the Rocks, and Rends the proudest Hills,  
 Dries-vp the Ocean, and the Empty filds :  
 Blest be the great God of great *Abraham* :  
 From Age to Age extolled be his Name :  
 Let every Place vnto him Altars build,  
 And euery Altar with his Praise be fill'd,

And

And every Praise above the Welkin ring  
As loud or louder then the Angels sing:  
*Blessed* be He that by an Arm-less crew  
Of Art-less Shepheards did so quick subdue  
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* so;  
And to the servants of an exil'd Foe  
Hath given the Riches and the royall store  
(Both of their Booty and their Owne before)  
Of such an Hoast of Nations that first see  
*Sol's* early rising from *Aurora's* knee.

But *Abraham*, to prove that not for Prey,  
He put-on arms, divides the Spoils away:  
The *Tythe's* the *Priests*: the Rest of all the things  
(Yerlt lost in field) he rendersto the Kings,  
Save but the Portion He participates  
To th' *Amorites*, his stout Confederates:  
Shewing himselfe a Prince as politicke  
Prudent and iust, as stout and Souldier-like,  
That with his Prowess Policy can mel,  
And Conquering, can vse his Conquest wel,  
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meeke,  
That scorning Riches, true Renown doth seek.

So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean-source*,  
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* crystall course,  
Rings his renown: Of him is all the speech,  
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,  
In war and peace: the Fame of his high deeds  
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds;  
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,  
Shaking the sides of their proud Citadels,  
That with their fronts the seat of Iove do scorn,  
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do spurn.

Voice, Harp, and Timbrel sound his praise together,  
He's held a Prophet or an Angel rather,  
They say that God talks with him face to face,  
Hoasts at his house, and to his happy Race  
Givs in *Fee-simple* all that goodly Land  
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tygris* strand.

*Abraham* di-  
stributes the boo-  
ty, reserving on-  
ly a portion for  
the *Amorites*  
that were his  
confederates.

He is famous far  
and more.



God appears  
unto him, and  
maketh cove-  
nant with him.

And it is certain, the *Thrice-sacred-One*,  
The King of Kings, by Dream or Vision,  
Speaks with him oft; and calls him thus by name:

Faint not my servant, fear not *ABRAHAM*;

I am no fiend that with a fained lip

Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,

Nor to intice thee (with a baen-full breath,

To bite (like *ADAM*) a new fruit of death:

'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native *VR*,

From night to day, from death to life (thus far):

I brought thee hither, I haue blest thee heer,

I with thy flocks haue covered far and neer

*Canaan's* fat Hills; I haue preserv'd thy Wife

From Strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,

When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, affraid

To tell the Truth, her and thy selfe betray'd:

'Tis I, that haue so oft from Heathens powt

Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conquerour)

Now made thee Triumph over th'Eastern Kings:

(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):

I am (in brieve) I am the Lord thy God;

Thy help at home, thy Guide and Gard abroad:

Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,

That, to the World thou di'st, to liue to Me)

Circumcision  
instituted.

Go, *Circumcise* forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,

Lead holy Life, walke in my Waies diuine

With vp-right-foot: so shall my fauour hant

Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:

No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land

*Canaan* promi-  
sed to *Abra-*  
ham.

Which *Canaan's* Children haue with mighty hand.

So long posselt; a happy Land that flowes

With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes

(Even of it selfe) all kinde of Fruit and Corn,

Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-Horn:

I'll heap thee there with Honor, Wealth, and Powr,

I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.

O Lord (said *ABRAHAM*) though into my lap

In shours of Gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,

What

What booteth all, to me that am alone?  
 Alas I my Lord, I haue enough, for one  
 That hath no issue after to inherit,  
 But my good seruant E L E A Z A R's merit.

Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)  
 Mistake not so my bountifull intent;  
 I'll not disparage to a Servants Fee  
 The rich estate, and royall Dignitie  
 That in my People shall heerafter shine:  
 No, no (mine A B R A M) even a stock of thine,  
 Thine owne deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed  
 Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy state succeed.  
 Yea, thine owne Son's immortal-mortall Race  
 Shall hold in gage the treasures of my Grace.

The Patriarch, then rapt with sodain Ioy,  
 Made answer thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?  
 Lives I S M A E L? is I S M A E L alive?  
 Oh happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)  
 And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?  
 Ah! let me die then: then I die content.

I S M A E L indeed doth live (the Lord replies)  
 And lives, to father mighty Progenies:  
 For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying  
 Thy ielous S A R A's curst and threatfull crying)  
 To the dry Desarts sandy horror hid,  
 I haue for both been carefull to provide,  
 Their extreame Thirst due-timely to refresh,  
 Conducting them vnto a Fountaine fresh,  
 In liquid Cry stall of whose Mayden spout  
 Bird neuer dipt hir bill, nor Beast his snout:  
 And if I err not (but, I cannot err:  
 For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?  
 What can the sight of the Sight-maker dim)?  
 Another Exile yet attendeth him,  
 Wher-in he shall (in season) feel and finde,  
 How much to him I will be good and kinde.  
 He shall growe Great, yet shall his rest be small;  
 All shall make war on him, and He on all:



Ismaels might-  
sineste.

Through Corsets, Rivets, Iacks, and Shirts of Mail,  
His shaft shall thril the Foes that him assail:

A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit:

A Sparrows head he shall (even flying) split:

And in the air shall make the Swallow cease

His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.

Yea (O Saints-Firftling) onely for thy sake,

Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make

Spring from his Loigns, whose fruitfull seed shall sway,

Even vnto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.

Yet, 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit

Mine inward Covenant; th'outward seal of it

ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficacy

(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).

But to declare that vnder Heavens Frame,

I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM,

Isaac promised. I'll open SAR A's dry and barren womb,

From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) shall com,

To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)

Support the Faith, and prop her Family.

Com from thy Tent, com forth and heer contemplate

The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple,

Number the Stars, measure their bigness bright,

With fixed ey gaze on their twinkling Light,

Exactly mark their ordered Courses, driven

In radiant Coaches through the Lifts of Heaven:

Then mai'st thou also number thine own Seed,

And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read

Their noble Acts, and of their Publike-State

Draw an *Idea* in thine owne conceit.

This, This is He, to and with whom I grant

In him the Cove- Th'eternall Charter of my Covenant.

nant ratified.

Which if he truly keep, vpon his Race

I'll pour an Ocean of my plentious Grace:

I'll not alone giue him the Fields heer seen,

But even from *India*, all that flowreth green

To th'vtmost Ocean's vtmost sand and shelf;

I'll giue him Heav'n, I'll giue him even my Selfe.

Hence,

## The Vocation.

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Hence, hence, the *High and mighty Prince* shall spring,  
Sin's, Death's, and Hell's eternall taming King,  
The sacred Founder of Man's soveraign Bliss,  
World's peace, world's ransom, and world's righteousness.

*Of his ligne shall  
come Christ the  
Redeemer.*

Th'Eternal seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,  
Th'olde-man to follow him with a greedy cie:  
The suddain dis-appearing of the Lord,  
Seem'd like to Powder fired on a boord,  
When smokingly it mounts in suddain flash,  
With little flame, giving a little clasp.

Plenty and Pleasure had o're-whelm'd the while  
*Sodom* and *Gomor* in all Vices vile:  
So that, already the most ruth-les Rape  
Of tender Virgins of the rarest shape,  
Th'Adulterous kiss (which Wedlocks bands vnbindes)  
Th'Incestuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes  
(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Sister Brother,  
Th'Vncle the Niece, and even the Son the Mother)  
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;  
But rather scorn'd, as sports they car'd not for.

*Prosperity plun-  
geth the Sodo-  
mites in all  
manner of abho-  
minations.*

Forbear (deer Younglings) pray a-while forbear,  
Stand farther from me, or else stop your ear,  
At th'obscene sound of th'vnbeseeeming words  
Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords:  
Or, if it's horror cannot drive you hence,  
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments.

These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)  
Could not be fill'd with *VENUS* vulgar Feasts;  
Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire;  
Som monstrous mefs these Monsters did require:  
An execrable flame inflam'd their harts,  
Prodigiously they play'd the Womens parts:  
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,  
Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venery.

*Their most exe-  
crable sin.*

Therefore, to purge Vicers so pestilent,  
Two heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* sent;  
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates  
To take his Lodging and to taste his Cares.

*2. Angels sent  
down, receiv'd  
and guested by  
Lot.*

For,



Of the nature  
and essence of  
Angels.

For, Angels, being meer Intelligences,  
Have (properly) no Bodies nor no senses:  
But (sacred Legats of the *Holy One*)  
To treat with vs, they put our Nature on;  
And take a body fit to exercise  
The Charge they haue, which runs, and feeds, and flies;  
Dures during their Commisſion; and, that paſt,  
Turns t' Elements whence it was firſt amaſſt.  
A ſimple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)  
Vnto a bodie doth not ſo vnite,  
As t' the Matter Firm incorporates:  
But, for a ſeaſon it accommodates,  
As to his Tool the quaint Artiſicer,  
(That at his pleaſure makes the ſame to ſtir)  
Yet in ſuch ſort that th' inſtrument (we ſee)  
Holds much of him that moves it aſtively.

But alwaies in ſom place are Angels: though  
Not as all filling (God alone is ſo,  
The ſpirit which all good ſpirits in ſpirit adore,  
In all, on all, with-out all, evermore):  
Nor as environ'd (that alone agrees  
To bodies bounded with extremities  
Of the next ſubſtance; and whoſe ſuperfice  
Vnto their place proportionable is):  
But rather, as ſole ſelfly-limited,  
And ioyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd,  
But by the touch of their liue efficacy,  
Containing Bodies which they ſeem t' embrace:  
So, viſibly thoſe bodies move, and oft  
By word of Mouth bring arrands from a ſoft,  
And eat with vs; but not for ſuſtentation,  
Nor naturally, but by meer diſpenſation.

Such were the ſacred Gueſts of this good Prince:  
Such, courteous ABRAHAM feaſted in his Tents,  
When, ſeeing three, he did adore but one,  
Which, comming down from the celeſtiall Throne,  
Fore-told the ſad and ſodain Tragedy,  
Of theſe looſe Cities, for their Luxury.

You

You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar  
Against the colde, faint, hungry Passenger,  
You little thinke that all our life and Age  
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:  
And that in earth whoso hath never given  
Harbour to Strangers, shall haue none in Heaven,  
Where solemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held;  
Where Angels bright and Soules that haue exceld,  
All clad in white, sing th' *Epithalamie*,  
Carowing *Nectar* of Eternitie.

Sans *Hospitality*, the Pilgrim poor  
For Bed-fellow might haue a Wolf or Boar:  
What e'r is given the Strange and Needy one,  
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,  
A Loan to God, who payes with interest,  
And (even in this life) guerdons even the least.  
For, alms (like leuain) make our goods to rise,  
And God his owne with blessings plentifulises.

O Hosts, what knowe you, whether (charitable)  
When you suppose to feast men at your Table,  
You guest Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,  
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?  
Who supped them: and when the time grew meet  
To go to bed, he heard amid the street  
A wrangling iangling, and a Murmur rude,  
Which great, grew greater through Nights solitude.

For, those that first these two bright Stars surva'd,  
Wilde Stalion-like, after their beauties naigh'd;  
But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd,  
Shame-les and sense-les vp and down they rav'd,  
From House to House knocking at every dore,  
And beastly-brute, thus, thus they rail and rore;

Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive,  
This Stranger Lo'r, our pleasures to deprive?  
(O Cowardise!) to suffer in our sights  
An exile heer t'vsurp our choise delights,  
To embrace a brace of Youths so beautious  
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heaven to vs) ?

*Exhortation to  
Hospitality.*

*The lust-full So-  
domites, infla-  
med with the  
beauty of the  
Angels, mutiny  
against Lot for  
harboring them.*

Shall



Shall it be said that such an olde colde stock  
 Such rare yong Minions in his bed should mock :  
 While wretched wee, vnto our selues make mone,  
 And (Widow-like) wear-out our sheets alone?  
 Let's rather break his doors, and make him knowe,  
 Such dainty morsels hang not for his Mowe.

*Simile.*

*Even as at Bathe, down from the neighbour Hills,  
 After a Snowe, the melting Crystall trills  
 Into the Avon (when the Pythian Knight  
 Strips those steep Mountains of their shirts so white)  
 Through hundred Valleis gushing Brooks and Torrents,  
 Striving for swiftnes in their sundry Currents,  
 Cutting deep Channells where they chance to run,  
 And never rest till all doe meet in one :*

So, at their cry, from every corner throng  
 Vnto Lot's house, Men, Children, old, and young.  
 For, common was this execrable sin :  
 With blear-ey'd Age, as nussed long therein ;  
 With Youth, through rage of lust ; with Infancy,  
 Example-led : all through Impunity.  
 And thus, they all cry out ; Ope, ope the dore,  
 Com, open quickly, and delay no more :  
 Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove  
 With vs the pleasures of Male-mingled love.

*Lot speaks them  
 faire, & intreats  
 them earnestly  
 for the safety of  
 his guests.*

Lot lowely then replies : Brethren and Friends,  
 By all the names that amity commends,  
 By Nature's Rules, and Rights of Hospitality,  
 By sacred Laws, and lessons of Morality,  
 By all respects of our com-Burgeship  
 (Which should our mindes in mutuall kindenes keep)  
 I do adiure you all, that you refrain  
 The honor of my harm-lesse guests to stain,  
 Nor in your hearts to harbor such a thought  
 Whereby their Vertues may be wrongd in ought.

*Their insolent  
 reply.*

Base busie Stranger, com'st thou hither, thus  
 (Controller-like) to prate and preach to vs?  
 No (Puritan) thou shalt not heer do so :  
 Therefore dispatch and let thy darlings go ;

Let-

Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove  
With vs the Pleasures of Male-mingled love.

The horror of this sin; their stubborn rage,  
His sacred promise given his Guests for gage,  
Th'olde *Hebrew*'s minde so trouble and dismay,  
That wel he wots not what to do nor say.  
For, though we ought not (if Gods Word be true)  
Do any evill that good may ensue :

To shun one ill, another ill he suffers,  
He prostitutes his Issue; and he offers,  
Lambs to the guard of Wolves: and thus he cries,  
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)  
I have two daughters that be Virgins both;  
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth).  
Go, crop the first-fruits to their Bride-grooms due  
(O! death to think it): But let none of you  
Abuse my chaste Guests with such villany  
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;  
A Sin so odious, that the Name alone  
Good men abhor, yea even to think vpon.

Tush: we are glutted with all granted loves,  
And common Pleasures nought our pleasure moves:  
Lo r, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)  
Consist not in the pleasure, but th'enormity,  
Which fools abhor: and, saying so, they rush,  
Som vpon Lo r, Som at his Gates do push.

O cursed City! where the aged Sier,  
Vn-able thus to do, doth thus desier,  
And Younglings, yet scarce weaned from their Nurse,  
Strive with their Elders whether shall be worse;  
Full is the measure of thy monstrous sin:  
Thy Canker now o're all thy bulk hath been.

God hates all sin: but, extream Impudence  
Is even a greater sin than the Offence:  
The sweet kinde Kisses of chaste Man and Wife  
Although they seem by God and Nature (rise)  
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac'd  
In their sweet fruits (their issue choicely-chaste)

*He offers them  
his owne daugh-  
ters to rescue his  
Guests.*

*Their monstrous  
impudencie.*

*Impudencie in  
sinning, doubles  
the guilt of sin.*

With



With Law's large privileged; yet euer more  
(As Modesty and Honesty implore)  
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden  
Vnto the sight) with Night's black curtain hidden.

Yet, these foul Monsters, in the open street  
Where altogether all the Town might see't,  
Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin  
Which Hell it selfe before had neuer seen;  
A sin so odious, that the fame of it  
Will fright the damned in the dark som Pit.

*Before their  
fearfull destruc-  
tion, the Angels  
bring Lot and  
his family safe  
out of the City.*

But now, the Angels, their celestially kinde  
Vn-able longer to conceal, strook blinde  
Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away  
Lo r and his household by the break of day.  
But, ô prodigious! never rose the Sun  
More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd vpon  
All other places (for he rose betimes  
To see such Execution on such Crimes):  
And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders,  
It rores, it rains (ô most vnwonted wonders!)  
Vpon this Land, which 'gainst th' Omnipotent  
Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent:  
And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers,  
Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers.  
From *Acheron*, even all the Furies hie,  
And all their Monsters them accompany,  
With all their tortures and their dismal terrors,  
And all their *Chaos* of confused Horrors;  
All on the guilty strand of *Jordan* storm,  
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* swarm,  
As thick as Crowes in hungry shoals do light  
On new-fowen lands; where stalking bold vp right,  
As black as Iet they iet about, and feed  
On Wheat, Or Rye, or other kinde of seed;  
Kaaking so loud, that hardly can the Steer  
The whistling Goad-man's guiding language hear.

*Simile.*

*The manner of  
their punishment*

It rain'd indeed; but not such fertile rain  
As makes the Corn in Sommer sprout again;

And

## The Vocation.

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And all things, freshed with a pleasant air,  
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:  
But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hel,  
A rain of Salt, of Fire and Brimston, fel.  
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulness,  
Which serv'd for fuel to their Wantonness:  
Fire punisheth their beastly Fire within:  
And Brimstone's stink the stench of their foul Sin.  
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)  
Their Punishment was also exquisite:  
Heer, open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires.  
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires  
Of Brick nor Stone, nor Columns, Gates, nor Arches,  
Nor Bows, nor Towers, nor even their neighbour-Marches.

*by fire & brim-  
stone from Hea-  
ven, and the re-  
son thereof.*

In vain the-while the People weep and cry,  
To see their wrack and know no remedy:  
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,  
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,  
The Slat and Tyles about their eares do split,  
The burning Rafter Pitch and Rosin spit:  
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,  
About the field ten thousand sparks do flie;  
Half-burned houses fall with hideous fray,  
And V V L C A N makes Mid-night as bright as Day:  
Heaven flings down nought but flashing Thunder-shot,  
Th' Air's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot  
Are spewing Æ T N A 's. that to Heaven aspire;  
All th' Elements (in briefe) are turn'd to fire.  
Heer, one perceiuing the next Chamber burning,  
With suddain leap towards the window turning,  
Thinks to cry *Fire*: but instantly the smoke  
And Flame with-out, his with-in Voice do choke.  
Another, sooner feels then sees the Fire.  
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire  
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash  
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:  
Th' abhorred Bed is burnt, and they, aswell  
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.

*The same most  
lively represen-  
ted.*

Another:



Simile.

Another yet on tops of Houses crawls:  
 But his foot slips, and down at last he falls.  
 Another feeling all his cloathes a-fire,  
 Thinking to quench them yer it should come nigher,  
 Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began  
 To boyl and bubble like a seething Pan,  
 Or like a Chaldron that top-full of Oyl,  
 Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,  
 To boyl to death som cunning counterfait  
 That with false stamp som Princes Coyn hath bear.  
 Another, seeing the Citie all in Cinders,  
 Himselfe for safety to the fields he renders;  
 But flakes of Fire from Heav'n distilling thick,  
 There th'horror of a thousand Deaths do strike.

Through *Adamah's* and *Gomor's* goodly Plains,  
*Sodom* and *Seboim* not a soule remains:  
 Horse, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake  
 In this revenge, for their vile Masters sake.

Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent  
 Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Punishment,  
 With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Brasse,  
 With such an Ink as nothing can deface:  
 The molten Marble of these cindred Hills,  
*Asphaltis* Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields  
 Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,  
 How God detesteth such detested rage.

O chastisement most dreadly wonderfull  
 Th' Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad standing Pool  
 O're-flows (yet flows not) whose infectious breath  
 Corrupts the Ayre, and Earth dis-fertileth:  
 A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shoar,  
 Nor Bark, nor Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore.  
 The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while  
 The plentious beauties of the banks of *Nile*,  
 Now scarr'd, and collowed, with his face and head  
 Cover'd with ashes, is all dr'd and dead;  
 Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;  
 Vpon whose brest nothing can live or thrive:

For

For, nought it bears save an abortive fruit  
Of seeming-fair, false, vain, and fained fruit,  
A fruit that feeds the eye, and fills the hand,  
But to the stomach in no steed doth stand;  
For, even before it touch the tender lips  
Or Ivory teeth, in empty smoak it slips,  
So vanishing : onely, the nose receiues  
A noysome saour, that (behinde) it leaues.

Heer, I adiure you, vent'rous Trauailours,  
That visit th' horror of these cursed shoars,  
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,  
And touch the vain fruit of these withered stems:  
And also you that do behoulde them thus  
In these sad Verses pourtray'd heer by vs,  
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears  
To showr another Sea ; and that your hairs  
Staring vpright on your affrighted head  
Heave-vp your Hats ; and, in your dismall dread,  
To think, you hear like Sulph'ry Storms to strike  
On our new Monsters for Offences like.

For, the Almighty's drad all-daunting arm,  
Not only strikes such as with Sodoms swarm  
In these foul Sins ; but such as sigh or pity  
Sodoms destruction, or so damn'd a City,  
And cannot constant with dry eyes observe  
God's iudgements iust on such as such deserve.

Lo r hies to SEGOR : but his wife behinde  
Lagged in body, but much more in minde :  
She weeps and wails (O lamentable terror !  
O impious Piety ! O kind-cruell error !)  
The dire destruction of the smoking Cities,  
Her Sons-in-Law (which should haue been) she pities,  
Grieues so to leave her goods, and she laments  
To lose her Jewels and habilliments :  
And (contrary to th' Angels Words precise)  
Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes.

But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,  
Her feet (alas ! ) fast to the ground be growne ;

*Exhortation to  
Trauailers that  
haue seene, & to  
others that shall  
reade or heare  
these fearefull  
monuments of  
Gods seuerer Ju-  
stice, to make  
right vse of this  
fearefull Exam-  
ple.*

*Lot's wife me-  
tamorphozed.*



Simile.

Simile.

The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in;  
 As lilly Bird caught in a subtil gin,  
 Set by som Shepheard neer the Copses side,  
 The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.  
 And, as the venom of an eating Canker  
 From flesh to flesh runs euery day the ranker,  
 And never rests, vntill from foot to head.  
 O're all the Body his fell poyson spread:  
 This Ice creeps-vp, and ceaseth not to num,  
 Till even the marrow hard as bones becom,  
 The brain be like the scul, and bloud convert  
 To Alabaster over every part;  
 Her Pulse doth cease to beat, and in the air  
 The Windes no more can waue her scattered hairs  
 Her belly is no belly, but a Quar  
 Of Cardon Rocks, and all her bowels are  
 A pretious Salt-Mine, supernaturall,  
 Such, as (but Salt) I wot not what to call;  
 A Salt, which (seeming to befall'n from Heav'n)  
 To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson given,  
 Not to presume in Divine things to pry,  
 Which seav'n-times seal'd, vnder nine Locks do lie  
 She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears  
 Turn in to Pearls fro'm on her twinkling hairs:  
 Fain would she speak, but (forced to conceal)  
 In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;  
 Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-cro's,  
 Though dumb, declare both why and how she was  
 Thus *Metamorphos'd*, for Heav'n did not change  
 Her last sad gestures in her suddain Change;  
 No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flattering verse,  
 Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;  
 But, to this Day (strange will it seem to som)  
 One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb  
 Almighty Father! Gracious God and lust,  
 O! what hard-heartednes, what brutish Lust,  
 Pursueth man: if thou but turn thy face,  
 And take but from vs thy preventing grace.

Man's pronensse  
 to fall, without  
 the support of  
 Gods gracious  
 fauour.

And

# The Vocation.

419

And, if provoked for our past offences,  
 Thou gives vs vp to our Concupiscences:  
 O Harran's Nieces, you (Lo't's daughters) saw  
 SODOM consumed in that Sulphury flaw:  
 Their Hills and Forrests calcined (in fine)  
 Their liberall fields sown with a burning brine,  
 Their stately houses like a coal-pit smoaking,  
 The Sun it selfe with their thick vapours choking:  
 So that within a yard for stinking smother  
 The Labourers could hardly knowe each other;  
 Their flowring Valley to a Fen exchang'd,  
 And your owne Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd:  
 Yet all (alas!) these famous Mouuments  
 Of the iust rigour of God's Punishments  
 Cannot deter you: but even Sodom-like  
 Incestuously a holy-man you seek;  
 Even your owne Father, whom with wine you fill;  
 And then by turns intice him to your will:  
 Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it!)  
 Even of that seed which did your selues beget:  
 Within your wombs you bear for nine months time  
 Th'vpbraiding burden of your shame-les Crime,  
 And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quight,  
 You both become even in onevery Night,  
 Wives to your Fathers, Sisters to your Sons,  
 And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;  
 All vnder colour, that thus living sole,  
 Sequestred thus in an vnhaunted hole,  
 Heav'ns envy should all A D A M's race have rest,  
 And L O T alone should in the World be left.  
 Had't not been better, never to haue bred,  
 Than t' haue conceived in so foul a bed?  
 Had't not been better never t' haue been Mothers,  
 Than by your Father, to haue born your Brothers?  
 Had't not been better to the death to hate,  
 Then thus t' haue lov'd him, that you both begate?  
 Him, so much yours, that yours he mought not be?  
 Sith of these Rocks God could immediatly

Lot drawn by  
 his Daughters, in  
 drunkenesse to  
 commit Incest  
 with both of the.



Haue rais'd LoR Son-in-lawes; or, striking but  
 Th' Earths soild bosom with his brazen foot,  
 Out of the dust haue reared suddain swarms  
 Of People, stay'd in Peace, and stout in Arms.

*FINIS.*



THE



THE FATHERS.

A PART OF THE  
II. PART OF THE III.  
DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The famous FATHER of the Faithfull, heer  
Limn'd to the life, in strife of Faith and Fear :  
His Son's sweet nature, and his nurture such,  
Ender his TRIAL with a neerer Touch :  
REASON's best Reasons are by FAITH refell'd ;  
With GOD, th' Affection for the Action held :  
So, counter-manding His command (atchiev'd)  
The Sire's approwed, and the Son repriev'd.  
Heer (had our Author liv'd, to end his Works)  
Should haue ensu'd the other PATRIARCHS.*

O ! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,  
Of godly Parents to be timely born :  
To be brought-vp vnder the watchfull eyn  
Of milde-sharp Masters awfull Discipline :  
Chiefly, to be (even from the very first)  
With the pure milk of true Religion nurs'd.  
Such hap had *Isaac* : but his Inclination  
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.  
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, and Iudgement sage,  
Out-stripping Time, anticipate his age.  
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternal Lord,  
And wisely waits all on his Fathers word ;



Whose steady steps so duly he obserues,  
That every look, him for a lesson serues;  
And every gesture, every wink and beck,  
For a command, a warning and a check:  
So that, his toward Diligence out-went  
His Fathers hopes and holy document.

Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,  
Sober and wise, well knowing what is meet;  
Though his dear Son sometimes he seem to chide,  
Yet hardly can he his affection hide;  
For, evermore his loue betraying ey  
On 's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly:  
Sweet *Isaac*'s face seems as his Glasse it were,  
And *Isaac*'s name is musick in his ear.

But God, perceiuing this deep-settled Loue,  
Thence takes occasion *Abrams* Faith to proue;  
And tempteth him: But not as doth the Diuell  
His Vassal tempt (or Man his Mate) to euill:  
Satan still draws vs to Death's dismall Path;  
But God directs where Death no entry hath:  
Ay Satan ayms our constant Faith to foyle;  
But God doth seal it, neuer to recoyle:  
Satan suggests ill; God moues to grace:  
The Diuell seeks our Baptisme to deface;  
But God, to make our burning Zeal to beam  
The brighter ay in his *Ierusalem*.

*Simile.*

A Prince that means effectuell proof to make  
Of som Man's Faith that he doth newly take,  
Examins strictly, and with much a-doo,  
His Words and Deeds, and euery gesture too;  
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,  
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.

But God ne'r seeks by Tryall of Temptation,  
To sound Man's heart and secret cogitation  
(For, well he knowes Man, and his ey doth see  
All thoughts of men, yer they conceiued be):  
But this is still his high and holy drift,  
When through temptation he his Saints doth sift,

To leaue for pattern to his Churches seed,  
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.

Yet, out of season God doth neuer try  
His new-conuerted Children, by and by:  
Such novices, would quickly faint and shrink:  
Such ill-rigg'd Ships, would even in lanching sink:  
Their Faith's light blossoms, would with very blast  
Be blown away, and bear no fruit at last:  
Against so boistrous stroaks they want a shield:  
Vnder such weight, their feeble strength would yield.  
But when his Words deer seed that he hath sown  
Within their hearts, is rooted well, and grown:  
And when they haue a broad thick Breast-plate on,  
High petil-proof against affliction:  
Such as our *Abram*: Who, now waxen strong,  
Through exercise of many trials long,  
Of faith of loue, of fortitude, and right:  
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,  
By often Terrors, *Lots* Imprisonment,  
His Wifes twice taking, *Ismaels* banishment,  
Being made invincible for all assaults  
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;  
Is tempted by the voyce which made all things,  
Which sceptreth Shepherds, and vn-crowneth Kings.

Giue me a voyce, now, O voyce all diuine!  
With sacred fire inflame this breast of mine:  
Ah! rauish me, make all this Vniuerse

*Imitation.*

Admire thine *Abram* pourtrayd in my Verse.

Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, deer *Abraham*,  
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence I am:  
Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill  
Thine own Son *Isaac*; on that sacred Hill  
Heaw him in pieces, and commit the same  
In Sacrifice vnto the rage-full Flame.

*Simile.*

As he, that slumbering on his carefull Bed,  
Seems to discern som Fancy full of dread,  
Shrinks down himself, and fearfull hides his face,  
And scant draws breath in half an howrs space:



So *Abraham*, at these sharp-sounding words  
 (Which wound him deeper than a thousand swords)  
 Seised at once with wonder, grief, and fright,  
 Is well-nigh sunk in Deaths eternall night;  
 Death's sallow-pale Image in his eyes doth swim,  
 Achilling Ice shivers through every lim,  
 Flat on the ground himself he groveling throwes,  
 A hundred times his colour comes and goes,  
 From all his body a cold dew doth drop,  
 His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.

But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast,  
 Then two deep sighes, then these sad words at last:  
 Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill  
 A tender Infant, innocent of ill:  
 That in cold blood I (barbarously) should murder  
 My (fear-les, fault-les) faithfull Friend: nay (further)  
 Mine owne deer Son: and what deer Son? Alas!  
 Mine only *Isaac* (whose sweet vertues pass  
 The lovely sweetnes of his angel-face)  
*Isaac*, sole Pattern of now-Vertue known;  
*Isaac*, in years yong, but in wisdom grown:  
*Isaac*, whom good-men loue, the rest enuy:  
*Isaac*, my hearts heart, my lifes life must dy:  
 That I should stain an execrable Shrine,  
 With *Isaac's* warm blood, issued out of mine.  
 O might mine serue, 'twere tolerable loss,  
 'Twere little hurt: nay, 'twere a welcom cross.  
 I bear no longer fruit: the best of Mee,  
 Is like a fruit-les, branch-les, sap-les Tree,  
 Or hollow Trunk, which only serues for stais  
 To crawling luie's weak and winding sprais.  
 But losing *Isaac*, I not only lose  
 My life withall (which Heav'ns haue linkt to his)  
 But (O!) more millions of Babes yet vn-bore,  
 Than there be sands vpon the *Lybian* shoar.  
 Canst thou, mine Arm? O canst thou, cruell arm,  
 In *Isaac's* breast thy bloody weapon warm?  
 Alas! I could not but even die for grief,  
 Should I but yield mine Ages sweet relief

(My blifs, my comfort, and mine ey's delight)  
 Into the hands of Hang-mens spare-lefs spight:  
 But that mine own self (O extreameft Rigour!)  
 What my self formed, should my self, dif-figure:  
 That I (alas!) with bloody hand and knife,  
 Should rip his bofom rend his heart and life:  
 That (odious Author of a Precedent  
 So rarely ruth-lefs) I should once present,  
 Vpon a sacred Altar, an Oblation  
 So barbarous (O brute abomination!)  
 That I should broyl his Flesh, and in the flame  
 Behold his bowels crackling in the same:  
 'Tis horrible to think, and hellish too,  
 Cruell to wish, impossible to doo.

Doo't he that lifts, and that delights in blood:  
 Ineyther will, nor can becom so wood,  
 T'obey in this: God, whom we take to be  
 Th'eternall Pillar of all verity,  
 And constant faith; will he be faith-les now?  
 Will he be false, and from his promise bow?  
 Will he (alas!) vndo what he hath don,  
 Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won?  
 Sail with each winde? and shall his promise, then,  
 Serue but for snares t' intrap sincerest men?  
 Sometimes, by his eternall self he swears,  
 That my Son *Isaac's* number-passing Heirs  
 Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race  
 Shall be the blessed leuain of his Grace;  
 Now he commands me his deer life to spill,  
 And in the Cradle my health's Hope to kill:  
 To drown the whole World in the blood of him:  
 And at one stroak vpon his fruitfull stem,  
 To strike-off all the heads of all the flock.  
 That should heer-after his drad name inuok,  
 His sacred nostrils with sweet smells delight,  
 His ears with praises, with good deeds his sight.  
 Will God impugn himself? and will he so  
 By his command, his couenant ouerthrowe?

And



And shall my faith, my faith's confounder be?  
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.

Alas! what saist thou, *Abram*? pause thou must.  
He that revives the *Phoenix* from her dust,  
And from dead Silk-worm's Toombs (their shining Clews)  
A living bird with painted wings renews;  
Will he forget *Isaac*, the only stock  
Of his chaste Spouse (his Church and chosen flock)?  
Will he forget *Isaac*, the onely Light  
Of all the World, for Vertues lustre bright?  
Or, can he not (if 't please him) even in death  
Restore him life, and re-inspire him breath?

But mark, the while thou bringest for defence,  
The All-proof Tower of his Omnipotence,  
Thou shak'st his Iustice. This is certain (too)  
God can do all, save that he will not doo.  
He loves none ill: for, when the wreakfull Waues  
Were all return'd into their wonted Caues;  
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,  
Began (with ioy) to see the Sun again;  
So soon as *Noah* (with a gladfom heart)  
Forth of his floating Prison did depart,  
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more  
Then Murder, doth his *Majesty* abhor.

But (shallow man) sound not the vast Abyss  
Of God's deep Iudgements, where no ground there is:  
Besober-wis: so, bound thy frail desires:  
And, what thou canst not comprehend, admire.  
God our Law-maker (iust and righteous)  
Maketh his Laws, not for himself, but vs:  
He frees himself; and flies with his Powrs wing,  
Nowhere, but where his holy will doth bring:  
All that he doth is good: but not therefore  
Must he needs do it, 'cause 'twas good before:  
But good is good, because it doth (indeed)  
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:  
From him, the Founrain of pure Righteousness:  
From him, whose goodness nothing can express.

Ah, profane thoughts ! O wretch ! and think'st thou then  
That God delights to drink the blood of men ?  
That he intends by such a strange impietie  
To plant his seruice ? You, you forged deitie  
Of *Molech, Milcom, Camosh, Astaroth,*  
Your damned Shrines with such dire *Orgies* blot :  
You Tyrants, you delight in Sacrifice  
Of slaughtered Children : 't is your bloody guise  
(You cruell Idols) with such *Hecatombs*  
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms :  
You holde no sent so sweet, no gift so good,  
As streaming Riuer of our luke-warm blood :  
Not *Abram's* God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)  
Who made the World but onely for Man-kinde :  
Who hates the bloody hands : his Creatures loues :  
And contrire hearts for sacrifice approues.  
You, you, disguiz'd (as angels of the light)  
Would make my God Author of this despight,  
Supplant my Faith on his sure promise built,  
And stain his Altars with this bloody guilt.

No, no, my ioy, my Boy thrice-happy born  
(Yea more then so, if furious I, forlorn,  
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father shalt thou be  
Of happy People, that shall spring from thee.  
Fear not (deer Child) that I, vnnaturall,  
Should in thy blood imbrue my hand at all :  
Or by th' exploit of such detested deed  
Commend my name to them that shall succeed.  
I will the Fame that of my name shall ring  
In time to com, shall fly with fairer wing.

The lofty Pine, that's shaken to and fro  
With Counter puffs of sundry windes that blowe,  
Now, swaying South-wards tears som root in twain,  
Then, bending North ward doth another strain,  
Reels vp and down, tost by two Tyrants fell,  
Would fall, but cannot ; neyther yet can tell  
(Inconstant Neuter, that to both doth yield)  
Which of the two is like to win the Field :

*Simile.*

So



So *Abraham*, on each side set-vpon  
 Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;  
 One while his Faith, anon Affection sways:  
 Now wins Religion, anon Reason waighs:  
 Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull Father:  
 Now resolute, anon relenting rather:  
 One while the Flesh hath got the vpper hand:  
 Anon the Spirit the same doth countermand.  
 Hee's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;  
 But much more loth, to break His Fathers will.  
 For thus (at last) He saith, now sure I knowe  
 'Tis God, 'tis God; the God that loues me so,  
 Loues, keeps, sustains: whom I so oft haue seen:  
 Whose voyce so often hath my comfort been.  
 Illuding Satan cannot shine so bright,  
 Though Angelliz'd: No, 'Tis my God of Might.  
 Now feel I in my Soule (to strength and stir-it)  
 The sacred Motions of his sacred Spirit.  
 God, this sad Sacrifice requires of me;  
 Hap what hap may, I must obedient be.

The sable Night dis-lodg'd: and now began  
*Aurora's* Wher with his windy Fan  
 Gently to shake the Woods on every side,  
 While his fair *Mistress* (like a stately Bride)  
 With flowrs, and Gems, and *Indian* gold doth spangle  
 Her louely locks, her Louers looks to tangle;  
 When gliding through the Ayr, in Mantle blew,  
 With silver fring'd, shee drops the Pearly dew.  
 With her goes *Abram* out: and the third day,  
 Arriues on *Cedrons* Margents greenly-gay:  
 Beholds the sacred Hil, and with his Son  
 (Loaden with sacred wood) he mounts anon.

Anon, said *Isaac*, Father, heer I see  
 Knife, fire, and faggot, ready instantly:  
 But wher's your *Hoste*? Oh! let vs mount, my Son,  
 Said *Abram*: God will soon prouide vs one.  
 But, I cant had *Isaac* turn'd his face from him,  
 A little faster the steep Mount to climbe,

Yer *Abram* changed cheere; and, as new Wine,  
Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine)  
For beeing stopt too soon, and wanting vent,  
Blowes vp the Bung, or doth the vessell rent,  
Spews out a purple stream, the ground doth stain,  
With *Bacchus* colour, where the cask hath layn:  
So, now the Tears (which manly fortitude  
Did yerst as captiue in the Brain include).  
At the deer names of Father and of Son,  
On his pale Cheeks in pearly drops did run:  
His eye's full vessels now began to leak:  
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering gan to speak,  
In submiss voyce, that *Isaac* might not hear  
His bitter grief, that he vnfoldeth heer.

Sad spectacle! O now my hap-les hand,  
Thou whetst a sword, and thou do'st teend a brand,  
The brand shal burn my heart; the sword's keen blade:  
Shall my bloods blood, and my lifes life, inuade:  
And thou, poor *Isaac*, bearest on thy back,  
Wood that shall make thy tender flesh to crack,  
And yield'st thee (more for mine, than thine amiss).  
Both Priest and Beast, of one same Sacrifice.  
O hapless Son! O more then hap-les Sire!  
Most wicked wretch! O what mis-fortune dire  
In-gulfs vs heer! where miserable I,  
To be true godly, must Gods law deny:  
To be true faithful, must my faith transgress:  
To be God's Son, I must be nothing less  
Than *Isaac's* Sire: and *Isaac* (for my sake)  
Must Soyl, and Sire, and life and all forsake.

Yet on he goes, and soon surmounts the Mount,  
And steel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournful Front:  
(Much like the *Delian Princess*, when her Grace  
In *Thetis* Waues hath lately washt her face).  
He build his Altar, lays his wood there-on,  
And tenderly bindes his deer Son anon.

Father, said *Isaac*, Father, Father deer  
(What? do you turn away, as loth to hear?)



O Father, tel me, tel me what you mean:

O cruelty vn-knownen! Is this the mean  
 Wherby my loynts (as promited long since-is)  
 Shal make you Grand-fire of so many princes?  
 And shal I (glorious) if I heer do dy,  
 Fil Earth with Kings with shining Stars the Sky?

Back, *Phœbus*: blush, go hide thy golden head:  
 Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:  
 See not this savage sight. Shal *Abram*'s minde  
 Be milde to all, and to his Son vn-kinde!  
 And shal great *Abram* do the damned deed,  
 That Lions, Tygrés, Boars and Bears would dread!  
 See how (incens'd) he stops his eare to me,  
 As dreaming stil on's bloody mystery.  
 Lord, how precile! see how the Paricide  
 Seems to make conscience in less sins to slide:  
 And he that meanes to murder me (his Son)  
 Is scrupulous in smaller faults to run.

Yet (Father) hear me: not that I desire  
 With sugred words to quench your Angers fire:  
 In God's name reap the Grain your self haue sown,  
 Com take my life, extracted from your own,  
 Glut with my blood your blade, if you it please  
 That I must die, welcom my death (mine ease):  
 But tell me yet my fault (before I die)  
 That hath deserv'd a punishment so high.  
 Say (Father) haue I not conspir'd your death?  
 Or with strong poyson sought to stop your breath?  
 Haue I deuiz'd to short my Mother's life?  
 Or with your Foes taen part in any strife?

O thou Ethereal Palace Crystalline  
 (God's highest Court) If in this heart of mine  
 So damned thoughts, had ever any place,  
 Shut-up for ever all thy Gates of Grace  
 Against my Soule; and neuer let, that I  
 Among thy winged Messengers do lie.

If none of these, *Abram* (for I no more  
 Dare call thee Father) tell me further-more

What

What rests besides, that damned I haue don,  
To make a Father Burcher of his Son?  
In memorie, that fault I fain would haue,  
That (after God's) I might your pardon craue  
For such offence; and so, th' Attonement driven,  
You liue content, and I may die forgiuen.

My Son (said Hee) thou art not hither brought  
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault:  
God (our God) calls thee, and He will not let  
A Pagan sword in thy deer blood bewet;  
Nor burning Plague, nor any pining pain  
With Languor turn thy flesh to dust againe:  
But Sacrific'd to him (for sweet perfume)  
Will haue thee heer within this fire consume.  
What? Fears my Loue, my Life my Gem, my Ioy?  
What God commands, his seruants must obey,  
Without consulting with frail Flesh and Blood,  
How he his promise will in time make good:  
How he wil make so many Scepters spring  
From thy dead dust? How He (All-wise) wil bring  
In his due season, from thy sense-les Thighes,  
The glorious Son of righteousness to rise,  
Who shal the Mountains bruise with yron Mace,  
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place:  
For he that (past the course of Natures kinde)  
First gaue thee birch, can with his sacred Winde  
Raise thee again out of the lowest dust,  
Ten-thousand means he hath to saue the iust:  
His glorious wisdom guides the worlds society,  
With equall Reans of Power and of Piety.

Mine own sweet Isaac, deereft of my seed  
Too sweet, alas! the more my grief doth bleed  
The more my loss, the more (with ease I els anguish)  
My vexed Bowels for thy lack shal languish  
A due deer Son (no longer mine, but his)  
Who call's thee hence) let this vn-hapy kiss  
Be the sad seal of a more sad Fare-wel  
Than wit can paint, or words haue powr to tell.

Sith



Sith God commands, and (father) you require  
 To haue it so, com Death (no longer dire,  
 But glorious now) com gentle death, dispatch:  
 The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach  
 T'imbrace my Soule: O! let me brauely fly  
 To meet my Lord, and Death's prowd darts defie.

What, Father, weep you now? Ah! cease those shows:  
 Weep not for me; for I no more am yours:  
 I was the Lords yer I was born, you knowe;  
 And he but lent me for a while to you:  
 Will you recoyl, and (Coward) lose the Crown  
 So neer your head, to heap you with renown?  
 Shal we so dare to dally with the Lord?  
 To cast his yolk, and to contemn his Word?  
 Where shall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:  
 The Earth his foot-stool: and dark *Acheron*  
 (The Dungeon where the damned soules be shut)  
 Is of his anger euer more the Butt.  
 On him alone, all our good-hap depends:  
 And he alone from dangers vs defends.

Ah! weep no more: This sacred Turf doth craue  
 More blood than Tears: let vs vs so behaue,  
 That ioyn'd in zeal, we yield vs willingly  
 To make a vertue of necessity.  
 Let's testifie we haue a time abod,  
 I in your Schoole, you in the school of God:  
 Where, we haue learned that his sacred Word  
 (Which made of Nothing, all that ever stirr'd;  
 Which all sustaines; and all directeth fully  
 To diuers ends, conducts the good and ill.

Who loues not God, more than all Kinn's respect,  
 Deserues no place among his deer Elect:  
 And who doth once God's Tillage vnder-take,  
 Must not look back, neither his Plough forsake.

Here-with, th' old *Hebrew* cheerfuller became,  
 And (to himself) cries, Courage *Abraham*:  
 The World, the Flesh, *Adam*, are dead in thee:  
 God, Spirit, and Faith, alone subsisting be.

Lord, by thy Spirit vnto my spirit annex  
So liuely Faith, that still mine eyes may fix  
On thy true *Isaac*, whose sharp (sin-les) Suffering  
Shall purge, from sin, me and my sinfull offering.

Scarcely had he draw'n his sword (in resolution)  
With heaued hand for instant execution,  
When instantly the thundring voice of God  
Stay'd hart and hand, and thus the Fact forbod;  
*Abram*, enough: hold, hold thy hand (said he)  
Put vp thy sword; thine *Isaac* shall not die:  
Now, of thy faith I haue had perfect proof;  
Thy Will, for Deed I do accept: Enough.

Glad *Abram*, then, to God gives thanks and praise,  
Vnbindes his Son, and in his roomie he layes  
A Lamb (there strangely hampered by the head)  
And that, to God, devoutly offered.

Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts  
Excell the Fictions of Heroik Facts:  
And, that pure Law a Son of thine should write,  
Shall nothing else but thy braue deeds recite.  
Extoll who list, thy wisdoms excellence,  
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,  
And Iustice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor):  
Ill dares my Muse take such a task vpon-her.  
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' Effects)  
Onely one fruit of thousand the select;  
For glorious subiect: which (to say the right)  
I rather loue to wonder-at, than write.

Go *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book:  
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look;  
Collect a Scroule of all the Children slain  
On th' Altars of your Gods: dig vp again  
Your lying Legends: Run through every Temple;  
Among your Offerings, choose the best example  
(Among your Offerings which your Fathers past)  
Haue made, to make their names eternall last  
Among them all (fondlings) you shall not finde  
Such an example, where (vnkindely-kinde)



Father and Son so mutually agree,  
To show themselves, Father nor Son to be:  
Where man's deep zeal, and God's dear favour stroue,  
For Counter-conquest in officious loue.

One, by constraint his Son both sacrifice  
Another means his Name to immortalize  
By such a Fact: Another hopes to shun  
Some dismall Plague, or dire Affliction:  
Another, onely that he may conform  
To (Tyrant) Custom's, awles, lawles Form,  
Which blears our eyes, and blurs our Senses,  
That Lady Reason must her seat forgo:  
Yea, blinde the iudgement of the World so far,  
That Vertue's of arraign'd at Vice's Bar.

But, vn-constrain'd, our *Abraham* alone  
Vpon a Mountain, to the gulze of none  
(For it was odious to the Lord to doe)  
And in a time of Peace and plenty too,  
Fights against Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)  
And, slaying *Isaac*, wars against his Weal.

O sacred Muse! that on the double Mount,  
With withering Bayes bind'st northy Singers Front,  
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire,  
With Crowns of glory dost their brows attire,  
Tell (for thou know'st) what sacred Mystery  
Vnder this shaddow, doth in secretly?

O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,  
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall,  
So liuely figur'd? To behold Gods Bowe  
So ready bent to cleave your heart in two?  
To see yong *Isaac*, Pattern of that Prince,  
Who shal Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell, convince.

Both only Sons; both sacred Potentates,  
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,  
Both sanctified, both Saints Progenitors,  
Both bear their Cross, both Lamb-like Sufferers,  
Both bound, both blame-les, both without reply,  
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dy.

Vpon

Vpon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount  
 Serues vs for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,  
 Restores vs *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,  
 Lost through the eating of the fruit forbidden,  
 By wretched *Adam*, and his weaker Wife)  
 And blessed bears the holy Tree of life.

Christ dies indeed: but *Isaac* is repriv'd  
 (Because Heav'ns Councell otherwise contriv'd)  
 For *Isaac*'s blood was no sufficient price  
 To ransom soules from Hell to Paradise:  
 The Leprosie of our contagious sin,  
 More powr-full Rivers must be purged in.

FINIS.







THE LAVVE.  
THE III. PART OF THE  
III. DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Envy, in Pharao, seeks to stop the Cause  
Of Iews increase: Moles escapes his claws;  
Out of a Burning (unburnt) Bush, a Voice  
For Iacob's Rescue doth of Him make choice;  
Sends him (with Aaron) to th' Egyptian King:  
His Hardning, PLAGVING, finall Ruining  
In the Red Sea. Israell ingrate for all:  
Christ-Typing Manna, Quails, Rock-waters fall:  
The glorious LAVVE: the golden Calf: strange Fire:  
Core in-gulft: MOSES prepar'd t' expire.

**A**rm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions,  
Rock-battering Bumbards, Valour-murdering Guns,  
Think you to drown with horror of your Noise  
The choise sweet accents of my sacred Voice?  
Blowe (till you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder;  
Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War, and Thunder;  
Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toyl:  
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile  
Out-shrills yee still; and my Stentorian Song,  
With warbled Echoes of a silver tongue,  
Shall brim be heard from India even to Spayn,  
And then from thence, even to the Artik Wayn.  
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort;  
My side's too-weak, alas, my breath's too-shorts.

It is the Spirit-inspiring Spirit, which yerst  
On th'eldest Waters mildly moved first,  
That furnishes and fills with sacred winde  
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muse* and minde.

So, still, good Lord, in these tumultuous times,  
Giue Peace vnto my Soule, soule to my Rimes :  
Let me not faint amid so faire a course:  
Let the World's end beth'end of my Discourse:  
And, while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,  
In lofty stile (Lord) let me sing thy Powr.

ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and suppress

IOSEPH'S Deserts; his Master was deceast,  
His Sons were dead: when currish *Envie's* strife  
Lays each-where ambush for poor ISRAEL's life:  
Who, notwithstanding, doth far faster spread  
And thicker spring, than, in a fruitfull Mead  
Moted with Brooks, the many-leaved locks  
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks  
Can with their daily hunger hardly mowe  
So much as daily doth still newly growe.

Comparison.

This *Monster* wuns not in the Cel she wont;  
Sh'hath rear'd her Palace on the steepest Mount,  
Whose snowy shoulders with their stony pride  
Eternally do *Spain* from *France* divide:  
It hath a thousand loop-holes every-way;  
Yet never enters there one sunny ray:

Description of  
the Palace of  
Envy.

Or if that any chance so far to pass,  
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face:  
Atevery Loop, the Work-man wittily  
Hath plag't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, wher-by  
Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted wing,  
News from all corners of the World do bring,  
Buzzing there-in: as, in a Sommer Even,  
From clefts of Medows that the Heat hath riven,  
The Grass-hoppers, seeming to fain the voyces  
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thousand noyses.

Simile.

It fortun'd now that a swift-flying *Fame*,  
Which (lately but) from stately *Memphis* came,

To whom *Fame*  
reporteth Israels  
prosperity.



Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-less, fills  
 With this Report one of her listening Quills:  
 O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with vs,  
 Acute and quick, that is not curious?)  
 Most wakefull Goddes, Queen of mortall hearts,  
 Consort of *Honor, Wealth, and High-Deserts,*  
 Doo'st thou not knowe, that happy I S R A E L  
 (Which promiseth, the Conqueror of Hell,  
 That twice-borne King, here-after to bring-forth,  
 Who dead shall liue again; and by his Worth  
 Wipe-out Man's Forfait, and God's Law full fill,  
 And on his Cross th'envy of *Envy* kill)  
 Doth (even in sight) abundantly increase?  
 That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happines?  
 That seaventy Exiles, with vn-hallowed Frie  
 Couer the face of all the World well-nigh?  
 And, drunk with wealth, waigh not thy force a iot?  
*Envie*, thou seest it; but fore-seest it not.

*Envy incenseth  
 Pharaoh to oppress them.*

Swolne like a Toad, between her bleeding iaws.  
 Her hissing Serpents wriggling tails she chaws:  
 And, halting hence, in I S I S form she iets;  
 A golden vessell in one hand she gets,  
 In th'other a sweet Instrument; her hood  
 Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;  
 A silver Crescent on her front she set,  
 And in her bosom many a fostering tear:  
 And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence  
 She presses-in to the *Bubastik* Prince,  
 Who, slumbring then on his vn-quiet Couch,  
 With I S R A E L's greatness was disturbed much:  
 Then she (th'while, squinting vpon the lustre  
 Of therich Rings which on his fingers glister;  
 And, snuffing with a wrythed nose the Amber,  
 The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)  
 'Gan thus to greet him; Sleep'st thou? sleep'st thou, son?  
 And see'st thou not thy self and thine vn-don,  
 While cruell Snakes, which thy kinde brest did warm,  
 Sting thee to death, with their vngratefull swarm?

These

These Fugitiues, these out-casts do conspire  
Against rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aspire  
With odious Yoak of bondage to debase  
The noble PHARAOH's, God's immortall Race.

With these last words, into his brest she blowes  
A banefull ayr, whose strength vnfeltly flowes  
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,  
Makes *Reason* stoop to *Sense* in every part:  
So th' Aspick pale (with too-right aim) doth spit  
On his bare face, that coms too-neer to it,  
The froth that in her teeth to bane she turns;  
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns  
So secretly, that without sense of pain,  
Scar, wound, or swelling, soon the Partie's slain.  
What shall I farther say? This Sorrow's-Forge,  
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's scourge,  
Besides her sable poyson, doth inspire  
With *Hate* and *Fear* the Princes fell desire.

*Simile.*

*Envies two  
Twins.*

Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no peace,  
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no ease;  
Still, still oppress'd, Tax vpon Tax arose,  
After Thefts, Threats, and after Threats com blowes.

*Slavery of the  
Israelites.*

The silly wretches are compell'd som-while  
To cut new Channells for the course of *Nile*:  
Sometimes som Cities ruins to repair:  
Sometimes to build huge Castles in the air:  
Sometimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher  
In those proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;  
Those Towrs, whose tops the Heav'ns have terrified:  
Those Towrs, that scuse th'audacious *Titan's* pride  
(Those Towrs, vain Tokens of a vast expense,  
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments)  
To make with their owne sweat and blood their mortar:  
To beat-once Brick-maker, Mason, Porter.  
They labour hard, eat little, sleeping less,  
No sooner layd, but thus their Task-lords press;  
Villains, to work: what? are ye growen so sloth?  
Wee'll make yee yeeld vs wax and hony both.



Pharao his vain  
policy.

His cruell Edict  
against the male  
children.

His Daughter  
finding Moses  
exposed, causeth  
him to be prince-  
ly brought up.

In brief, this Tyrant, with such servitude,  
Thought soon to waste the *sacred multitude*;  
Or, at the least, that over-layd with woe,  
Weakned with watching, worn with toying so,  
They would in time becom less service-able  
In *VENUS* Battails, and for breed less able  
(Their spirits disperst, their bodies over-dri'd,  
And *Cypri*s sap vn-duly qualified):  
But, when he saw this not succeed so well,  
But that the Lord still prosper'd *ISRAEL*;

Inhumane, he commands (on bloody Pain)  
That all their male-babes in their birth be slain:  
And that (because that charge had don no good)  
They should be cast, in *CAIRO*'s silver Flood.

O Barbarism, learned in Hel belowe!  
Those, that (alas!) nor steel nor stream do knowe,  
Must Die of steel or stream: cruell Edicts!  
That, with the Infant's blood, the Mother's mix;  
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;  
Him with the stroke, her with the griefe therof:  
With two-fold tears *Jews* greet their Native Heav'n:  
The day that brings them life, their life hath reav'n.

But, *IOCHEBED* would fain (if she had durst)  
Her deer son *MOSES* secretly haue nourc't:  
Yet thinking it better her Babe forgo,  
Than Childe and Parents both to hazard so,  
At length she layes it forth, in Rush-boat weaves-it,  
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's she leaves-it.

Though Rudder-les, not Pilot-les, this Boat  
Among the Reeds by the Floods side did float,  
And saues from wrack the future *Legislator*,  
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughters:  
Who opening it, findes (which with ruth did strike-her)  
A lovely Babe (or little Angel liker):  
Which with a smile seem'd to implore the ayd  
And gentle pity of the Royall Mayd.  
Love, and the Graces, State and Maiesty,  
Seem round about the Infants face to fly,

And

And on his head seem'd (as it were) to shine  
 Prefagefull rayes of som-what more diuine.

She takes him vp, and rears him royal-like,  
 And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like  
 A wel breath'd Body, nimble, sound, and strong,  
 That in the Dance-schoole needs not teaching long:  
 Or a good Tree set in as good a soyl,  
 Which growes a-pace, without the Husband's toyl.

2. Similes.

In time, he puts in *Practise* what he *knowes*;  
 With curteous *Mildness*, manly *Courage* shows:  
 H'hath nothing vulgar: with great happines,  
 In choice discourse he doth his mind expresse;  
 And as his Soul's-type his sweet tongue affords,  
 His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:  
 His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:  
 So means the Prince; such is the peoples prayer.

Gods providence  
 in his preserva-  
 tion.

Thus, while o're-whelmed with the rapid course  
 Of Mischief's Torrent (and still fearing worse)  
 ISRAEL seems help-les and even hope-les too  
 Of any help that Mortall hand can doo:  
 And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form  
 Boards them (alas!) nothing but wrack and storm,  
 Their *Castor* shines, their Saviour's sav'd: and Hee  
 That with high hand shall them from bondage free,  
 Scourging with Plagues, scarring with end-les shame  
 Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raised by the same.

Moses affection  
 and duty toward  
 his Parents and  
 care of his Bre-  
 thren.

For, though him there they as a God adore,  
 He scorns not yet his friends and kinred poor:  
 He feels their Yoak, their mournings, he laments:  
 His word and sword are prest in their defence;  
 And, as ordain'd, for their Deliuerance,  
 And sent expresse by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,  
 Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,  
 A *Patagon*, that tasted nought so well  
 As ISRAEL's blood) to ill-intreat a *Jew*,  
 Him bold in encounters, and him brauely slew.

He flies out of  
 Egypt.

But, fearing then least his inhumane Prince  
 Should hear of it, young MOSES flies from thence:

And,



And, hard by *Horeb*, keeping *IE THRO's* sheep;  
 He Fasts and Prayes; with Meditations deep  
 His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,  
 And prudently he lays-vp long-before  
 Within his Soule (his spirituell Armory)  
 All sacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,  
 Where-with t'incounter, conquer, and suppress  
 All Insurrections of Voluptuousness.

God talketh to  
 him in the Wil-  
 dernes.

Also, not seldom some deep *Dream* or *Trance*  
 Him suddainly doth even to Heav'n advance:  
 And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord  
 On plentious shoars of the *Pelusian* Foord,  
 In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,  
 In learned Colledges, nor sumptuous Courts;  
 In *Desart* meets him; greets him, face to face,  
 And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.

Moses vision of  
 the flaming Bush

For, while he past his sacred Prentiship  
 (In Wildernes) of th' *Hebrews* Shepheardship;  
 In driving forth to kiss-cloud *SINA's* foot  
 His fleecy Flock, and there attending too't,  
 He suddain sees a *Bush* to flame and fume,  
 And all a-fire, yet not at all consume;  
 It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,  
 Kisses, but bites not, no not even the skin:  
 True figure of the *Church*, and speaking Signe  
 Which seemeth thus to, of it selfe, define:  
 What (*Amrans's* son) Doth *Iacob's* bitter Teen  
 Dismay thee so? Behold, this Haw-thorn green  
 Is even an Image of thine *ISRAEL*;  
 Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell  
 Still flourishes, on each side hedged round  
 With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:  
 This Fire doth seem the Spirit Omnipotent,  
 Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent;  
 Who also addeth to the sacred Signe,  
 The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.

The voyce of the  
 Lord speaking  
 out of the Bush.

I AM *I that I am*, in me, for me, by me:  
 All Beings else Be not (or else vn-selfly be)

But,

But, from my Beeing, all their Beeing gather;  
 Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:  
 Onely Beginning, Midst, and End of all;  
 Yet *sans* Beginning, Midst, and End at all:  
 All in my selfe compris'd; and all comprising  
 That in the World was, is, or shall be rising:  
 Base of this Vniverse: th'vniting Chain  
 Of th' Elements: the Wisdom Sovereign:  
 Each-where, in Essence, Powr and Providence;  
 But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:  
 Fountain of Goodness: ever-shining Light:  
 Perfectly Blest: the One, the Good, the Bright:  
 Self-simple Act, working in frailest matter:  
 Framers of Forms: of Substances Creator:  
 And (to speak plainer) even that GOD I AM  
 Whom so long since religious *Abraham*,  
*Isaac*, and *Jacob*, and their Progenies:  
 Haue worshipped and prays'd in humble wise.

My sacred ears are tyred with the noyse  
 Of thy poor Brethren's iust-complayning voyce:  
 I haue beheld my Peoples burdens there;  
 MOSES, no more I will, nor can, forbear:  
 Th'haue groan'd (alas!) and panted all too-long  
 Vnder that Tyrants vn-renting wrong.

Now, their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,  
 And make thee Captain of their Colony;  
 A sacred Colony, to whom (as mine)  
 I haue so oft bequeath'd rich *Palestine*.  
 Therefore from me command thou PHARAO  
 That presently he let my People go  
 Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wildernesse.

Where far from sight of all profane excess,  
 On a new Altar they may sacrifice  
 To ME the LORD, in whom their succour lies:  
 Hasten, hasten (I say) and make me no excuse  
 On thy Tongue's rudenes (for the want of vse)  
 Nor on thy weaknes, nor vnworthines:  
 To vnder-goe so great a Business.

God hath pity on  
 his People affli-  
 cted in Egypt.

He ordaineth  
 Moses for their  
 Deliverer,  
 &  
 giues him com-  
 mission to goe to  
 Pharaos.

What?



What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,  
 Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)  
 Vnto his Legat? And, who every thing  
 Of Nothing made, and All to nought shall bring;  
 Th'Omnipotent, who doth confound (for His)  
 By weak the strong; by what is not, what is,  
 (That in his wondrous Iudgements, men may more  
 The Work-man then the Instruments adore)  
 Will he forsake, or leave him vn-assisted,  
 That in his service duly hath insisted?  
 Sitch faithfull Servant, to do well affected,  
 Can by his Master never be reiected.

Moses (accom-  
 panied with his  
 brother Aaron)  
 sets forward in  
 his high Em-  
 bassage.

No sooner this, the *Divine Voice* had ended,  
 And vpto Heav'n the Busby Flame ascended,  
 But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)  
 His Brother AARON, wends with expedition  
 First to his People, and to PHARAO then,  
 The King of Egypt (cruellest of Men):  
 And inly filled with a zealous flame,  
 Thus, thus he greets him, in th' Almightyes name;  
 Great NILVS Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hosts,  
 Let go my People out of all thy Coasts,  
 Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,  
 Let them depart to HOREB'S Wildernes;  
 That vnto me, without offence or fear,  
 Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.

Pharao's proud  
 answer.

Base Fugitive, proud slaue (that art return'd  
 Not to be whipt, but rather hangd, or burn'd)  
 What Lord, said PHARAO? ha! what Sovereign?  
 O scaven-horn'd Nile! O hundred-pointed Plain!  
 O City of the Sun! ô Thebes! and Thou  
 Renowned Pharos, do ye all not bow  
 To vs alone? Are ye not onely Ours?  
 Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powrs  
 Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?  
 Or by what Lord to be controul'd and checkt?

I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once  
 Too idly pampred, plot Rebellions:

Sloth marrs the Slaves, and vnder fair pretence  
 Of new Religion (Traytours to their Prince)  
 They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we  
 To think by Favours and by Clemency,  
 To keep men in their duty? To be milde,  
 Makes them be mad, proud, insolent and wilde:  
 Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth dis-grace,  
 And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.  
 The dull Ass, numbers with his stripes his steps:  
 Th'Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and resty, leaps  
 About the Lands, casteth his yoke, and strikes,  
 And waxen wilde, even at his Keeper kicks.  
 Well: to enioy a People, through their skin  
 With scourges flyc't, must their bare bones be seen:  
 We must still keep them short, and clip their wings,  
 Pare neer their nails, and pull out all their stings;  
 Lade them with Tribute, and new Towle, and Tax,  
 And Subsidies, vntill we break their backs:  
 Tire them with trauail, slay-them, pole-them, pil-them,  
 Suck bloud and fat, then eat their flesh, and kil-them.  
 'Tis good for Princes, to haue all things fat,  
 Except their Subiects: but beware of that.  
 Ha, Miscreants! ha, rascals excrements,  
 That lift your heel against your gracious Prince;  
 Hence-forth, you get nor wood nor straw no more,  
 To burn your Bricks as you haue had before:  
 Your selues shall seek it out, yet shall you still  
 The number of your wonted task fulfill.

I haue Commission from the King of Kings,  
 Maker, Preserver, Ruler of all things,  
 Replies the *Hebrew*, that (to knowe the Lord):  
 Thou feel his hand, vnlessthou fear his word.

In th' instant, AARON on the slippery sand  
 Casts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:  
 So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,  
 So shall the Iudgements of the Lord at last  
 (Now deemed dead) reuiue, to daunt thy powr:  
 So ISRAEL shall *Egypt*s wealth devour,

*The true Anatomy  
 of a Tyrant.*

*Moses reply.*

*Aaron casteth  
 down his Rod;  
 which immedi-  
 atly turnes into  
 a Serpent.*



If thou confesse not God to be the Lord:  
If thou attend not, nor obserue his Word:  
And if his People thou do not release,  
To goe and serue him in the Wildernesse.

Before that AARON this Discourse had done,  
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,  
It glistered bright: and in a fashion strange,  
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;  
Crawling before the King, and all along  
Spetting, and hissing with his forked tongue.

*The Magicians  
of Egypt coun-  
terfet that mi-  
racle, and be-  
witch the eyes  
of the King.*

The *Memphian* Sages then, and subtil Priestes,  
T'vphold the Kingdom of their OSIRIS,  
Vpbrayd them thus: Alas! is this the most  
Your God can do, of whom so much you boast?  
Are these his Wonders? Go (base *Monte-banks*)  
Go shew elf-where your sleights and Iuggling pranks.  
Such tricks may blear som vulgar innocents,  
But cannot blinder the Counsell of a Prince;  
Who, by the Gods instructed, doth contain  
All Arts perfection in his sacred brain.  
And, as they spake, out of their cursed hands  
They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands;  
Which instantly turn into Serpents too,  
Hissing, and spetting, crawling to and fro.  
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:  
The place with Aspicks, Snakes, and Serpents swarms;  
Creeping about: as an ill-Huswife fees  
The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.

*Simile.*

You, you are Iugglers, th' *Hebrew* then replid:  
You change not Nature, but the bare out-side;  
And your Enchantments onely do transform  
The face of things, not the essentiall form.  
You (Sorcerers) so mock the Princes ey,  
And his Imagination damnisie,  
That common Sense to his externall, brings  
(By re-percussion) a false shape of things.  
My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in shewe,  
As heer in sight your selues by prooffe shall knowe.

*Immedi.*

Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,  
 Roul'd on his brest; his body wriggell'd  
 Som-times aloft in length; sometimes it sunk  
 Into it self, and altogether shrunk:  
 It slides, it sups the air, it hisses fell,  
 In steed of eyes two sparkling Rubies swell:  
 And all his deadly baens, intrenched strong  
 Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,  
 Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) set  
 With sodain rage vpon those Counterfet,  
 Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour:  
 Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth scour  
 The Creeks and Pulls in Rivers where they lie,  
 Of smaller Fishes and their feeble fry.

But, at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,  
 And deaf to his owne good, is more inclin'd  
 To Satan stools: the people like the Prince,  
 Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.  
 Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay,  
 Ten sundry plagues vpon their Land doth lay:  
 Redoubling so his drad-full strokes, that there,  
 Who would not love him milde, him rough should fear.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded wood,  
 AARON anon conuerts the Nile to blood;  
 So that the stream, from fruitfull MAROE,  
 Runs red and bitter even vnto the Sea.

The Court re-courst to Lakes, to Springs, and Brooks;  
 Brooks, Springs, and Lakes had the like taste and looks:  
 Then, to the Ditches; but even to the brink  
 There flow'd (alas!) in steed of Water, Ink:  
 Then, to the likeliest of such weeping ground  
 Where, with the Rush, pipe-opening Fern is found;  
 And there they dig for Water: but (alas!)  
 The wounded soyl spets blood into their face.  
 O iust-iust Iudgement! Those proud Tyrants fell,  
 Those bloody Foes of mourning ISRAEL;  
 Those that delighted, and had made their game  
 In shedding blood, are for't to drink the same:

*Moses rod-Ser-  
 pent denoueth  
 the Serpents of  
 the Egyptians.*

*Pharao and his  
 people hardened:  
 Therefore God  
 plagued Egypt.*

*By turning  
 their Waters  
 into blood.*

And



And those, that ruth-les had made *Nile* the slaughter  
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.

2. Covering their  
Land with  
Frogs.

Anon, their Fields, Streets, Halls and Courts he loads  
With foul great Frogs, and vgly croking Toads;  
Which to the tops of highest Towns do clamber  
Even to the Presence, yea the priuy Chamber;  
As starry Lezards in the Sommer time  
Vpon the walls of broken houses climb:  
Yea, even the King meets them in every dish  
Of Privy-diet, be it Flesh or Fish:  
As at his Boord, so on his royall Bed,  
With stinking Frogs the silken quilts bespred.

The Magicians  
counterfeit the  
same, but their  
deceits are vain.

The Priests of PHARAO seem to do the same:

AARON alone in the Almightyes Name,  
By Faith almighty: They for instruments

Vse the black Legions of the *Stigian* Prince:

He by his Wonders labours to make knowne

The true Gods glory; onely they their owne:

He seeks to teach; they to seduce awry:

He studies to build vp; they to destroy:

He, striking Strangers, doth His people spare;

They spoile their own, but cannot hurt a hair

Of the least *Hebrew*: they can onely wound;

He hurts, and heals: He breaks, and maketh sound:

And so, when PHARAO doth him humbly pray,

Re-cleers the Floods, and sends the Frogs away.

But (as in Heav'n there did no Iustice reign)

The King eased  
of his punishment,  
is again hardened

The Kings repentance endeth with his pain.

He is re-hardned: like a stubborn Boy

That plies his Lesson (Hypoeritely-coy)

While in his hand his Master shakes the Rod,

But, if he turn his back, doth flowt and nod.

Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathsome Lice

Therefore

3. Egypt is plagued  
with Lice.

Plagues poor and rich, the nasty and the nice,

Both Man and Beast; For, AARON with his wand

Turns into Lice the dust of all the Land.

4. With Flies.  
&c.

The morrow after, with huge swarms of Flies,  
Hornets and Wasps, he hunts their Families

From

From place to place, through Medows, Fens and Floods,  
Hills, Dales, and Defarts, hollow Caves and Woods.

Tremble therfore (O Tyrants) tremble ay,  
Poor worms of Earth, proud Ashes, Dust and Clay;  
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence  
Gainst the tri-pointed wrathfull violence  
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,  
Shall pash to powder all that him withstand?  
And 'gainst the rage of flames eternal-frying,  
Where damned soules ly euer-neuer-dying:  
Sith the least *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermin* too  
Out-braue your braues, and triumph ouer you.

Gallope to *Anian*, sail to *Incatan*,  
Vile *Botongas*, diue beyond the *Dane*:  
Well may you fly, but not escape him there:  
Wretches, your halters still about you bear.  
Th'Almighties hand is long, and busie still;  
Hauing escap't his Rod, his Sword you feel:  
He seems sometime to sleep and suffer all;  
But calls at last for Vse and Principall:  
With hundred sorts of Shafts his Quiuer's full,  
Som pasing keen, som som-what sharp, som dull,  
Som killing dead, som wounding deep, som light;  
But all of them do alwaies hit the White,  
Each after other. Now th'Omnipotence  
At *Egypt* shoots his shafts of Pestilence:  
Th'Ox falls-down in his yolk, Lambs bleating dy,  
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.

Anon he couers Man and Beast with cores  
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores;  
Whose vlcerous venoms, all inflaming, spread  
O're all the body from the foot to head.

Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among  
Spoyle all their fields: their Cattell great with young  
All brain'd with hail-stones: Trees with tempest cleft,  
Robd of their boughs, their boughs of leaues bereft.  
And, from Heav'ns rage, all to seek shelter, glad;  
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-sad:

Hh

*Man cannot hide  
him frō the hand  
of God, nor avoid  
his vengeance.*

*5. With the  
Plague of Pesti-  
lence.*

*6. With Vlcers &  
griuous Scabs  
or Murrain.*

*7. With haile &  
fire frō Hea-  
uen.*

The



Egyptians amazed at this extraordinary scourge.

The naturall fruitfulnessse and prosperity of Egypt, in it selfe maruailous

The *Sons* Virgins tear their Beauties honour;  
Not for the waste, so much, as for the manners:

For, in that Country neuer see they Clowd,  
With waight of Snowes their trees are neuer bow'd;  
They know no Ice: and though they haue (as we)  
The Year intire, their Seasons are but three:

They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaw expect,  
Which from else-where *Sol's* thirstie rayes erect:

Rain-les, their soyl is wet, and, Clowd-les, fat;

It self's moist bosom brings in this and that:

For, while else-where the Riuers roaring pride  
Is dried-vp; and while that far and wide

The *Palestine* seeks (for his thirstie Flock)

*Jordan* in *Jordan*, *Iacob* in *Iacob*;

Their flood o'reflows, and parched *Mesraime*.

A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,

*Niles* billows beat on the high-dangling Date;

An ! Boats do slide, where Ploughs did slice of late.

Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars *Etesian* gales,

You cause it not: no, those are Dreams and Tales:

Th'Eternall-Trine, who made all compasly,

Makes th'vnder waues, the vppers want supply;

And, *Egypt's* Womb to fill with fruits and Flowrs,

Gives swelling *Nile* th'office of heauenly Showrs.

Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a fable Clowd,

Of horned *Locusts* doth the Sun be-clowd;

And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast

2. They are vexed with Grass-hoppers.

The *Grass-hoppers* lean, dam-deuouring Hoast;

Which gleans what *Hail* had left, and (greedy) crops

Both night and Day the Husband's whole-year's hopes.

Then, grofs thick *Darkness* over all he dight,

3. With palpable darkness.

And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:

With Ink-like Rheum the dull Mists drouzy vapours

Quench their home-Fires, and Temple-sacred Tapers.

If hunger driue the Pagan from their dens,

One'gainst a settle breaketh both his shins;

Another, groping vp and down for bread,

Falls down the stayrs, and there he lies for dead.

But, though these works surmount all natures might,  
Though his owne Sages them of guile acquight,  
Though th'are not casual (sith the holy-man  
Fore-tels perfectly What, and Where and When)  
And though that (living in the midst of His)  
The *Israelites* be free from all of This,  
Th'incensed Tyrant (strangely-obstinate)  
Retracts the Leave he granted them of late.

*The Israelites in  
all these plagues  
untoucht, yet  
Pharao still  
hardned.*

For, th'*Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand  
Would bring his people to the plentious Land  
Of *Palestine*: Who providently-great,  
Before the eyes of all the World would see  
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates  
Might see a Mirror of their owne estates:  
And, who (most iust) must haue meet Arguments,  
To shewe the height of his Omnipotence;  
Hardens the King, and blinding him (self-blinde)  
Leaves him to Lusts of his owne vicious minde.  
For, God doth neuer (euer purely bent)  
Cause sin, as sin; but as Sin's Punishment.

For, the last Charge, an Angell in one night,  
All the first born through all the Land doth smite;  
So that from *Sues* Port to *Birdene* Plain,  
Ther's not a House, but hath som body slain,  
Saueth *Israelites*, whose doors were markt before,  
With sacred *Pas-Lamb's* sacramentall gore.  
And therefore euer-since on that same day,  
Yeerly, the *Jewes* a Yearling Lamb must slay;  
A token of that *Passage*, and a Type  
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which should (in season ripe)  
By powring-forth the pure and plentious Flood  
Of his most precious Water-mixed Blood,  
Preferue his People from the drad *Destroyer*,  
That fries the wicked in eternall fier.

*10. Therefore all  
the first borne of  
Egypt are slaine  
in one night by  
the Angell.*

Through all the Land, all in one instant cry,  
All for one cause, though yet all know not why.  
Night heaps their horrors; and the morning shoves  
Their priuat griefs, and makes them publike woes.



*After so many  
griuous plagues  
the Egyptians cry  
out vpon their  
King to let the  
Israelites goe.*

Scarce did the glorious Gouvernour of Day  
O're *Memphis* yet his golden trefs display,  
When from all parts, the Maydens and the Mothers,  
Wiues, Husbands, Sons, and Siers, Sisters, and Brothers,  
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice  
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noyse :

O stubborn Stomach ! (cause of all our sadnes)  
Dull Constancy ! or rather, desperat Madnes !  
A Flood of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill:  
The Heav'ns still Thunder ; th'Ayr doth threaten still:  
Death, ghastly death triumpheth euery-where,  
In euery house ; and yet without all fear,  
Without all feeling we despise the Rod,  
And scorn the Iudgements of the mighty God.  
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings  
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of Kings ;  
And in his sight, the Greatest of you all  
Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall :  
Yield, yield (alas ! ) stoop to his powrfull threat ;  
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten times beat.

*They haſten and  
importune them  
to be gone.*

Go, get you gon : hence, hence vn-lucky race ;  
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this Place,  
Your breath this ayr : Why haſte you not away ?  
*Hebrews*, what lets you ? wherfore do you ſtay ?  
Step to our houſes (if that ought you lack)  
Chooſe what you like, and what you like go take,  
Gold, Plate, or Iewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,  
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches,  
Bear them vnto your gods, not in the ſands  
Where the Heav'n-kiffing Clowd-browd *Sina* ſtands ;  
But much, much farther, and ſo far, that here  
We neuer more your odious newes may hear :  
Go *Hebrews*, go, in God's Name thrice amain ;  
By loſing you, we ſhall ſufficient gain.

*After their de-  
parture, Pharaō  
immediatly pur-  
ſues them.*

With the Kings leaue, then th' *Hebrews* Prince collect's  
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs :  
Scarce were they gon, when *Pharaō* doth retract,  
And arms all *Egypt* to go fetch them back ;

And

And camping neer them, execrably-rude,  
Threatens them death, or end-les Seruitude.

Euen as a Duck, that nigh som cry stall brook,  
Hath twice or thrice by the same Hawk bin strook;  
Hearing aloft her gingling silber bells,  
Quiuers for fear, and looks for nothing els  
But when the Falcon (scooping thunder-like)  
With suddain fouse her to the soyl shall strike,  
And with the stroak, make on the sense-les ground  
The gut-les Quar, once, twice, or thrice rebound:  
So *Israel*, fearing again to feel  
*Pharao*'s fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,  
Quiuers and shiuers for despair and dread;  
And spits his gall against his godly Head.

O base ambition! This false Politick,  
Plotting to Great himself, our deaths doth seek:  
He mocks vs all, and makes vs (fortune-les)  
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wildernesse;  
Allur'd with lustre of Religious shoues,  
Poor soules, He sels vs to our hatefull Foes:  
For, O! what strength? alas! what stratagem?  
Or how (good God) shall we encounter them?  
Or who is it? or what is it shall saue vs  
From their fell hands, that seek to slay, or slaue-vs?  
Shall we, disarmed with an Army fight?  
Can we (like Birds) with still-sleep-rising flight  
Surmount these Mountains? haue we Ships at hand  
To pass the Sea (this half a Sea, half sand)?  
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable;  
Who knows these Waters to be nauigable?  
Alas! som of vs shall with Scithes be slasht;  
Som, with their Horse-feet all to peeces pasht,  
Som, thrill'd with Swords, or Shafts, through hundred holes  
Shall ghastly gasp-out our vntimely soules.  
Sith die we must, then die we voluntary:  
Let's run, our selues, where others would vs carry;  
Com *Israelites*, com, let vs die together,  
Both men and women: so we shall (in either)

*Simile.*

*The Israelites  
feare, and mur-  
muring against  
Moses.*



Preuent their rage, content their auarice,  
And yield (perhaps) to Moyses, euen his Wish:

*Moses instructs  
them, with assured  
confidence  
in God.*

Why brethren? knowe ye not, their Ruler saith,  
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?  
That he turns Hills to Daies, and Seas to Sands?  
That he hath (prest) a thousand winged Bands  
To assist his Children, and his Foes to assaile?  
And that He helps not, but when all helps faile?

See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,  
Which dareth Heav'n, and seems the Earth to damp;  
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours,

*Simile.*

As thick, or thicker then the Welkin powrs  
His candid drops vpon the ears of Corn,  
Before that Ceres yellow locks be shorn?  
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew  
(Which thinks already to haue swallowed you)  
Of all this army, that (in Armour bright)  
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light;  
There shall to-morrow not a man remain:  
Therefore be still; God shall your side sustain.

*Calling vpon God  
he parts the Red  
Sea, so that the  
people passe thro-  
rough as on dry  
land.*

Then (zealous) calling on th'immortal God,  
He smot the Sea with his dead-living Rod:  
The Sea obey'd, as bay'd: the Waues, controul'd;  
Each vpon other vp to Heav'n do foldes  
Between both sides, a broad deep Trench is cast,  
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast:  
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (e's)  
With golden sands, with Pearl, and Nacre-shells,  
And on each side is flanked all along  
With walls of crystal, beautifull and strong:  
This flood-less Foord, the Faithfull Legions passe,  
And all the way their shoo scarce moistened was.  
Dream we (said they)? or is it true we try?  
The Sea start at a stick? The Water dry?  
The Deep a Path? Th' Ocean in th' ayre suspending?  
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending?  
Two Walls of Glas, built with a word alone,  
Afrik and Asia to con-iourn in one?

Th'al

Th'all-seeing Sun new bottoms to beholde?

Children to run, where Tunnies lately roll'd?

Th' Egyptian Troops pursue them by the track;

Yet waits the patient Sea, and still stands back;

Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks

Within the lane between his cry stall banks:

But, as a wall weak'ned with mining-vnder,

The Piles consum'd falls suddainly a-sunder,

O'rewhelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,

And with his Ruines fills vp all the ditch:

Even so Gods finger, which these Waters bay'd,

Beeing with-drawn, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd;

And, re-contoyning his congealed Flood,

Swallows in th' instant all those Tyrants wood.

Heer, one by swimming thinks himself to saue:

But, with his scarf rangled about a Naue,

He's strangled straight; and to the bottom sinking,

Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking:

While that (in vain) another with lowd lashes

Scours his prowd Coursers through the scarlet *Washes;*

The streams (wher-on more Deaths than waues do swim)

Bury his Chariot, and his Chariot him:

Another swallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,

Is layd a-liue within a liuing Tomb:

Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning,

Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;

With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin

Vnto the bottom hales him head-long in;

And instantly the water covers either:

Right Twins indeed; born, bred, and dead together.

Nile's stubborn Monarch, stately drawn vpon

A curious Chariot chaç't with pearl and stone,

By two prowd Coursers, pasing Snowe for colour;

For strength, the Elephants; Lions for valour,

Curseth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes, and Waues;

And, marching vp-ward, still blasphemes and braues:

Heer, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split;

Then, coms a bigger, and a bigger yet,

*The Egyptians  
following them  
are swallowed  
in the Sea.*

*Simile.*

*Pharao pro-  
fanely blasphem-  
ing & prowdly  
brauing Moles  
and the Sea, is  
not withstanding  
drowned with  
the rest.*



To second those: The Sea grows ghastly great;  
 Yet stoutly still, He thus doth dare and threat:  
 Base roguing luggler, think'st thou with thy Charms  
 Thou shalt preuaile against our puissant arms?  
 Think'st thou poor shifter, with thy Hel-spels thus  
 To crosse our Counsels, and discomfit vs?  
 And, O proud Sea! false, trayterous Sea, dar'st thou?  
 Dar'st thou conspire 'gainst thine owne *Neptune* now?  
 Dar'st thou presume 'gainst vs to rise and roar?  
 I charge thee cease: be still I say: no more:  
 Or I shall clip thine arms in Marble stocks,  
 And yoaik thy shoulders with a Bridge of Rocks;  
 Or banish thee from *Etham* far for ay,  
 Through som new Chanell to go seek thy way.

Heer-at, the Ocean more than euer frets,  
 All topsi-turuy vp-side-down it sets;  
 And a black billow that aloft doth float,  
 With salt, and sand, stops his blasphemous throat;  
 What now betidest the Tyrant? Waters now  
 Hauereft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes, and brow,  
 His front, his fore-top: now there's nothing seen,  
 But his prowd arm, shaking his Fawchin keen;  
 Wher-with, he seems, in spight of Heav'n and Hell,  
 To fight with Death, and menace *Israel*.  
 At last he sinks all ynder water quite;  
 Spurning the sand: again he springs vpright;  
 But, from so deep a bttom to the top,  
 So clogg'd with arms, can cleaue no passage vp:  
 As the poor Partridge cover'd with the net  
 In vain doth striue, struggle, and bate, and beat;  
 For the close meshes, and the Fowler's craft,  
 Suffer the same no more to whurre a lofe.

*Simile.*

I, to your selues leave to conceiue the ioy,  
 Of *Iacob*'s heirs, thus rescu'd from annoy;  
 Seeing the Sea to take their cause in hand,  
 And their dead Foes shuffled vpon the sand;  
 Their shields, and staues, and Chariots (all-to-tore)  
 Floating about, and flung vpon the shoar:

When

When thusth' Almighty (glorious God most High)  
For them without them, got the Victory,  
They skip and daunce ; and maring all their voices,  
To Timbrels, Hawbois, and lowd Cornets noyses,  
Make all the shoars resound, and all the Coasts,  
With the shrill Praises of the Lord of Hoasts.

Eternall issue of eternall Sire,  
Deep Wisedom of the *Father*, now inspire  
And shewe the sequell that from hence befell,  
And how he dealt with his deer *Israell*,  
Amid the Desert, in their Pilgrimage  
Towards the *Premis'd* plentious *Heritage* :  
Tell, for (I knowe) thou know'st : for, compass ay  
With Fire by Night, and with a Clowd by Day,  
Thou ( my soul's hope) wert their sole guide and guard,  
Their Meat and Drink in all their Iourney hard.

Marching amid the *Desart*, nought they lack :  
Heauen still distils an Ocean ( for their sake )  
Of end-les good : and euery Morn doth send  
Sufficient food for all the day to spend.  
When the Sun riseth, and doth halte his Race,  
(Halfours, half theirs, that vnderneath vs pase)  
To re-behold the bewty, number, order,  
And prudent Rule (preuenting all mis-order)  
Of th'awefull Hoast lodg'd in the Wilderness,  
So favour'd of the Sun of Righteousness :  
Each coms but forth his Tent, and at his dore  
Findes his bread ready (without seeking more) :  
A pleasant bread, which from his plentious clowd,  
Like little Haile, Heav'ns wakefull Steward strow'd.  
The yellow sands of *Elim's* ample Plain  
Were heaped all with a white sugred grain,  
Sweet Corianders ; Iunkets, not to feed  
This Hoast alone, but euen a World (for need).  
Each hath his part, and euery one is fed,  
With the sweet morsels of an vn-bought bread.  
It neuer rains for a whole year at-once,  
But daily for a day's provisions :

2. Part of this  
Tract : where is  
discourfed of the  
estate of the Peo-  
ple of *Israell* in  
the *Wilderneffe*,  
vntill the death  
of *Moses*.

God giueth them  
Manna.

It is giuen from  
day to day.

To



To th'end, so great an Hoast, so curbed straight,  
 Still on the Lor'ds wide open hand should wait,  
 And euery Dawning haue due cause to call  
 On him, their Founder, and the Fount of all:  
 Each, for his portion hath an Omer-full;  
 The sur-plus rots, mould, knead it how they will.  
 The Holy-one (iust Arbitrer of wrong)  
 Allows no less vnto the weak, than strong:  
 On *Sabbath's* Eve, he lets sufficient fall,  
 To serue for that day, and the next with-all,  
 That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,  
 Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.

Thou that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread hast,  
 Thou, for whom Haruest all the Year doth last,  
 That in poor Desarts, rich abundance heap'st,  
 That sweat-les eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,  
 That hast the Ayr for farm, and Heav'n for field  
 (Which, sugred Mel, or melled sugar yield)  
 That, for taste-changing do'st not change thy cheer,  
 God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:

*It is a lively figure of Christ  
 the true bread of  
 life.*

O *Israell*! see in this Table-pure,  
 In this fair glass, thy Saviour's pourtraiture,  
 The Son of God. *MESSIAS* promised,  
 The sacred seed, to bruize the Serpents head:  
 The glorious Prince, whose Scepter euer shines,  
 Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heavens confines;  
 And, when He shall (to light thy Sin-full load)  
 Put *Manhood* on, dis-knowe him not for God.

*The same demonstrated by particular conference.*

This Grain is small, but full of substance though:  
 CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in shewe.  
*Manna* is sweet: Christ as the Hony-Comb.  
*Manna* from high: and CHRIST from heaven doth com.  
 With that, there falls a pleasant pearly dew:  
 CHRIST comming down doth all the Earth be-streaw  
 With spirituall gifts. That, vnto great and small  
 Tastes to their tastes: and CHRIST is all to all:  
 (Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,  
 Loy to th'afflicted, to the sickly health,

Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,  
 Life's saucour to the Meek, *Death's* to the Prowd).  
 That's common good: and *Christ* communicate.  
 That's purely white: and *Christ* immaculate.  
 That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last):  
*Christ* and his *Word* the World doth soon dis-taste.  
 Of that. they eat no less that haue one measure,  
 Than who haue hundred: and in *Christ* his Treasure  
 Of Divine *Grace*, the faith-full *Profelyte*  
 Hath no less part, than Doctors (deep of sight).  
 That's round: *Christ* simple, and sincerely-round.  
 That in the *Ark*: *Christ* in his *Church* is found.  
 That doth (with certain) stinking worms becom:  
*Christ* (th' *Ever-Word*) is scandall vnto som.  
 That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:  
*Christ* to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.  
 That's broken every grain: *Christ* (Lamb of God)  
 Vpon his *Cross*-pres is so torn and trod,  
 That of his *Blood* the pretious Flood hath pur'd.  
 Down from Mount *Sion* ouer all the World.

Yet glutted now with this *ambrosiall* Food,  
 This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,  
 Th' *Hebrews* do lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde  
 Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde;  
 A clowd of *Quails* on all the Camp is sent,  
 And euery one may take to his content:  
 For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,  
 For a day's-iourney, Cubit thick they ly.

But though their Commons be thus delicate,  
 Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,  
 Although their Bellies strout with too much meat,  
 Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eat,  
 Yet still they howl for hunger: and they long  
 For *Memphian* hutch-potch, Leeks, and Garlik strong:  
 As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that misse  
 Their Terms appointed for their florishes)  
 Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,  
 Red Herrings, Rashers, and (som) sops in Tar;

The people lust  
 for flesh.

God sends them  
 Quails.

They long for the  
 Garlike & Oni-  
 ons of Egypt.

Simile.

Yea,



Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, and dirt, before  
 Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more:  
 So their fantastick wearisome disease,  
 Dislikes their tastes, and makes them strange to please.

But, when the Bull, that lately tost his horn  
 In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn  
 For lack of Water: and the Souldier bleak  
 Growes (without Arms) for his own waight too-weak,  
 When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce  
 Consumes their blood, into their bones doth pearce,  
 Sups-vp their vitall humour, and doth dry  
 Their whilom-beauties to *Anatomy*:  
 They weep and wail, and but their voice (alas!)  
 Is choakt already that it cannot pass

*They murmur  
 for want of wa-  
 ter with grie-  
 nous imputation  
 to their good  
 Guide.*

Through therough *Straights* of their dry throats; they would  
 Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should.  
 O Duke! (no *Hebrew*, but an *Ethnick* rather)  
 Is this (alas!) the guerdon that we gather,  
 For all the service thou hast had of vs?  
 What haue we don, that thou betray'st vs thus?  
 For our obedience, shall we euer-more  
 With Fear and Want be hanted at our dore?  
 O windy words! O perjur'd promises!  
 O gloze, to gull our honest simpleness!  
 Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat:  
 Past the *Red Sea*, heer vp and down we float  
 On firm-lesse sands of this vast desert heer,  
 Where, to and fro we wander many a year:  
 Looking for Libertie, we find not Life:  
 No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife).  
 Envynot vs, deer Babes: we enuy you,  
 You happy ones, whom *Egypt's* Tyrant slew;  
 Your Birth and Death cam hand in hand together,  
 Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather  
 To end-lesse Life: We wretches, with our age  
 Increase our Woes, in this long Pilgrimage:  
 We hope no Harbour where we may take breath:  
 And Life to vs is a continuall Death.

You blessed liue, and see th' Almighties face:  
Our Days begin in tears, in toyls they pass,  
And end in dolours (this is all we do):  
But Death concludes tears, toyls, and dolours too.

Stif-necked People, stubborn generation,  
Egypt doth witness (in a wondrous fashion)  
God's goodnes (to thee): all the Elements  
Expound vnto thee his Omnipotence:  
And do'st thou murmure still? and dar'st thou yet  
BlaspHEME his promise, and discredit it?  
Said MOSES then, and gaue a sodain knock  
With his deer Scepter on a mighty Rock;  
From top to toe it shakes, and splits with-all,  
And wel-nigh half, vnto the ground doth fall,  
As smit with Lightning: then, with rapid rush,  
Out of the stone a plentiful stream doth gush,  
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his glasse  
Gliding so swift, so soon re-youngs the grasse;  
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,  
And, through new paths so braue a course to run.

Who hath not seen (far vp within the Land).  
A shoal of Geese on the dry-Sommer sand  
In their hoarse language (som-times lowly-lowd)  
Suing for succour to som moylt-full clowd;  
How, when the Rain descends, their wings they beat,  
(With the first drops to cool their swelting heat)  
Bib with their Bill, bouz with their throats, and suck,  
And twenty times vnto the bottom duck?  
Such th' Hebrews glee: one, stooping down, doth sup  
The cleer quick stream; another takes it vp  
In his bare hand, another in his hat;  
This in his buskin, in a bucket, that  
(Well fresht him-self) bears som vnto his Elock;  
This fills his pitcher ful, and that his Crock:  
And other-som (whose Thirst is more extream)  
Like Frogs lie paddling in the crySTALL stream.

From Rephidim, alongst the Desert Coast;  
Now to Mount Sina marcheth all the Hoast;

Moses reproofes  
them, & smiteth  
the Rock, from  
whence issues  
plenty of water.

Simile.

They march to-  
ward Mount  
Sina, where God  
deliuereth them

Where, *hu* L. A. W.



Where, th'everlasting GOD, in glorious wonder,  
 With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAVV doth thunder;  
 To shewe, that His reuerent, Diuine *Decrees*  
 (Wher-to all hearts should bow, and bend all knees)  
 Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,  
 A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince;  
 (Nymph-prompted *NUMA*, or the *Spartans* Lord,  
 Or him that did *Cecropian* Strifes accord)  
 Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;  
 But from that King, who at his pleasure can  
 Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayr, and all ther-in:  
 That *ISRAEL* shall finde him (if they sin)  
 As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,  
 As dreadfull now in giuing the *COMMAND*:  
 And, that the Text of that drad *Testament*  
 Grav'n in two Tables for vs impotent,  
 Hath in the same a sadder load compris'd,  
 And heauier y oak, then is the y oak of *Christ*.  
 That, that doth shewe vs Sin; threats, wounds, and kils:  
 This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distils.

*With what dread-  
 ful Majesty it  
 was deliuered.*

Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews* eyes;  
 Clowd-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and Skies,  
 Lowder and lowder in careers and cracks;  
 And stately *SINA*'s massie center shakes,  
 And turneth round, and on his sacred top,  
 A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap;  
 Vnder his rocky ribs, in Coombs belowe,  
 Rough-blustering *BOREAS*, nurst with *Riphean* snowe.]  
 And blub-checkt *AVSTER*, pufst with fumes before,  
 Met in the midst, iustling for room, do roar:  
 A cloak of cloudes all thorough-lin'd with Thunder,  
 Muffles the Mountain both aloft and vnder:  
 On *PHARAN* now no shining *PHARVS* shewes.  
 A Heav'nly Trump a shrill *Tantara* blowes,  
 The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble flash,  
 The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling clash,  
 And deafning Thunders, with the same do sing  
 (O wondrous consort!) th'everlasting King

His glorious Wisdom, who doth giue the Law  
To th'Heavenly Troops, and keeps them all in aw.  
But, as in Battail, we can hear no more  
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar:  
And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rife,  
Aboue the warbling of an *Alman Fife*;  
A dradder voyce (yet a distincter voice)  
Whose sound doth drown all th'other former noise,  
Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,  
Which thrills the ears, but more the heart doth thrill.  
Of trembling *Iacob*: who all pale for fear,  
From God's owne mouth these sacred words doth hear;

*Simile.*

*Simile.*

Hark *Israell*: O *Iacob* hear my Law:  
Hear it, to keep it (and thy self in aw).  
I am I E H O V A, I (with mighty hand)  
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt Land*:  
ADORE ME ONLY for thy God and Lord,  
With all thy heart, in euery Deed and Word.  
MAKE THREE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)  
To thy owne Works My Glory to transport.  
USE NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,  
Neuer Blaspheme, neither thy self for-swear,  
SIX DAYS VVORK for thy food: but then (as I)  
REST ON THE SEAVENTH, and to my Temple hie.  
TO THOSE that gaue thee life, due REVERENCE giue,  
If thou desire long in the Land to liue.

*The Dialogue.*

IMERVE thou NOT THY HAND IN HVMAN BLOOD.  
STAIN NOT anothers BED. STEALE NO MANS GOOD.  
BEAR NO FALSE VVITNES. COVET NOT to haue  
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Asse, his Slave,  
His House, his Land, his Castle, or his Coyn,  
His Place, or Grace; or ought that is not Thine.

Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right  
Of our fraile life! our foot-steps Lanthorn bright:  
O Soule's sweet Rest! O byting curb of Sin!  
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in:  
Reuerent EDICTS vpon Mount SINA giuen,  
How-much-fold sense is in few words contriven!

*The excellency  
of the Law of  
God.*

How.



How wonderfull, and how exceeding-far I  
 How plain, how sacred, how profound you are I  
 All Nations else, a thousand times (for cause)  
 Haue Writ and Raç't, and chopt and chang'd their Laws:  
 Except the *Jews*; but they, although their State  
 With euery Moon almost did innouate  
 (As somtimes having Kings, and somtimes none)  
 In all their changes kept their Law still one.

The inconstancie  
 and vanity of  
 Humane Lawes.

What resteth at this daie, of *Salaminian*,  
*Laconian* Lawes, or of the *Carthaginian*?  
 Yea *Rome*, that made euen all the World one City,

Stability and  
 authority of the  
 Law of God.

So strong in Arms, and in State's Art so witty;  
 Hath, in the Ruines of her Pride's rich *Babels*,  
 Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.  
 But, since in *Horeb* the High-Thundering ONE  
 Pronounc't This Law, three-thousand times the Sun  
 Hath gallopt round Heaven's golden Bandleer,  
 Imboss't with Beasts, studded with stars so cleer;  
 And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft,  
 Although the People vnto whom 'twas left,  
 Be now no People, but (expulst from home)  
 Through all the corners of the World do roam:  
 And though their State, through euery Age almost,  
 On a rough Sea of Mischiefs hath been tost.

A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine  
 All other Lawes: *Megarian* Discipline  
 Hath nought of th' *Attick*: nor the *Coronan*  
 Of *Theban* Rytes: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean*:  
 But, this Set Law giuen *IACOB*'s Generations,  
 Is the true Law of Nature, and of Nations,  
 Which (sacred) sounds wher-euer (to descry)  
 Th'all-searching Sun doth cast his flaming eye.  
 The *Turks* imbrace, the *Christians* honour it,  
 And *Jews* with Fear, do euen adore it yet.

How all men  
 transgresse the  
 same in euery  
 part.

I only, I (Great GOD) thy Lawes do spurn  
 With my foul feet, I do thy Statutes scorn:  
 Pust in my Soule with extreame Pride, before,  
 Nay in thy stead, I do my self Adore.

I Serue no wooden gods, nor Kneel to Stones;  
 But Conetous, I worship Golden ones.  
 I Name thee not, but in vain *Blasphemy*,  
 Or (A CHAB-like) in sad *Hypocrisie*.  
 I Rest the Sabboath: yet I break thy LAW,  
 Seruing (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.  
 I Rennerence Superiors, but in showe;  
 Not out of Loue, but as compelled so.  
 I Murder none: yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife  
 Wound others Fame, and my Hearts-hate their life.  
 I Ciuilize, lest that I seem *Obscene*:  
 But Lord (Thou know'st) I am *Vncaste*, vnclean.  
 I seem no *Theef*: yet tempted with my *Want*,  
 I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.  
 I speak not much: yet in my little Talk,  
 Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.  
 I *Wish* too-earnest, and too-oft (in fine)  
 For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.

Heer lie I naked: loth' *Anatomic*  
 Of my foul Heart. O *Humane-Deity*!  
 O *Christ*! th' Almighty's like All-mighty Word,  
 O put-me-on Thy *Robe*! as whilom (Lord)  
 Thou puttst-on Mine: me in Thy Blood be-laue,  
 And in my Soule thy sacred *Laves* ingraue.

While with the Duke, th'Eternall did deuise,  
 And to his inward sight did modulize  
 His *Tabernacle's* admirable Form;  
 And prudently him (faithfull) did inform  
 In a new *Rubrik* of the *Rytes Divine*,  
 To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Palestine*,  
 After their fancy should not worship him,  
 Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,  
 Into his sacred T E M P L E introduce  
 The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* vse:  
 But, by their *Rytes* to guide their spirituall eye  
 To *Christ*, the Rock on whom their hopes should lie;  
 Beholde (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputied  
 During his absence, all the Flock to guide,

*Remedy for all  
 our finnes.*

*In Moses ab-  
 sence Aaron  
 makes the golden  
 Calfe.*



Dumb coward Curr, barks not against their ill;  
 But giuing way to the mad Peoples will,  
 Casteth a *Golden Calf*, and sets it vp,  
 For them to worship, and vnto it stoop:  
 Gold, Rings, and Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n  
 Had (as Loue-tokens) lately to them given,  
 Are cast into a Mould; and (which is worse)  
*Jacob*, to wed a *Calf*, doth *God* divorce.  
 Those Feet, that dry-shod past the *Crimson Gulf*,  
 Now Dance (alas!) before a Molten *Calf*:  
 That Voice, which late on *ETHAM* sands had rung  
 Th' Almighty's glory; now to Satan sung.

Moses sharply  
 reproveth Aa-  
 ron, breaks the  
 Idol, and punish-  
 eth the Idolaters.

The zealous Prophet, with iust fury moov'd,  
 'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reprov'd:  
 And pulveriz'd their Idol: and est-soons  
 Flankt by olde *LEVI*'s most religious Sons,  
 Throngs through the Camp, and each-where strowes his way  
 With blood and slaughter, horror and dismay:

Simile.

As half a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,  
 With cheerfull ey choosing a plot of Wheat,  
 Reap it at pleasure, and of *Ceres* locks  
 Make hand-fulls sheaves, and of their sheaves make Shocks;  
 And through the Field from end to end do run,  
 Working a-vie, till all be down and don:

Simile.

Or, as so many Canons shot at-once  
 A-front a Camp; Th' Earth with the Thunder grones,  
 Heer flies a broken arm, and breaks another;  
 There standst' one half of a halv'd body, th' other  
 Falls-down a furlong thence: heer flies a shield;  
 And deep-wide windows make they in the field.

Aaron and Ma-  
 ry (or Miriam)  
 murmur against  
 Moses.

All these sure signes of God's deer estimate,  
 Cannot confirm the *Hebren* Magistrate  
 In his Authority: even *AARON* spights-it,  
 And *MIRIAM* (his sister) too back-bites-it.  
 But suddainly, on her in his Defence,

Nadab and A-  
 bihu for offering  
 of strange Fire,

Fou! Leprosie did punish this Offence.  
 His Nephews, scorning his Command, aspire  
 Before the Lord to offer forraign Fire:

But,

are killed by Fire  
from Heaven.

But, on them soon a heav'nly Flame down-falling  
(As in the Sommer som hot-dry *Exhaling*,  
Or *Blazing-Star* with suddain flash doth fall  
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all :)  
Fires instantly their beards and oyled haire,  
And all the sacred vestiments they wear;  
Exhales their blood, their Bodyes burnes to ashes,  
Their *Censers* melts with heat of Lightning flashes,  
Their coales are quenched all, and sacred Flame  
Th'vnhallowed Fire devour'd and over-came.

Core, Dathan,  
and Abiram,  
their conspiracy.

His Kins-man CORE then (with DATHAN joyn'd  
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:  
O see (saith he) how many a subtil gin

The Tyrant sets to snare our Freedoms in!  
How we, abus'd with *Oracles* most vain,  
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)  
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,  
Do simply lose our sweetest Liberties!

See, how they do ingross between them two,  
Into one House, SCEPTER and EPHOD too:  
See, how they dally, and with much delay  
Prolong their Journey to prolong their *Sway*:  
And (to conclude) see how sly Course they take,  
To build their Greatness on our grievous wrack.  
Hear'st thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly ioy  
To see thy Brethren's torments and annoy,

'T were good to walk vs yet for ten yeers more  
About these Mountains in these desarts poor:  
Keep vs still Exiles; Let vs (our Desire)  
Languish, wax-olde, and in these sands expire,  
Where cruell Serpents haunt vs still at hand,  
A Fruit-les, Flood-les, yea a Land-les Land.  
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine Ambition  
Cannot com down to privat mens condition,  
Be Captain, Duke and King: for, God approves-thee,  
Thy Vertues guard, the People fears and loves-thee.  
But as for AARON, what is his desert?  
What High-exploit, what Excellence, what Art

Gain'd



Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood*? O good God, what shame?

Alas! hath he for any thing got fame

But *HOREBS* Horn-God? for despising thee,

And thy Commands; and for Conspiracie?

The morrow next, before the *Sacred Tent*

This Mutiner with sacred Censer went

Adorn'd, selfe-gazing, with a lofty ey,

His faction present: *AARON* also by.

Lord shield thy Cause, approue thee veritable,

Let not thy Name be to the Lewd a Fable:

Oint thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,

Showe whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle*;

Said *MOSES* then; and even as yet he spake,

The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,

A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,

And in her bosom vp and down it tumbles,

Tearing her Rocks, Vntil she *Fawn* a way

To let it out and to let in the Day:

Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,

And Diuels dazled with the gl'istring leav'n

Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would diue;

But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they strue.

*CORE*, round compass with his Rebel friends,

Offers to *BELZEBUB* and to the *Fiends*:

His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down,

And arms of Trees there planted vp-side-down:

He goes with Noise down to the *Silent Coast*,

Intoombd aliue, without all Art or cost.

And all the rest that his proud side assum'd;

Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are consum'd.

And *AARON*'s Office is confirm'd by God,

With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,

Which dead, rebuds, re-blooms, and *Almonds* bears;

When all his Fellows haue no life in theirs;

Now, shall I sing, through *MOSES*'s prudent Sway,

How *ISRAEL* doth *AMALEC* dismay,

*ARAD* and *OG* (that of huge *Giants* springs)

Proud *HESBON*, and the fine *Madian* Kings,

b'nis

s i l

With

Their dreadfull  
punishment.

Aarons charge  
is confirmed by  
miracle.

Sundry victories  
of the Israelites,  
vnder the con-  
duct and direc-  
tion of Moses.

With the false Prelat, who profanely made  
Of *Prophets-gifts* a sacrilegious trade;  
Who false, sayes true; who struiuing (past all shame)  
To force the Spirit, is forced by the same:  
Who, snaring th' *Hebrews* with frail Beauties graces,  
Defilest their bodies, more their soules defaces?  
Doubt-les his Deeds are such, as would I sing  
But half of them, I vnder-take a thing  
As hard almost, as in the *Gangsk* Seas  
To count the Waues, or Sands in *Euphrates*;  
And, of so much, should I a little say,  
It were to wrong him, and his Praise betray.

His Noble Acts we therefore heer suspend,  
And skip vnto his sweet and happy End:  
Sith, th' End is it whereby we iudge the best  
(For eyther Life) how Man is Curst or Blest.

Feeling his vigour by degrees to waste,  
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling fast,  
Which doth his Spirit re-found, his soule refine,  
And raise to Heaven, whence it was sent diuine;  
He doth not (*Now*) study to make his Will,  
T' Entail his Land to his *Male-Issue* still:

Wifely and iustly to diuide his Good,  
To Sons and Daughters, and his neereſt Blood:  
T' assigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,  
A hundred times to adde, and alter it:  
To quittance Friendships with frank Legacies:  
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,  
To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* som,  
T' appoint himself a Palace for a *Tomb*.

I praise a Care to settle our Estates:  
But, when Death threats vs, then it is too late,  
A seemly Buriall is a sacred Rite:  
But let the living take that charge of right.  
He (lifting higher his last thoughts) besides  
The Common-Weale's care, for the Church provides,  
And grauing his discourse with voyce deuout,  
Bids thus far-well to all that stand about;

Reseruing the  
Waues 'or ano-  
ther Discourse,  
our Poet hasteth  
to the death of  
Moles.

By his example  
Men are warned  
not to deferre to  
make their Will  
till it be too late  
to be troubled  
with the busines  
of this World,



He pronounceth  
the blessings and  
the curses writ-  
ten in Leuit. 26.

&

Deutro. 28.  
whereunto the  
people say A-  
men.

Blessings on those  
that obey.

O I A C O B's seed (I might say, my deer sons)  
Y' are sense-les more then metalls, stocks or stones,  
If y' haue forgot the many-many Miracles  
Wher-with the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles*;  
And all the Favours (in this sauage Place)  
In forty yeers receiued of his grace.  
Therefore (O I S R A E L) walk thou in his fear,  
And in thy hearts-hart (not in Marble) bear  
His ever-lasting L A V V : before him stand,  
And to his Service consecrate thy hand.

If this thou do, thy Heav'n-blest fleecie Flocks  
Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downs and Rocks;  
As thick as skip in Sommer, in a Mead;  
The Grass-hoppers that all with Dew are fed:  
Thy fruitfull Eaws fat Twins shall bring thee euer,  
And of their Milk shall make a plentiful Riuer:  
Th' olde Tyrant loads not with so-many loans;  
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,  
The panting Vassalls to him Tributary,  
As thy rich Fields shall pay thee voluntary:  
Thy children, and thy children's children, set  
About thy Table side by side at meat,  
Shall flourish like a long and goodly rowe  
Of pale-green Olives that vprightly growe  
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) presage  
Plenty of Oyl vnto their Master sage:  
Sons of thy sons shall serue thy reuerend Eld:  
Thou shalt die quiet, thou shalt liue vnqueld:  
Blessed at home, and blessed in the Plain:  
The blessed God shall send thee timely Rain,  
And holsom windes, and with his keyes of grace  
Open Heav'ns store-house to thy happy Race:  
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of armed men  
Shall charge thee one way, but shall flie thee ten:  
The Peace-Plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay  
Shall shade thy gates: Thy valour shall dismay  
And daunt the Earth: and with his sacred aw  
Thy Saviour-King shall giue the World the law.

If other-wise; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,  
Shall plague thee fell with thousand pangs in one:  
Thy numbry Flocks in part shall barren be,  
In part shall bring abortives vnto thee:  
Accurst at home, accursed in the Plain,  
Thy labour boot-les, and thy care in vain:  
Thy Field shall be of steel, thy Heav'n of brass,  
Thy Fountains dry: and God displeas'd (alas!)  
In steed of holisom shows, shall send down flashes  
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Ashes:  
Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,  
And with that little shall thy Foe be fed;  
He shall the fattest of thy Heard devour  
Before thy face, and yet thou must not lowr:  
Thou shalt build fair, another haue thy Place:  
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face  
Shall lose her *Bride-belt*: God with rage shall smite  
Thy stubborn heart, with blindness and affright;  
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,  
Yea, the least creak shall make thee turn thy back:  
Thou never shalt thine aduerser Hoast surway,  
But to be beaten, or to run away.  
A People stout, for strength and number ample,  
Which th' *Egle* hath for *Ensigne* and Example,  
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall shall dam,  
And make thee (Famisht) thy voyd bowels cram  
With thine owne bowels, and for want of meat  
Thine owne deer Children's trembling flesh to eat.  
And then, thy Remnant (far disperst from home)  
O're all the Corners of the earth shall roam:  
To shew their Curse, they shall no Country ow'ne,  
And (which is worse) they shall not be their Owne.

AMEN, said all the Hoast. Then (like the Swan)  
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

**S**ITH ISRAEL (O wil-full!) will not hear;  
Hearken O Heavens, and O thou Earth giue ear  
Vnto my voyce, and Witness (on my part)  
Before the Lord, my zeal and their hard hart.

The Song  
Of Moses.



O Heav'n and Earth attend vnto my Song,  
Hear my discourse, which sweetly slides along;  
As siluer showrs on the dry Meads do trill,  
And hony dewes, on tender grasse distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts, my Verse  
(As water on the withered Lawns) may pearce:  
And that the hony dropping from my tongue  
May serue the olde for rain, for dew the yong.

I sing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth  
Com praise him with me, sound his glory forth,  
Extoll his Powr, his perfect Works record,  
Truth, Goodnes, Greatnes, Iustice of the Lord.

But, though foreuer He haue shoven him such;  
His children yet (no Children, rather much  
A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,  
All kinde of vice haue foully wallowed in.

O foolish People! dost thou thus requite  
His Father-care, who fenc' t thee day and night,  
As with a Shield? Who chose thee as his heir?  
Who made thee, of so foule a masse, so faire?

Vn-winde the bottom of olde Times again,  
Of Ages past vn-reel the snarled skain,  
Ask of thy Parents, and they shall declare,  
Thine Elders, and they'll tell thee Wonders rare.

They'll tell thee, how, when first the Lord had spread  
Men on the Earth, and iustly levelled  
His strait long Measure th' All-Ball to divide,  
He did for thee a plentious Land provide.

For his deer I A C O B, whom his fauour then  
Seem'd t' haue sequestred from the rest of men,  
To th' end his *Blessed Seed* (in future age)  
Should be his Care, Loue, Lot, and Heritage.

They'll

They'll tell thee too, how through the sandy horror  
Of a vast *Desart*, Den of ghastly Terror,  
Of Thirst and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,  
He by the hand conducted I S R A E L :

Yea (of his goodnes) to direct him still,  
By Word and Writ show'd him his sacred Will;  
Vnder his wings shade, hid him tenderly,  
And held him deer, as apple of his ey.

As is the royall *Eagle's* sacred wont,  
When she would teach her tender Birds to mount,  
To flie and crie about her Nest, to cheer them,  
And when they faint, on her wingd back to bear them :

God (without aid of other Gods or *Graces*)  
Safe guide, hath made him mount the highest Places,  
Suck Oyl and Hony from the Rocks distilling,  
In plentious Land with pleasant Fruits him filling.

He gaue him Milk and Butter for his meat,  
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, and the flour of Wheat;  
And for his Drink, a most delicious Wine  
(The sprightfull bloud of the broad-spreading Vine).

But, waxen fat, he lifts his wanton heel  
Against his God (to whom his Soule should kneel)  
Forlakes his Maker, and contemns the Same  
That saued him from danger, death, and shame.

Then, he inflam'd the fury of the Lord;  
With profane bowing to false Gods abhord:  
With seruing *Idols*, and with Sacrificing  
To Fiends, and Phanfies of his owne deuising.

For vain false Gods, Gods vn-renown'd, and new,  
Gods that his Fathers nor he neuer knew,  
He hath forgot the true eternall B E E I N G,  
The God of whom he holdes his blis and being.

God



God saw it well, and Ielously a-fire,  
Against his Children thus he threats his ire :  
No ; I will hide the brightnes of my face,  
I'll take from them the treasures of my grace.

Then let vs see what will of them becom :  
But, what but mischief can vnto them com,  
That so perverse with euery puff let fly  
Their Faith, sole constant in inconstancy?

Th' haue made me ieloux of a God, no God :  
I'll make them ieloux, I will Wed (abroad)  
A People (yet) no People : And their brest  
Shall split, for spight, to see the *Nations* blest.

Deuouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,  
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath consume  
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,  
And strong foundations of the steepest Hills.

I'll spend on them my store of Punishments,  
And all mine Arrows ; Famine, Pestilence,  
Wilde Beasts, and Worms that basely crawling are,  
Without remorse shall make them end-les War.

Abroad, the Sword their strong men shall devour,  
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,  
The fresh yong Youth, the sucking Children small,  
And hoary head, dead to the ground shall fall.

Yea, euen already would I quite deface  
And clean destroy them, I would I A C O B race,  
Raze his Memoriall from the Earth for ay,  
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would say :

We haue preuail'd, we by our strength alone  
Haue quell'd this People, and them over-thrown :  
'T was not their God that did it for their Sins :  
No, He himself is vanquish't with his Friends.

Ha! sottish blocks, void of all sense and sight:  
Could one man put a thousand men to flight,  
And two, ten thousand, if the God of Arms  
Had not even sold their Troops and bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their Gods surpass:  
They knowe it well: but, their Wine springs (alas!)  
From S O D O M's Vine, and grew in G O M E R's fields,  
Which Gall for Grapes, for Raysins Poyson yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,  
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;  
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the same that comes  
From the fell A S P I K's foul infecting gums.

Do not I know it? keep not I account  
(In mine Exchequer) how their Sins do mount?  
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay  
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their Ruin posteth: then, th' Omnipotent  
Shall Iudge for I A C O B: then I will repent  
To quite-destroy mine owne beloved People,  
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'Twill then be said, Where are their Gods becom  
(Their deaf, dull Idols, sent-les, sight-les, dumb)  
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, and eyes,  
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice?

Now let those trim Protectors them protect;  
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,  
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and com stand before,  
To shield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' I M M O R T A L a m:  
There's none like *Me*, in or about this *Frame*:  
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Graue,  
And from my hands none can the Sinner saue.



I'll lift my hand toward th'arched Heav'ns on high,  
 And swear with-all by mine Eternity  
 (Which onely *Being*, giues to all to *Been*)  
 That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I say) as souerain King alone,  
 I sit me down on my high *Iustice* Throne,  
 I'll venge me roughly on mine Enemies,  
 And guerdon iustly their iniquities:

My heart-thrill Darts I will make drunk with blood,  
 I'll glut my Sword with slaughter; all the brood  
 Of rebell Nations I will race (in fine)  
 To recompense the blood and death of Mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praise and fear,  
 Sith to the Lord it is so choisely-deer:  
 Sith Hee'll auenge his Cause, and beating down  
 His Enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.





## THE CAPTAINES.

THE III. PART OF THE  
III. DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Inst-Duked Iosuah cheers the Abramides  
To CANAAN'S Conquest: Iordan self-divides:  
Re-Circumcision, what, and where, and why:  
Sacke Iericho: Hai won (so Achan die):  
Gabaonites guile: strange Haile: the Sun stands still:  
Nature repines. Iews (Guide-les) prone to ill:  
Adoni-Bezec. Sangar, DEBORA,  
Barac and Iahel conquer SISRARA:  
Samuel succeeds: Iews crane a KING: a vie  
Of People. Sway; States-Rule: and MONARCHY.*

**H**Ail holy IORDAN, and you blessed Torrents  
Of the pure Waters of whose crystill Currents  
So many Saints haue sipt: O Walk, that rest  
Fair Monuments of many a famous Guest:  
O Hills, O Dales, O Fields so flowry sweet,  
Where Angels oft haue set their sacred feet:  
And thou O sacred Place, which wert the Cradle  
Of th' only MAN GOD, and his happy Swadle:  
And thou O Soil, which drank of the crimson Shorn  
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:  
And you fat Hillocks: (which I take as given  
For a firm pledge of the full ioyes of Heav'n)  
Where Milk and Hony flowe; I see you all,  
Ynder the conduct of my Generall

Canaan saluted.



NVN's valiant Son: and vnder GEDEON's Sway,  
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

*Argument of  
this Tract.*

For, heer (brave Heroes), your high Feats I sing;  
Thrice-sacred Spirit, thy speedie succour bring:  
O Spirit, which wert their Guide, Guard, strength and stay,  
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

*Iofuah his in-  
authority, over  
the People of  
Israell.*

IOSUAH, by Favour nor by Bribes, obtains  
A higher Rank then Royall Sovereigns  
(Who buies in gross, he by retail must sell):  
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):  
He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-les):  
Neither by Force (for, who so enters (Right-les)  
By Force, is forced to go out with shame):  
Nor sodain climbs he (raw) vnto the same  
(For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,  
He coms not down, but head-long down doth leap.):

*Stimile.*

But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,  
Which (now) with Conscience, Law doth Moderate,  
Was first a Student (vnder others law)  
Then Barister, then Counceller at-Law,  
Then *Qugens*-Solicitor, then Roules-Arbitrer,  
And then Lord-Keeper, now LORD CHANCELER;  
He coms to 't by degrees: and having first  
Show'n himself wise in spying Canaan yerst,  
Faith-full to MOSES in his Ministrings,  
And Stout in Fight against the Heathen Kings,  
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests  
Pronounce him so, the People pleased is.

*His first Oration  
to the People.*

But in his State yer he be stall'd (almost)  
Set in the midst of God's beloved Hoast,  
He thus dilates: O happy Legions deer,  
Which sacred Arms vnder Heav'n's Ensignes bear,  
Fear not that I, yet forty years, again  
Your wandring Troops in these yast sands should train  
Twixt Hope and Fear: th'vn-hallowed Offerings,  
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings  
Of your stiff Fathers, have with-holden rather  
Then whole with-draw'n th'aid of your heav'nly Father:

God

God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd)  
Nills the set Term without effect should slide.  
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word,  
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,  
And bravely shoue that th' Hoast of *ISRAEL*,  
In Valour, far doth his drad Fame excell.

Courageous *IACOB*, *ARAD*'s stoutest hearts  
And strongest Holdes have prov'd thy Pikes and Darts,  
The *Madianites* have thine Arms thunder knownen,  
Th' hast razed *Bazan*, ranfackt *Hezebon*,  
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)  
Croft the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop *SINA* past,  
And sent to Hell thy draddest Foes: Lo, now  
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.

Then turning him to *RUBEN* and to *GAD*,  
And to *MANASSE*s, who their Portion had  
By *MOSES* grant on *Jordan*'s Eastern verge;  
War-elloquent, he thus proceedsto vrge:  
Can you (my Harts) finde in your hearts to leave  
Your Ranks, and vs thus of your aids bereave?  
Will you ly wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,  
While in colde Trenches your poor Brethren keep?  
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be don)  
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*  
His cloudy store in storm-full fury pours,  
And drowns your Brethren with continuall shows?  
Will you go dance and dally to and fro,  
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?  
Will you expect a part with them in gain,  
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?  
God shield you should dishonour so your Blood:  
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Flood  
Your Wives and Children, and (vnfit for Battell)  
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)  
Com arm your selves, t' advance our Victories,  
And share with vs in Perill, as in Prize.

O noble Prince (then all the Hoast repli'd)  
March-on a Gods name; and good Hap betide:

He vrgeth par-  
ticularly Rubē,  
Gad, & Manaf-  
ses, to take part  
with their Bre-  
thren, in prosecu-  
ting the Conquest  
of Canaan.

The generall and  
ioisfull answere  
of the people.

Were



Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wildernes,  
 Were there before vs yet more crimsin Seas,  
 Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seir* set  
 Each vpon other (vp to Heav'n to get)  
 We'll follow thee through all; and onely th' end  
 Of our own liues shall our brave Iourney end.

After the *Ark*, then march they in aray  
 Direct to *Jordan*, praying all the way  
 That living God, whose match-les mighty hand  
 Parted the Sea, that they might pass by land.

*A Poeticall and  
 pleasant descrip-  
 tion of the River  
 Jordan.*

Hoar-headed *Jordan* neatly lodged was  
 In a large Caue, built all of beaten Glas;  
 Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,  
 The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imboist  
 With Pearls and Rubies, and in-lay'd the rest  
 With *Nacre checks*, and Corall of the best:  
 A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,  
 With tribute siluer to his seruice run:  
 There, *IRIS*, *AVSTER*, and Clouds blewly black  
 Continually their liquor leaue and take:  
 There, th' aged Flood lay'd on his mossie bed  
 And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head  
 Vpon a Tuft, where th' eating waues in croach,  
 Did gladly wait for *ISRAEL*'s approach:  
 Each haire he hath is a quick-flowing stream,  
 His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,  
 Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds  
 A swelling Sea that ouer-flows his bounds:  
 His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep,  
 About his loins a rush-Belt wears he deep,  
 A Willow Wreath about his wrinkled brows;  
 His Father *NEREVS* his complexion shoves.

So soon as He their welcom rumour heard,  
 His frosty head about the Waues he reard,  
 With both his hands strook back behinde his ears  
 The wauing Tresses of his weeping hairs,  
 And then perceiving *IA COB*'s Army stay'd  
 By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said:

# The Captaines.

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Presumptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingratefull Torrent)  
Lift-vp thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current  
Against the Lord, and ouer-flowe thy bound  
To stop his passage? Shall the Floods profound  
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast giue-way?  
Shall *Egypt's* honour, shall that Gulf (I say)  
That long large Sea, which with his plentious waves  
A third or fourth part of the World be-laues;  
Shall That yield humbly at his Servant's beck?  
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)  
Resist himself (his glorious self) that Inns  
Heer in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?  
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung  
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,  
And down his back powrs back-ward all his course:  
The stream returns towards his double source;  
And, leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,  
The fearfull waves in heaped Hills were fixt,  
To giue God place, and passage to his hoast,  
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed coast.

So, dry they pass (after the sacred *Oracle*)  
And leaue Memorials of that famous Miracle  
Vpon Mount *Gilgal*: and their flesh anon  
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.  
For, the All-guiding God, th' Almighty Prince,  
To giue to His som speciall difference,  
Will'd that all Males of *Abram's* Progenies  
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;  
And ever-more, that *Isaac's* blessed Race  
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient *ISRAEL*,  
In such a secret place Record and Seal  
Th' *Act* of the *Couenant*: and with bloody smart,  
Ingraueth their glory in a shamefull part?

Who blushes at it, is a grace-les Beast:  
Who shamesto see the *Signe* of Grace impress'd  
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of *CHRIST*  
Born of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.

Protopopoeia.

The Israelites  
passe dry shod  
through Iordan.

Circumcision.

A curious Que-  
stion, why it was  
appointed in such  
a place.

A sharpe and so-  
ber answer.



*The right appli-  
cation and vse  
thereof.* A hundred subtill Reasons from the Writs  
Of *Rabbins* could I bring : but, sober Wits  
Rest satisfied, conceiving that th' incision  
Of th' obcœne *Fore-skin*, signifies th' abscission,  
Or sacred cutting-off of foul Affects,

Beseeming those whom God, for his, elects :  
That God the Fruits of Flesh and Blood doth hate :  
And that through CHRIST we must regenerate.

*The Passouer.* Now, th' *Hebrews* kept their *Pass-over* : and go  
(By Heav'ns address) to mighty *Iericho*,  
Besieging so the City round about,  
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.

*The Siege of Ie-  
richo, after a  
strange manner.* Souldiers (sayd then th' vndaunted Generall)  
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,  
To myne, or scale, or batter-down these Towns :  
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs  
Will fight himself alone : and then he bod  
(As first himself had been inform'd by God),  
That daily once they all should march the Round  
About the City, with horn-Trumpets sound,  
Bearing about for only Banneret,  
The light-full *Ark*, G O D's sacred Cabinet :  
Their swords vn-draw'n, not making any noyse,  
Threat-lesse their brows, and without braves their voyce,  
No shaft to shoot, no signe of War, no glance,  
And euen their March doth rather seem a dance.

*The Citizens de-  
ride it.* What Childre-spell ? what May-game haue we heer ?  
What, dare you (Gallants) dare you com no neer ?  
Is this your braue Assault ? is this your Fight ?  
Ween you with Scar-crowes vs (like birds) to fright ?  
(Said the besieged) get you som where els.  
(Poor fors) to shoue your Bug-bears and your spels :  
Cease your hoarse musick, leaue the stage alone :  
Fools, draw the Curten, now your Play is done.

*On the 7. day,  
their walles of  
themselves fall  
downe.* Six dayes together had th' *Hebrews* thus 't  
About the town, seauen-times the seauenth they must ;  
When sacred *Leuits* sound more lowd and high,  
Their horny Trumps : then all the people cry

Com,

# The Captaines.

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Com, com (great God) com, batter, batter down  
These odious walls, this Idol-wedded Town.

It cracks in th' instant, the foundation shrinks,  
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,  
Each stone is loose, and all the wall doth quiver,  
And all at once vnto the ground doth shiuer  
With hideous noyse; and th' *Heathen* Guarison  
Is but immur'd with Clouds of dust alone:  
So shall you see a Clowd-crown'd Hill somtime,  
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time,  
Dreadly to shake, and boundling down to hop;  
And roaring, heer it rouses tall Cedars vp,  
There aged Oaks; it turns, it spurns, it hales  
The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales,  
There sadly sinks, or suddain stops the way  
Of som swift Torrent hastning to the Sea.

Boast you (O Bombards) that you Thunder drown:  
And vaunt you (Mines) that you turn vp side-down  
Rampires and Towns, and Walls the massie-most:  
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost;  
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,  
And (by mischance) oft your own side betray.  
But, th' *Hebrews* with a suddain shout and cry,  
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,  
And (vnrefilted) entring every-where,  
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.  
And, as a sort of lusty Bil-men, set  
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great;  
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,  
They turn an Oak-groue to a field of grain:  
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pittie,  
Through all sad corners of the open City,  
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in blood, and toyl  
To lay all leuell with the trampled soyl:  
The Idol's Temples, and the delicat  
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat:  
The Fire lowd-crackling with the Clouds doth meet,  
A bloody Torrent runsthrough euery street,

K k 2

*Simile.*

*Simile.*

*Iericho sackt &  
consumed with  
fire, and all her  
inhabitants put  
to the sword,  
without respect  
of State, Sexe or  
Age.*

Their



Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor small;  
 Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl,  
 Nor him that wears snowe on his shaking head,  
 Ice in his heart; nor the least Beast they bred.  
 A deed (indeed) more worthy th' *Hefeline*,  
 Than th' holy *Hebrews*; had the voice Divine  
 Not charg'd them so, and choicely armed them  
 \*Gainst *Iericho*, with his owne \* *Anathem*:

\*Curse.

Referuing only for his *Sacred Place*,  
 The Gold and Siluer, th' Iron and the Brasse.

Achan's Sa-  
cridedge.

Yet sacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord  
 Som precious Pillage: which incenst the Lord  
 Against the Camp, so that he let them fly  
 (For this Offence) before their Enemy.

Hai summoned,  
the Townes mens  
sally and put the  
Israelites to  
flight,

For, when three thousand chosen *Israelites*  
 Were sent to *Hai* t' assault the *Cananites*,  
 The Town all arm's: their Prince the forwardest

(No less-brave Souldier then proud *Athēist*)  
 Arms the broad Mountain of his hairy breast,  
 With horrid scales of *Nilus* greedy beast;  
 His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin  
 Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin*:

The antik armor  
of the King.  
His insolent and  
blasphemous  
Oration.

He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head;  
 Wher-on for Plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread;  
 Not much vnlike a Birch-tree bare belowe,  
 Which at the top in a thick tuft doth growe,  
 Waving with euery winde, and made to kiss  
 Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this:  
 In *Quyver* made of *Lezard's* skins he wears  
 His poysoned Arrows; and the Bowe he bears,  
 Is of a mighty Tree strung with a Cable,  
 His Shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able  
 To pearce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant:  
 Thus furnished, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:  
 Sirs shall we suffer this ignoble Race,  
 Thus shamefully vs from our Owne to chase?  
 Shall they be Victors yer they overcom?  
 Shall our Possessions and our Plenty com

Among:

Among these Mongrels? Tush: let Children quake  
At dreams of ABRAHAM: let faint Women shake  
At their drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;  
I know no Gods, aboue my glittering Sword:  
This sayd, he fallies, and assaults the Foe  
With furious skirmish, and doth charge them so,  
As stormy billows rush against a Rock:  
As boystrous windes (that haue their prison broak)  
Roar on a Forrest: as Heav'ns sulph'ry Flash  
Against proud Mountains surly brows doth dash.

The sacred Troops (to conquer alwayes wont)  
Could not sustain his first Tempestuous brunt,  
But turn their backs: and as they fly a main,  
Foure less than fourty of their band were slain.

The son of NUN then (with th' *Isacian* Peers)  
Before the Ark in prostrate wise appears;  
Sack on his back, dust on his head, his eyes  
Even great with teares, thus to the Lord he cries:  
O! what alas? what haue we don, O Lord?  
The People, destin'd to thy Peoples sword,  
Conquers thy people; and the *Cananites*  
(Against thy Promise) chase the *Israelites*.  
O Lord, why did not *Jordan's* rapid Tyde  
Still stay our Hoast vpon the other side?  
Sith heer, in hope, to get the *Promis'd* more,  
We hazard all that we had won before.

Regard, and guard vs; nay, regard thy Name:  
O! suffer not the seed of *Abraham*  
(Almighty Father, O thou God most high!)  
To be expos'd to *Heathens* Tyranny!  
Much les thy sacred Ark, for them to burn:  
And least of all, thy glorious Self, to scorn.

IOSUAH (sayd God) let th' Hoast be san'ctif'd,  
And let the Church-thief die, that dar'd to hide  
Th' vn-lawfull Pillage of that cursed Town  
(The Mayden Conquest, prime of thy Renown):  
Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towers  
Of HAI shal fall vnder thy war-like pows.

3. Similes.

*Iosuah and the  
Princes of Israel  
humbled before  
the Lord in  
Prayer.*



Acham *enters*  
and

The morrow next, after the great *Assise*,  
A CHAN (conuicted, not by bare surmize,  
But by God's Spirit, which vndermines our mindes,  
And cleerly sees our secretest designses,  
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,  
To whom the Die vncertain rouleth not)  
Is brought without the Hoast, with all hee hath,  
And sacrific'd vnto th' Almightyes wrath.

Now, between *Bethel* and H A I's western wall,  
There lies a valley close inuiron'd all  
Between the forking of a Hill so high,  
That it is hidden from all passers-by:  
Whose horned clifts, below are hollowed,  
And with two Forrests harbour'd ouer-head;  
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,  
Bounding from Rock to Rock with roaring Current;  
Deaffens the Shepheards: so that it should seem  
Nature fore-cast it for som Stratagem.

An ambush,

Thither the Duke (soon after mid-night) guides  
His choycest Bands, and them there war'ly hides:  
Ech keeps his place, none speaks, none spets, none coughs;  
But all as still, as if they march on moss:

Simile.

So fallow Wolues, when they intend to set  
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat;  
Through silent darkness secret ways do groap;  
Their feet are feathered with the wings of hope,  
They hold their breath, and so still vn-descri'd,  
They pass hard by the watchfull Mastie's side.

Mean-while the howrs opened the doors of Day,  
To let out *Titan* that must needs away:  
Whose radiant tresses, but with trailing on,  
Began to gild the top of *Libanon*;

\*Signifieth but  
an Earle: but  
here it is vsur-  
ped for the chief  
Captain Iosuah.  
Simile.

When, with therest of all his Hoast, the \*GRAVE  
Marcheth amain to giue the Town a braue,  
They straight re-charge him: as in season warm.  
The hony-makers busie-buzzing swarm,  
With humming threats throngs from the little gates  
Of their round Towr, and with their little hates

Eicreely

Fiercely assayl, and wound the naked skins  
Of such as come to rob their curious Inns.

Why (Cowards) dare you com again for blowes?  
Or, do you long your wretched liues to lose?  
Com, we are for you; wee'l dispatch you soon,  
And for the many wrongs that you haue don  
Vnto our selues, our Neighbours, and our Friends;  
This day our swords shall make vs fell amends  
(Cry th' Amorites): and th' Hebrew Captain then  
Flee, as affraid, and with him all his men  
Disorderly retire; still faining so,

*A stratagem.*

Till (politik) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe  
Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers there,  
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noise so neer,  
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held  
By threatning gestures of Commanding Eld:  
So haue I seen on LAMBORN's pleasant Douns,  
When yelping Begles or som deeper Hounds  
Haue start a Hare, how milk-white Minks and Lun  
(Gray-bitches both, the best that euer run)  
Held in one leas, haue leapt and strain'd, and whin'd  
To be restrain'd, till (to their masters minde)  
They might be slipt, to purpose; that (for sport)  
Watt might haue law, neither too-long nor short.

*Simile.*

But, when the Heathen had the ambush past,  
The Duke thus cheers his sacred Troops as fast,  
Sa, sa, my Hearts, turn, turn again vpon-them,  
They are your own, now charge, and cheerly on-them.  
His ready Souldiers at a beck obey,  
And on their Foes courageous load they lay;  
They shoot, they shock, they strike, they stab, they kill  
Th' vnhalloved Currs, that yet resisted still;  
Vntill behind them a new storm arose  
With horrid noise, which daunts not only those,  
But with the fury of it's force doth make  
The Hills and Forrests, and euen Hell to quake.

*Hai, conquered,*

Pagans, what will you do? If heer you fly,  
You fall on Caleb, where y' are sure to dy:

*If*



Simile.

If there, on *Iofuah*: Ovnfortunate!  
Your help-les gods in vain you invoke.  
Yare (O forlorn!) like Rabbits round beset  
With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:  
With shrill *Sa-haw*; *beer-beer-bo*, *beer-again*,  
The Warren rings; th'amazed Game amain  
Runs heer and there: but, if they scape away  
From Hounds, stauers kill them; if from stauers, the Hay.  
Yield, yield, and die then, striue not to retire:  
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.

Then *Gabaon*, a mighty City neer,  
That these Exploits of Heav'ns drad hand did hear,  
Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel*.  
No: y'are deceiv'd (said then th' *Arch-Colonel*)  
The *Cananites* are destin'd long ago  
To Fire, and Sword, and vtter Ouer-throwe;  
From Heav'ns high Iudge the sentence doth proceed:  
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.

The Gabaonites  
cunning policie,  
to make League  
with *Israel*.

Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' Embassadors)  
You may perceiue we are no Borderers  
Vpon these countries; For, our suits, our slops,  
Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops  
When we set forth from home; and even that day  
This Bread was baked when we came away;  
But the long Iourney, we haue gon, hath wore  
Our cloath to rags, and turn'd our Victuals hoar.  
W'adiure you therfore in the sacred name  
Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,  
By the sweet ayre of this delightfull Coast;  
By the good Angell that conducts your Hoast;  
By deer Embraces of your deerer Wiues,  
And by your Babes (even) deerer then your liues;  
By each of these, and all of these together,  
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawn vs hither,  
T'haue pittie on vs, and to swear vnto-vs,  
To saue our liues, and not so to vndo-vs,  
As these neer Nations. *Israel* accords,  
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words

So,

# The Captaines.

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A sacred appli-  
cation of their  
profane example.

So, I (good Lord) perceiuing all the Seed  
Of Sin-full Adam, vnto Death decreed,  
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Fury fell,  
And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell;  
Would faine be free: but, if I should (alas!)  
Com, as I am, before thy glorious face,  
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away;  
For, Flesh and Blood possesse not Heav'n, for ay;  
And, the strict Rigour of thy *Iustice* pure  
Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.  
Oh then! what shall I do? I'll similitize  
These *Gabaonites*: I will myself disguise  
To gull thee, Lord (for, euen a holy Guile  
Findes with thee grace and fauour often while:  
I'll put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*  
(For, that was it wherby our Grandfathers did,  
And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell  
From Ioyes of Heav'n, into the Pains of hell)  
But th' humble *Fleece* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*  
Which (for our sakes) vpon the *Cross* became  
So torn and tatter'd; which the most refuse:  
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandal of the *Jewes*.  
And, as a piece of Siluer, Tyn, or Lead,  
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;  
I, that am all but Lead (or dross, more base)  
Inferuent Crucible of thy free Grace,  
I'll gild me all with his pure Beautie's Gold:  
Born a new man (by Faith) I'll kill mine old;  
In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine example,  
His Spirit shall be my spirit, and I his Temple.

Simile.

I being thus in *Christ*, and *Christ* in me,  
O! wilt thou, canst thou, drue vs far from thee?  
Deprive from promis'd new-*Ierusalem*,  
*Christ* thine owne *Likenes*, and me, like to him?  
Bannish from Heav'n (whose *Bliss* shall neuer vade)  
Thy *Christ*, by whom; and me, for whom 'twas made?

But, O presumption! O too rash Designe!  
Alas! to *Will* it only, is not mine:

And,



And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)  
My Spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.

O! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone;  
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,  
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform  
Into thy Self me lin-full silly worm;  
That so, I may bewelcom to my God,  
And liue in Peace, not where the *Jewes* abode,  
But in Heav'n-Sion: and that thou maist be  
Th'vniting glew between my God and me.  
Now, *Eglon's*, *Hebron's*, *Iarmuth's*, *Salem's* Lords;  
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)  
Wroth that their Neighbours had betrayed so  
Their common Country, to their common Foe,  
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand  
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;  
Set-vpon *Gabaon*: but th' *Isacian* Prince,  
As iust as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;  
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,  
He straight bids Battail to their enemies.

*The Battaille of  
the fine Kings.*

The Fight growes fierce; and winged *Victory*,  
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly  
Into the midst; she goes, and coms, and goes,  
And now she leans to these, and now to those.  
After the while from neighbour Mountains arms  
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms  
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely-fell  
In the stearn visage of the Infidel:

*Extraordinary  
Folleys of Hail-  
shot frō Heauen  
vpon the Infidels.*

The roaring Tempest violently retorts  
Vpon themselves the *Pagans* whirling darts,  
And in their owne breasts, their owne Launces bore,  
Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:  
And (euen) as if it enuied the Renown  
Of valiant *Iosuah* (now by *Ganges* knowen)  
With furious shock, the formost Ranks it whirr'd  
Vpon the next, the second on the third:

*Simile.*

Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe  
Doth in an euening on a Carpet build,

When

When som Wag by, vpon his Work doth blowe,  
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all arowe  
Each vpon other, and the Childe he cries  
For his lost labour, and again he tries.

If any, resting on his knotty Spear  
'Gainst Arms and Storms, yet stand out stily there,  
Th' Hail, which the Winde full in his face doth yerke,  
Smarter than Racquets in a Court re-ierke  
Balls 'gainst the Walls of the black-boorded house,  
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.  
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:  
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail  
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls  
Plumb on their heads, and cleaues their sculs and cauls:

And euer, as they waver to and fro,  
Ouer their Hoast the Haily Clowd doth go:  
And neuer hits one *Hebrue*, though between,  
But a sword's length (or not so much) be seen:  
A buckler one, another a bright helm  
Ouer his threatned or sick head doth whelm:  
But the shield broken, and helm beaten in,  
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloody green.

Those, that escape, betake them to their heels:  
*Iosuah* pursues: and though his sweat distills  
From every part, he wounds, he kills, he cleaues:  
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaues.  
But full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,  
Thus (O strange language!) thus aloud he saith,

Beam of th' Eternall, daies bright Champion,  
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun;  
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gabaon*;  
And thou, O Moon i' th' vale of *Aialon*,  
That th' *Ammorites* now by their hare-like flight  
Escape not my hands vnder all-hiding Night,  
As a Caroehe, draw'n by foure lusty steeds,  
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,  
Stops suddainly, if 't slip into a slough,  
Or if it cross som Log or malsie bough,

The

At the command  
of Iosuah the  
Sun standeth still.

Simile.



The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,  
Which now began, towards his West to run,  
Stops instantly, and giues the *Hebrues* space  
To rid the Pagans that they haue in chase.

*Nature*, amaz'd, for very anger shakes:

*Description of  
Nature, who of-  
fended thereat,  
makes her com-  
plaint to God.*

And to th' Almighy her complaint she makes:

Seemly she marches with a measur'd pace,

Choler puts colour in her lovely face,

From either nipple of her bosom-Twins

A lively spring of pleasant milke their spins,

Vpon her shoulders (*Atlas*-like) she beares

The frame of All, down by her side shee wears

A golden Key, where-with shee letteth forth,

And looketh-vp the Treasures of the Earth:

A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,

Wher-in the *Heavens*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is shewn;

The *Sea* in *Siluer* woven, the *Earth* in *Green*,

The *Heav'ns* in *azure*, with *gold* threds between:

All-quickning *Loue*, fresh *Beauty*, smiling *Youth*,

And *Fruitfulness*, each for her fauour suit:

*Grace* still attends ready to do her honour,

*Riches* and *Plenty* alwayes waite vpon her.

Accountred thus, and thus accompani'd,

With thousand sighs thus to the Lord she cri'd:

*Prosopopœia.*

Shall it be sayd, a Man doth Heav'n command?

Wilt thou permit a brauing Souldiers hand

To wrong thine eldest Daughter? ah! shall I

Haue the bare Name, and He th' authority

To Govern all, and all controul (O Lord)

With the bare winde of his ambitious word?

Shall I (the World's Law) then, receiue the Law

At others hands? of others stand in aw?

If't be thy pleasure, or thou think it fit,

To haue it so, or so to suffer it)

(Pardon me, Father, that I am so free)

I heer surrender thy Lieutenancy:

Bestow 't on him, put all into his hand:

Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth command.

Why

## The Captaines.

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Why (daughter) know'st thou not (God answers her)  
That many times my Mercy doth transfer  
Into my Children mine owne power, wher-by  
They work (not seldom) mine owne Wonders high?  
That th' are my sacred Vice-Roys? and that Hee,  
Who (stript of Flesh) by *Faith* is ioyn'd to me,  
May remove Mountains, may dry-vp the Seas,  
May make an Ocean of a Wilderネス?  
Th' hast seen it, Daughter: therefore, but thou pine  
In Ielousie of this drad arm of mine,  
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing do,  
But what my Spirit inables them vnto.

O happy Prince! I wonder not at all,  
If at thy feet the stout *Anachian* fall;  
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Canaanite*,  
The *Pherefite*, *Hetbite*, and *Iebusite*,  
And huge *Basanian*, by thy daunt-les Hoast  
Were over-thrown: and if as swift (almost)  
As my slowe *Muse* thy sacred Conquests sings,  
Thou *Cam'st*, *Saw'st*, *Conquer'dst* more then thirty Kings;  
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it  
Vnto twelue Kindreds in twelue portions fit:  
Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)  
With onely summons of thy mighty Word,  
Thou makest Riuer the most deadly-deep  
To lobsterize (back to their source to creep);  
Walls giue thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,  
Rock-rushing Tempests do retreat, or charge:  
*Sol's* at thy seruice: and the starry *Pole*  
Is proud to pass vnder thy Muster-Roule.

As a blind man, forsaken of his Guide  
In som thick Forest, sad and self-beside,  
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,  
His groaping hand his (late) eys office hath,  
Heer at a stub he stumbles, there the bulhes.  
Rake-off his Gloak, heer on a Tree he rushes,  
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,  
And at the last falls in a Pit, and dies:

The power of a  
Redfast Faith.

IOSVAH  
his victories.

Simile.

Even



*After his death  
Israel hauing  
lost his guide, falls  
from his God.*

*God therefore  
forsakes him.*

*Simile.*

*Vpon his Repen-  
tance God again  
receiues him to  
fauour.*

*The Tyrant A-  
doni-Bezec ta-  
ken & intreated  
as he had hand-  
led others.*

*His complaint.*

Euen so (alas!) hauing their Captain lost,  
So blindly wanders I A C O B's wilfull Hoast,  
Contemns the Fountain of God's sacred Law,  
From Idoll-Puddles poysoning drink to draw;  
Forsakes th'olde true God, and new fals-gods fains,  
And with the *Heathen* friendship entertains.

Th'Almighty saw it (for, what sees he not?  
And sodainly his fury waxed hot;  
And on their neck, for his sweet yolk, he layd  
The Strangers yolk that hard and heauy waigh'd.  
But, as an Infant which the Nurce lets go  
To go alone, waves weakly to and fro,  
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)  
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:  
So I A C O B, iustly made afflictions thrall,  
Is never ready in the Pit to fall

Of pale Despair, but (if he cry, and craue him)  
God still extends his gracious hand to save him;

Raising som *Worthy* that may break in sunder  
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours vnder.

So then, assisted by th'immortall hand,  
Brave I S R A E L brings vnder his Command  
I E R V S A L E M, L V S, B E T H E L, A C C A R O N,  
S E S A I, and T H O L M A I, G A Z A, and A S C A L O N,  
And B E Z E C too; whose bloody Tyrant, fled,  
Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:

To self-taught Torture he himself is put,  
His sacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut.  
Wherby, more inly prickt, then outly payn'd,  
God's Vengeance iust he thus confess't, and playn'd;

O hand, late Scepter-grac't! O hand, that late  
E G Y P T did dread, and E D O M tremble at!  
O hand, that (armed) durst euen M A R S defie,  
And could'st haue pul'd proud I V P I T E R from high!  
Now, where-to serv'st thou, but t'augment my moan?  
Thou canst not now buckle mine Armour on;  
Nor wield my mighty Lance with brazen head,  
Ah! no (alas!) thou canst not cut my bread.

O feet (late) winged to pursue the flight  
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,  
Now you haue lost your office, now (alas!)  
You cannot march; but limp about this place.

But, 'tis the iust God, the iust hand of Heav'n  
In mine owne Coin hath me my paiement giuen:  
For, seventy Kings, thus maim'd of Toes and Thumbs,  
I, insolent, haue made to lick the crums  
Vnder my boord (like Dogs) and drawen perforce  
To serue for blocks when I should mount my horse.

*His Confession.*

Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn  
To bound your rage, limit your fury stearn:

*His caveat to all  
Tyrants and cru-  
ell minded men.*

O Conquerers! be warned all by me;  
Be to your Thralls, as God to you shall be:  
Men, pitty Man, wretched and ouer-thrown;  
And think his ease may one-day be your owne:  
For, Chance doth change: and none aliue can say,  
He happy is, vntill his dying day:  
The Foe that after Victorie survives,  
Not for himself but for your glorie liues:  
Th' Oliue's aboue the Palm: and th' happiest King:  
His greatest Triumph, is Self-triumphing.

But *Israel*, wallowing in his myre again,  
Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain;  
And goods and bodies easie booties bin  
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philistim*.

*Israel again and  
again relapseth.*

What help (O *Iacob*)? th' halt nor arms, nor head;  
Thy Fields with bones of thine owne bands bespread,  
And th' only name of thy profaner Foe,  
Congeals thy blood, and chills thy heart for Woe.

*Again humbled.*

Fly, fly, and hie thee quickly to recouer  
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Louer,  
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,  
Terror of terrors, *Heathen's* dreadfull hammer.

*Again & again  
releued.*

Ah! see already how he rescues thee  
From th' odious yoke of *Pagan* Tyranny,  
Breaking the Fetters of thy bondage fell,  
By *Abod*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*;

And:



Sangar a Plow-  
Swain: a famous  
Champion of  
Israel.

And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand  
With Ox-teem tills his tributary Land.  
When *Philistins*, with Sword and Fierie furie,  
Slaughter the *Jews*, and over-run all *Jury*,  
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lustfull-spight  
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight,  
He leaves his Plough, he calls vpon his God,  
And onely armed with his slender Goad,  
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.  
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;  
What means this Fool (saith he)? go silly Clown,  
Get thee to Plough, go home and till thy ground,  
Go prick thy Bullocks; leave the Works of MARS  
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiars.

First learn thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)  
To knowe my strength (rather th'Almightie's might):  
And on his head he layes him on such load  
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,  
And with the third, thrusts him between the eyes,  
That down he falls, shaking his heels, and dies.

Then steps another forth, more stout and grim,  
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him:  
But SANGAR shuns the blowe, and with his stroak,  
The *Pagan* leg short-off in sunder broak;  
On th'other yet, a while he stands and fights:  
But th'*Hebrew* Champion such a back-blowe smights,  
That flat he layes him; then with fury born,  
Forward he leaps, and in a Martiall scorn,  
Vpon his panch sets his victorious foot,  
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into't,  
That blood and bowels (mingled with the bruse)  
Half at his mouth, half at his sides he spews:

Simile.

As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)  
Make with sweet *Nectar* euery wound to bleed,  
Each Grape to weep, and crimson streams to spin,  
Into the Vate, set to receiue them in.

Thence thirty steps a chief commander prest,  
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest,

And

And cries, Com hither (Cow-heard) come thou hither,  
Com let vs cope, but I and thou together;  
I'll teach thee (peasant) and that quickly too,  
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,  
That on Mount *Carmel's* stormy top do feed.  
No, heer (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.

SANGAR runs at him, and he runs so fierce,  
That on his staf, him six steps back he beares;  
Beares down another with him, and another,  
That but with gesture stood directing other:  
As, when 'tis dark, when 't rains, and blusters rough,  
A thund'ring tempest with a sulphury puff  
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,  
And that a third, each opposire to other:  
Smoak, dust, and door-falls, with storms roaring dim,  
Dismay the stoutest that command within;  
The common sort (beside their little wits)  
Scarr'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets:  
But, in their shirts over the walls they run;  
And so their Town, yer it be ta'en, is wun;  
The suddain Storm so inly-deep dismaies-them,  
That fear of Taking to despair betrays them.

*Simile.*

Amid their Hoast, then brauely rushes SANGAR,  
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger:  
Who flies, or follows, he alike besteads:  
On scattered heape of slaughtered Foes he treads.  
This with his elbow heer he over-turns,  
That with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;  
Heer, with his staff he makes in shivers fly  
Both cask and scull, and there he breaks a thigh,  
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;  
And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick  
Nuts form a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beats down:  
With swords, and shields, and shafts, the Field is sown:  
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain  
There ly six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.

*Comparison.*

Almightie God, how thou to thine art good!  
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd

L I

By



By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, before  
Nothing but spades, coulters, and bills had bore:

But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand  
Thou for a time committest the Command  
Of ISRAEL: for, of no other Head,

Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,  
DEBORA. But prudent DEBORA: vnto whose Throne

Fly those whose heads with age are hoary grown,  
And those great Rabbies that do grauely sit,  
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ,  
And He that in the Tabernacle serues,  
Her sacred voyce as Oracles obserues:

None from her presence ever coms confus'd,  
And, gotten skill, giues place to skill infus'd.

O IACOB'S Lanthorn, Load-star pure, which lights  
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*  
(Said then the People) what shall vs befall?

IACOB'S felly oak our weary necks doth gall:

We are the Butts vnto all Pagan darts,  
And colde Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).

ISRAEL (saith shee) be of good cheer; for now  
God wars vpon your Foes, and leagues with you:  
Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,  
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance:

Barac. This said, on BARAC she a Shield bestowes,  
Indented on the brims, which plain fore-showes

*His shield given*  
*by Debora.* In curious Boss-work (that doth neatly swell)  
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,

As an abbridgement, where to life appear  
The noblest Acts of eight or nine score year.

Gedeon. Lo, heere an army, stooping by the side  
Of a deep River (with their Thirst half dry'd)  
Sups, licks, and laps the stream: of all which rout,  
The Captain chuses but three hundred out,  
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,  
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,  
Making the same, through their drad sodain sound,  
With their owne Arms themselues to inter-wound:

A hellish rage of mutuall fury swels  
The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels,  
So that the friends that in one Couch did sleep,  
Each others blade in eithers brest do steep:  
And all the Camp with head-les dead is sown,  
Cut-off by Cozen-swords, kill'd by their owne.

Lo there, another valiant Champion,  
Who having late triumphant Laurels won;  
His heed-les Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,  
His onely Daughter doth vnkindly kill:  
The fraantik Mother, all vnbraç't (alas!)  
With silver locks vnkemb'd about her face;  
Arming her rage, with nails, with teeth, and tongue,  
Runs-in, and rushes through the thickest throng:  
And, she will saue, and she will haue (she sayes)  
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold she layes  
Vpon the Maid, and tearing-off her Coat,  
Away she runs, thinking she her had got.

The Priest dissolues in tears, th' Offring is cheerfull;  
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearfull;  
The Father leads with slowe and feeble pace,  
The Daughter seemsto run to death a-pace,  
As if the Chaplet that her temple ties,  
Were *Hymen's* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice:  
Her grace and beauties still augment; (in fine)  
Who so beholds her sweet, loue-darting Eyn,  
Her Cheeks, Lips, Brow's; fresh Lillies, Coral, Iet:  
He sees (or seems to see) a Sun to set.  
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,  
Haue given such life to th' Iron, Brasse, and Gold,  
That heer wants nothing but the Mothers screech,  
The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughter's speech.

Lo heer, another shakes his vnshav'n tresses,  
Triumphing on a Lion torn in peeces:  
O match-les Champion! Pearl of men-at-arms,  
That emptiest not an Arcenal of Arms,  
Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,  
To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars:

*Iephthe.*

*Samson.*



An Ass's Jaw-bone is the Club wher-with  
 Thy mighty arm, brains, beats, and battereth  
 Th'vncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;  
 And th' Hoast that flew in dust, now flowes in bloud.  
 Heer, th' Iron Gates, whose hugeness woont to shake  
 The massie Towers of *Gaza*, thou doost take  
 On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming iest)  
 Crushing their Palace-pillars, (at a feast)  
 Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall  
 The *Philistins* blaspheming Princes all.  
 Heer, from ones head, which two huge coins do crush,  
 (As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:  
 Heer lies another in a deadly swoone;  
 Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground:  
 Another, heer pasht with a pane of wall,  
 Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall:  
 Another, heer o're-taken as he fled,  
 Lies (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:  
 Another, covered with a heap of lome,  
 Seems with his mooving to re-moue his Toomb:  
 Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,  
 In velvet Robes vnder the Earth doth roule,  
 Refusing light, and little ayr receives,  
 And hunting worms her mooving hillockes heaves.

*Simile.*

*The Leuites  
 wife.*

Lo lower heer, a beastly Multitude  
 On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude,  
 Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)  
 Into twelues Peeces her dead Body hackt;  
 And, to twelve Parts of *ISRAEL* them transfers,  
 As twelue quick tinders of interest in Wars.

*The Arke taken  
 by the Philis-  
 tines.*

And lower yet behold (with hatefull scorn)  
 The *ARK* of God to *DAGON's* Temple born;  
 But, th' Idol yeelds to *GOD*, and *DAGON* falls  
 Before the *ARK*, which *Heathen's* pride appalls.

*The Battaille be-  
 twene the Ira-  
 elites and Assy-  
 rians with their  
 iron Chariots.*

*BARAC* thus arm'd, th' *ASORIAN's* sets-vpon,  
 That bright in brasse, steel, gold, and silver shone:  
 But, his young Soldiers were much daunted tho,  
 To see the fearfull Engins of the Foe:

# The Captaines.

501

Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,  
Whose glistering irons dazle even their sight;  
Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade  
Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made  
(As proud of it, as Unicorns are wroth  
Of their rich Weapon that adorne their Front)  
Amidst their Pettrall stands another Pike:  
One either-side, long grapples (Sickle-like)  
The like at either Nave: so that (in Wars)

'Tis present death t' approach these broaching Cars.

But DEBORA, her Troops encouraging,  
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing:  
Courage (sayth she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,  
Strike, and strike home, lay on with all your mights:  
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)  
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.  
Doubt-les, they are your owne: their armed Charrets  
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.  
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engines glorious,  
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious:  
Or rather, 'tis God's Thunder-throwing hand,  
Which onely doth all Warr's success command:  
And, VICTORIE's his Daughter, whom he now  
(For his owne sake) frankly bestowes on you.

Even as a sort of Shepheards, having sp'd  
A Wolfcom stealing down a Mountainside,  
Cry shrill, *Now-now*, vp-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolfe*;  
*Now, now* (sayes *Eccho*) vp-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolf*;  
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,  
That th' hungry Thief hence without hunting flies:  
So th' *Hebrues*, heartned with her brave Discourse,  
Gave such a showt, that th' armed Carrs and Horse  
Turn suddain back, their Drivers Art deceiue;  
And, changing side, through their owne Army cleave.

Som, with the blades in every Coursers brow,  
Were (as with Launces) bored through and through:  
Som torn in peeces with the whirling wheels,  
Som trod to death vnder the Horses heels:

L 13

Debora com-  
fort:th and in-  
courageth the  
Israelites.

Simile.

Gods enemies o-  
uerthrowen by  
their owne En-  
gines.

As



*Simile.* As (in som Countries) when in Season hot,  
Vnder Horſe feet (made with a whip to trot)  
They uſe to thresh the ſheaves of Winter-Corn,  
The grain ſpurts-out, the ſtraw is bruiſ'd and torn.  
Som (not direct before the Horſe, nor vnder)  
Were with the Sythes mow'n in the miſt a-funder :

*Simile.* As in a Mead the Graſs yet in the flowr,  
Falls at the foot of the wide-ſtraddling Mower,  
That with a ſtooping back, and ſtretched arm,  
Cuts-croſs the ſwathes to winter-feed his Farm.

If there reſt any reſolute, and loth  
To loſe ſo ſoon their Arms and honors both  
At firſt aſſault, but rather brauely bent  
To ſee ſo fierce and bloody Fight's event;  
Both DEBORA and BARAC thither plid:  
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE,

*Debora prays  
while Barac  
fights.*

*The Infidels ve-  
terly ouerthrown  
and Siſara their  
Captaine ſlain  
by Iahel.*

And NVN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like man,  
Who did tranſplant the Tribes to CANAAN)  
She (in the zeale of her religious ſpirit)  
Liſts-vp her hands to pray, and he to fight.  
He charges fierce, he wounds, he ſlaughters all  
But SISARA, their Captain generall;  
Who flies to IAHIEL, and by her is ſlain  
Driving a nail into his ſleeping brain.

At laſt, the Helm of head-ſtrong ISRAEL  
Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL;  
One rarely-wiſe, who weds his Policy,  
*Samuel, Iudge.* To diuine gifts of ſacred Phophecie:  
But, his too-greedy Sons, digreſſing quite  
From his good ſteps, diſ-taſte the ISRAELITE  
*Israel aſhes a  
KING.* Of th' ancient R V L E of th' Heav'nly Potentate:  
So that all ſeek a ſuddaine Change of STATE.

Alſembled then in ſacred PARLIAMENT,  
Vp ſtarts a Fellow of a mean Deſcent  
(But of great ſpirit, well-ſpoken, full of wit,

*1. A Declamatio  
of a Plebeian for  
Democratic or  
People-Sway.*

And courage too, aſpiring high to ſit)  
And having gain'd attention, thus he ſayes:  
Divine Deſigne! O Purpoſe worthy-prayſe,

To now-Reform the STATE, and soundly heal  
 With holſom Lawes th' hurts of the Common-weal:  
 But (prudent ISRAEL) takenow heed (or never);  
 Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;  
 In ſhaking-off confuſed *Anarchie*,  
 To be intig't embrace a *Monarchie*,  
 Admir'd of Fools, ador'd of Flatterers.  
 Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:  
 The Freedom and Defence of the baſe Rabble,  
 But to brave mindes a Yoak intolerable.

For, who can brook, millions of men to meaſure  
 Breath, Life, and Mooving, all at One man's pleaſure?  
 One, to keep all in aw? One at a beck  
 A whole great Kingdom to controule and check?

Is't not a goodly ſight to ſee a Prince,  
 Void of all Vertue, full of inſolence,  
 To Play with Noble States, as with a ſtraw?  
 A Fool, to give ſo many Wiſe the Law?  
 A Beaſt, to govern Men? An Infant, Eld?  
 A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the Field?

Who is't but knowes?, that ſuch a Court as this,  
 Is th' open Shop of ſelling Offices?  
 Th' harbour of Riot, ſtews of Ribal dry,  
 Th' haunt of Profuſion, th' Hell of Tyranny:  
 That no-where ſhines the REGAL Diadem,  
 But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extreme?  
 That not a King among ten thouſand Kings,  
 But to his Luſt his Law in bondage brings?  
 But (ſhame-leſ) triumphs in the ſhame of Wives?  
 But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?  
 But gilderh thoſe that glorifie his Folly;  
 That ſooth and ſmooth, and call his Hell-neſs holy?  
 But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes  
 (Pour'd every-where) his meanest Subjects vexes;  
 As an ill-ſtated Body doth diſtill  
 On's feebleſt parts his cold-raw humors ſtil.

That Form of RvLE is a right *Comon-weal*,  
 Where all the People haue an Enter-deal:

The corruption  
 & licentiousnes  
 of moſt Princes  
 Courts.

Simil.



Where (with-out law or law) the Tyrants sword  
 Is not made drunk with blood, for a Mifs-word:  
 Where, Each (by turn) doth *Bid* and doth *Obe*;  
 Where, still the *Commons* (hauing *Soverain-Sway*)  
 Share equally both Rigour and Reward  
 To each-man's merit: giving no regard  
 To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments  
 From great-great-Grand-fires cutcheon'd in Descents:  
 Where, *Learned* Men, vn-foule-clogd (as it were)  
 With servile giues of Kings imperious Fear,  
 Fly euen to Heav'n; and by their Pens inspire  
 Posterity with Verrue's glorious Fire:  
 Where, Honour's honest Combat never cealles,  
 Nor Vertue languishes, nor Valour lees  
 His sprightfull nerves, through th' Envy of a PRINCE,  
 That cannot brook another's excellence;  
 Or, Pride of those, who (from great Elders sprung)  
 Haue nothing but Their glory on their tongue;  
 And deeming Others Worth, enough for them,  
*Vertue* and *Valour*, and all *Arts* contemn:  
 Or, base Despair, in those of meaner Calling,  
 Who, on the ground still (woorm-like) basely crawling,  
 Dare not attempt (nor scarcely think, precise)  
 Any great Act or glorious Enterprife;  
 Because Ambition, Custom, and the Law,  
 From high Estate hath bounded them with aw:  
 Where, He that never rightly learn'd to obey  
 Commandeth not, with heavy Sword of *Sway*:  
 Where, each i'th' Publik having equall part,  
 All to save all, will hazard life and hart:  
 Where, *Liberty* (as deer as life and breath)  
 Born with vs first, consorts vs to our death.

*Simile.*

Shall savage Beasts like-better Nuts and Mast  
 In a free Forrest, than our choise Repast  
 In iron Cages? and shall we (poor Sots)  
 Whom Nature Masters of our selues allots,  
 And Lords of All besides, shall we go draw  
 On our owne necks an ease-les Yoak of Aw?

Rather

Rather (O I A C O B) chuse we all to die,  
Than to betray our Native *Libertie*,  
Than to becom the sporting Tennis-ball  
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld vs thrall  
To serve or honor any other King  
Than that drad L A V V which did from S I N A ring.

Another then, whom Age made venerable,  
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honorable,  
Stands vp, and speaks (maiestically-milde)  
On other Piles the C O M M O N - W E A L to build.

Doubt-les (said he) with waste of Time and Soap,  
Y'have labour'd long to wash an Æ T H I O P E:  
Y'have drawn vs heer a goodly form of S T A T E  
(And well we have had proof of it of late):  
Shall we again the Sword of I V S T I C E put

In mad mens hands, soon their owne throats to cut?  
What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fel?  
What Chaff more light? What Sea more apt to swel  
Than is th'vnbridled Vulgar, passion-toss't;  
In calms elated, in foul-weather lost?

What boot deep Projects, if to th' eyes of all  
They must be publiht in the common Hall?  
Sich known Designs are dangerous to act:  
And, th'vn-close Chief did never noble fact.

D E M O C R A C Y is as a tossed Ship,  
Void both of *Pole* and *Pilot* in the deep:  
A *Senate* fram'd of thousand Kinglings slight;  
Where, voices pass by number, not by waight;  
Where, wise men do propound, and Fools dispose:  
A Fair, where all things they to sale expose:  
A Sink of Filth, where ay th'infamousest,  
Most bold and busie, are esteemed best:  
A Park of savage Beasts, that each-man dreads:

A Head-les Monster with a thousand heads.  
What shall we then do? shall we by and by  
In Tyrants paws delect vs servilely?  
Nay, rather, shunning the extremities,  
Let vs make choise of men vpright and wise;

2 Another, of a  
reverend Sena-  
tor for Aristo-  
cracy, or the  
rule of a chosen  
Synode of the  
best men.

*Comparison.*

*Simile.*

*Simile.*  
*Simile.*

*Simile.*

Of



Of such whose Vertue doth the Land adorn,  
 Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,  
 Of such as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch  
 Of th'abiekt Vulgar; and to th' hands of such  
 (Such as for Wisdom, Wealth, and Birth excell)  
 Let vs commit the Reans of I S R A E L;  
 And ever from the sacred Helm exclude  
 The turbulent, base, moody *Multitude*.

*Simile.*

Take away Choice, and where is Vertue's grace?  
 What? shall not Chance vnto Defert give place?  
 And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blinde be led  
 By those whose eyes are perfect in their head?  
 Chiefly, amid such baulks, and blocks and Pits,  
 As in best *State*-path's the best *States*-man meets?

*Comparison.*

Who may be better trusted with the key  
 Of a great Chest of Gold and gems than they  
 That got the same? And who more firm and fit  
 At carefull Stern of P O T I C I E to sit,  
 Than such as in the Ship most venture bear:  
 Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack fear:  
 Such as, Content, and having Much to lose,  
 Even Death it selfe, rather than Change, would choose?

3. *The Oration  
 of a Noble yong  
 Prince, for Mo-  
 narchy or the  
 sole Soveraintie  
 of a KING.*

While he discourst thus on a Theam so grave,  
 Vp-rose a Gallant, noble, yong, and brave,  
 Fo to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)  
 One-day t'attain a Scepters governance,  
 And thus he speaks: Your R V L E is yet too Free.  
 Y'have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publik-Tree*:  
 Y'have qualifide, but not yet cur'd our Grief:  
 Y'have in our Field still left the tares of Strife,  
 Of Leagues, and Factions. For, plurality  
 Of Heads and Hands to sway an *Emperie*,  
 Is for the most part like vntamed Bulls:  
 One, this way hales: another, that way pulls:  
 All, every-way; hurried with Passion's windes  
 Whither their Lust-storms do transport their mindes;  
 At length, the strongest bears the weakest down,  
 And to himself wholly vsurps the Crown:

*Simile.*

And

And so in fine) your *Aristocracie*  
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.

In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,  
And *People-Sway*, have \* *Symptomes* both a-like:  
And neither of them can be permanent  
For want of *Union*; which of Government  
Is both the Life-bloud and Preservative,  
Wherby a *STATE*, yong, strong, and long doth thrive.

\* A passion following any sickness.

But, *MONARCHY* is as a goodly Station,  
Built skilfully, vpon a sure Foundation:  
A quiet House, wherein (as principall)  
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:  
A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)  
A many Masters strive not who shall steer.

The world hath but One God: Heav'n but One Sun:  
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-Birds but One  
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)  
Graves in our hearts the Rule of *MONARCHY*.  
At sound of whose Edicts, all ioynt-proceed:  
Vnder whose Sway, Seditions never breed:  
Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands,  
Lets not the Victory escape his hands:  
And, that same *Maiesty*, which (as the Base  
And Pedestal) supports the waight and grace,  
Greatnes and glory of a well-Rul'd State,  
It not extinguisht nor extenuate,  
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality  
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:

Like as a goodly River, deep and large,  
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,  
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,  
Be in a hundred little brooks divided;  
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more waighs the same:  
But soon it loses both his trade and name.  
And (to conclude) a wife and worthy Prince,  
A *KING*, compleat in Royall excellence,  
Is even the Peoples prop, their powrfull nerves,  
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:

Simila

His



His Country's life and soule, sight and fore-sight;  
And even th' Almighty's sacred Picture right.

While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd,  
A KING, a KING; wee'll have a KING for Guide.  
He shall command: He shall conduct our Hosts,  
And make vs Lords of th' I D V M E A N Coasts.  
Ingrate, said S A M V E L, will you then reject  
Th' Almighty's Scepter? do you more affect  
New P O L I C Y, than his old P R O V I D E N C E?  
And changeth Immortal for a mortall Prince?

A KING;  
*Prerogative.*

Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one:  
But, do ye knowe what follows there-vpon?  
He, from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out,  
To serve his Pomp, and draw his Train about  
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort  
Of Popiniayes and Peacocks of the Court):  
He shal your choicest Sons and Daughter stake  
To be his Seruants (nay, his Slaues to make):  
You shall plant Vineyards, he the Wine shall sup:  
You shall sowe Fields, and he shall reap the Crop:  
You shall keep Flocks, and he shall take the Fleece:  
And P H A R A O's Yoak shall seem but light to his.

Saul anointed  
King of Israell.

But, I Z R A E L doth wilfull still perseuer,  
And S A M V E L (prest and importun'd euer)  
Anointeth S A V L (the son of C I S) a Man  
Whose cursed end marr'd what he well began.

A check so busie,  
Seditious, and  
ambitious Mal-  
contents in any  
State.

You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits:  
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:  
Fantastik Frantiks, that would innovate,  
And every moment change your form of S T A T E:  
That weening high to fly, fall lower still:  
'That though you change your bed, change not your Ill:  
Sec, See how much th' Almighty (the most High)  
Heer-in abhors your fond inconstancy.

The authority of  
every kinde of  
G<sup>o</sup>v<sup>r</sup>ment is  
from God.

The P E O P L E-S T A T E, the A R I S T O C R A C Y,  
And sacred K I N G D O M, took authority  
A-like from Heav'n: and these three Scepter-forms  
Flourish a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms,

As prudent Laws. Therefore, you stout *Helvetians*,  
*Grisons*, *Genevians*, *Raguzins*, *Venetians*,  
 Maintain your Liberties, and change not now  
 Your sacred Laws rooted so deep with you.  
 On th' other side, we that are born and bred  
 Vnder KING S Aw, vnder one *Supream Head*,  
 Let vs still honor their drad *Maiesties*,  
 Obey their Laws, and pay them Subsidies.  
 Let's read, let's hear no more these factious Teachers,  
 These shame-les *Tribunes*, these seditious Preachers,  
 That in all places alwaies belch and bark  
 Aloud abroad, or whispers in the dark,  
 Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)  
 The true Lieutenant of Almighty God.  
 And let not vs, before a KING, prefer  
 A *Senate*-sway, nor Scepter *Popular*.

'Tis better bear the *Youth*-slips of a KING,  
 I' th' Law som fault, I' th' State som blemishing,  
 Than to fill all with Blood-flouds of *Debate*;  
 While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.

One cannot (with-out danger) stir a stone  
 In a great Building's olde foundation:  
 And, a good Leach seeks rather to support,  
 With ordered dyet, in a gentle sort,  
 A feeble Body (though in sickly plight)  
 Than with strong Med' cines to destroy it quight.

And therefore, Cursed, ever Cursed be  
 Our \*Hell-spurr'd PERCIE's fel Conspiracy;  
 And every head and every hand and heart;  
 That did Conceiue or but Consent his part:  
 POPE-prompted Atheists, faining Superstition,  
 To cover Cruelty and cloak Ambition:  
 Incarnat Diuels, Enemies of Man,  
 Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monsters in-humane,  
 Dis-natur'd NERO's, impious EROSTRATES,  
 That with one Puff would blowe-up all Estates;  
 Prince's and Peer's, and Peoples Government  
 (For, of all Three consists our PARLIAMENT)

Therefore every  
 People to persist  
 in the State esta-  
 blished.

\* A iust Exo-  
 cration of the  
 Popish Powder-  
 Plot on the fift  
 of November,  
 1605.

Religion,



Religion, Order, Honesty, and all,  
And more then all that Fear can fear to fall.

And therefore, Blessed, ever Blessed be  
Our glorious GOD's immortall Maiesty;  
ENGLAND's Great Watch-Man, he that Israel keeps,  
Who neuer slumbers and who neuer sleeps:  
Our grations Father, whose still-firm affection  
Defends vs still with wings of his Protection:  
Our louing Sauour that thus Saues vs still  
(Vs so unworthy, vs so prone to ill):

Our sacred Comforter (the Spirit of Light)  
Who steers vs still in the True FAITH aright:  
The TRINITY, th' Eternall THREE in ONE,  
Who by his Powr and Providence alone,  
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery Zeal  
Preserv'd our PRINCE, our PEERS, our PUBLIK-WEAL.

Therefore, O PRINCE (our nostrils deere'st breath)  
Thou true Defender of true Christian FAITH,  
O! let the Zeal of GOD's House eat thee up:  
Fill BABYLON her measure in her Cup:  
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezeck:  
Pittie not Agag, spare not Amalech:  
Hunt, hunt those Foxes that would under-mine  
Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:  
O! spare them not. To spare Them, is to spoil  
Thy Self, thy Seed, thy Subiects, and thy Soil.

Therefore, O PEERS, Prince-loyall Paladines,  
True-noble Nobles, lay-by-by-Designes;  
And, in God's quarrel and your Countreies, bring  
Counsail and Courage to assist your KING  
To counter-mine against the Mines of ROME;  
To conquer Hydra, and to over-come  
And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all  
Whose hearts do Vow, or knees do Bow to Baal:  
Be Zealous for the LORD, and Faith-full now,  
And honor Him, and He will honour you.

FATHERS, and Brethren, Ministers of CHRIST,  
Cease civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Christ;

*whose*

## *The Captaines.*

511

*Whose subtle Agents, while you strive for shells,  
Poyson the kernel with Erronious Spels:  
Whose Envious Seed-men, while you Silent Sleep,  
Sowe Tares of Treason, which take root too-deep.  
Watch; watch your Fold: Feed; feed your Lambs at-home:  
Muzzle these Sheep-clad blondy Wolves of ROME.*

*Therefore, O PEOPLE, let vs Praise and Pray  
Th' Almighty-most (whose Mercy lasts for ay)  
To give vs grace, to ever-keep in minde  
This MIRACLE of his Protection kinde:  
To true-Repent vs of our hainous Sin  
(Pride, Lust, and Loosness) we haue wallowed in:  
To stand still constant in the pure Profession  
Of true RELIGION (with a due discretion  
To try the Spirits, and by peculiar choice  
To knowe our Shepheards from th' Hyxna's voice):  
And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, t<sup>e</sup> expose  
Goods, Lands, and Lives, against his hate-full Foes:  
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine be found,  
Conuert them quickly; and the rest Confound.*

*And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, and PEOPLE too,  
Praise all at once, and selfly each of you,  
His Holy Hand, that (like as long-agoe,  
His Sidrach, Misach and Abednego)  
From the hot Furnace of POPE-Powder'd Zeal  
Hath Sav'd our PRINCE, our PEERS, our PVBLIK-weal.*

The End of the  
THIRD DAIE  
of the  
SECOND WEEK.



# DAVID.

The FOVRTH DAY  
Of

The SECOND WEEK;

Containing

- 1. THE TROPHEIS,
- 2. THE MAGNIFICENCE,
- 3. THE SCHISM,
- 4. THE DECAY.

Translated,  
&  
Dedicated

To Prince HENRY his Highness.



*Acceptam refero.*

To Prince HENRY  
his Highnesse.

A SONNET.

**H**aving new-mustred th' HOAST of all this ALL:  
Your Royall Father In our Fore-ward stands;  
Where (Adam-like) Himself alone Commands  
A WORLD of Creatures, ready at his Call.  
Our Middle-ward doth not unfitly fall  
To famous Chiefs, whose graue-brave heads & hands  
In Counsaile & Courage so Conduct our Bands,  
As (at a brunt) affront the force of Baal.  
Our Rere-Ward (Sir) shalbe your Princely Charge,  
Though last, not least (sith it most Honour brings)  
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:  
For, Your Command is of a Camp of KINGS,  
Som good, som bad: Your Glory shall be, heer  
To Chuse and Use the good, the bad Calsier.

A STANZA.

**J**ewel of NATURE, Joy of ALBION,  
To whose perfection Heav'n and Earth conspire:  
That, in Times fulnes, Thou mayst bless this Throne  
(Succeeding in the Vertues of thy Sire)  
As happily thou hast begun, gae-on;  
That, as thy Youth, we may thine Age admire;  
Acting our Hopes (which shall revive our hearts)  
Pattern and Patron both of Arms and Arts.

Iosuah Syluester.





## THE TROPHEIS.

THE FIRST BOOK OF  
*the fourth Day of the second*  
 Week, of BARTAS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's fall from Faouour, into Gods Disgrace.  
 Dauid design'd Successor in his Place;  
 Brauing Goliath, and the Philistins  
 Hebranely foyles: He flies his furious Prince.  
 Seem-Samuel rais'd: Saul routed; Selfely slain.  
 King-Dauids TROPHEIS, and triumphant Raig:  
 His heauently Harp-skill (in King IAMES renewd).  
 His humane frailty, beaustly purfewd:  
 Berlabé batheing: Nathan bold-reprouing:  
 Dauid repenting (Our REPENTANCE moouing).

Saul king of Is-  
 raell, fortunate  
 at the first, is af-  
 terward reies-  
 ted, and Dauid  
 elected in his  
 stead.

**H**ERöike force, and Prince-fit forme withall,  
 Honor the Scepter of courageous *Saul*;  
 Successe confirmes it: for the power Diuine  
 Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine*,  
 Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,  
 And th' euer-wicked; curst *Amalekite*:  
 O too-too-happy, liſt his arrogance  
 Had not transgress't Heauens sacred Ordinance:  
 But therefore, God in's secret Counsell (iust)  
 Him euen alreadie from his Throne hath thrust,  
 Degraded of his gifts: and in his Reed  
 (Though priuily) anointed Iesse's Seed,

Th' ho-

# The Tropheis.

515

Th' honour of *Iacob*, yea of th' Vniuerſe,  
Heav'ns darling *DAVID*, Subject of my Verſe.

Lord, ſith I cannot (nor I may not once)  
Aspire to *DAVID*'s Diadems and Thrones;  
Nor lead behind my bright *Tryumphal-Car*  
So many Nations Conquered in War:  
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling *Asps* adorn  
With bloody *TROPHIES* of my Foes forlorn:  
Vouchſafe me yet his *Verſe*, and (Lord) I craue  
Let me his Harp-ſtrings, not his Bowe-ſtrings haue;  
His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-ſing  
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.  
For, none but *DAVID* can ſing *DAVID*'s worth:  
Angels in Heav'n thy glory ſound; in Earth,  
*DAVID* alone; whom (with Heav'ns loue ſurpriz'd)  
To praiſe thee there, thou now haſt Angeliz'd.  
Giue me the Laurel, not of War, but Peace;  
Or rather giue me (if thy grace ſo pleaſe)  
The *Cruik* Garland of green Oaken boughes,  
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious browes;  
To cuer-witnes to our after-friends  
How I haue reſcew'd my con-Citizens,  
Whom profane *Furies*-*Thirſt* day and night did moue  
To be beſlau'd to th' yoke of wanton *Loue*:  
For, (not to me, but to thee, Lord, be praiſe)  
Now, by th' example of my *Sacred* Layes,  
To *Sacred* *Loues* our nobleſt ſpirits are bent,  
And thy rich Name's their only Argument.

Invocation.

H E E, W H O M in priuat wals, with priuy ſigne,  
The great King-maker did for *King* alſigne,  
Begins to ſhow himſelf. A ſier ſo great  
Could not liue flame-leſſe long: nor would God let  
So noble ſpirits nimble edge to ruſt  
In Sheapheards idle and ignoble duſt.

My Son, how certain we that ſaying proue,  
That doubtfull Fear ſtill ways on tender *Loue*?  
*DAVID* (ſaith *Ieſe*) I am full offears  
For thy deer Brethren: Each Affault, ſalt tears

*Ieſe* (or *Iſhai*)  
ſendeth *David*  
to ſee his brethren  
in the Campe.

M m 2

Draws



Draws from mine eyes; mee thinks each point doth stab;  
Mine *Eliab*, *Sanna*, and *Aminadab*.

Therefore goe visite them, and with this Food  
Beare them my blessing; say I wish them good;  
Beseeching God to shield and them sustain,  
And send them (soon) victorious home again.

Description of  
Goliath.

Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth spie  
Two steep high Hills where the two Armies lie,  
A Vale diuides them; where, in raging mood  
(*Colossus*-like) an armed Giant stood:  
His long black locks hung shagged (*flouen*-like)  
A-down his sides: his bush-beard floated thick;  
His hand and arms, and bosom bristled were  
(Most Hedge-hog-like) with wyer instead of haire;  
His foul blasphemous mouth, a Canes mouth is;  
His eyes two Brands, his belly an Abylfe:  
His leggs two Pillars; and to see him go,  
He seemd som steeple reeling to and fro.  
A Cypresse-Tree of fifteen Summers old,  
Pyramid-wise waues on his Helm of gold.  
Whose glistring brightnes doth (with rayes direct)  
Against the Sun, the Sun it self reflect:

Simile.

Much like a Comer blazing bloodie-bright  
Ouer som City, with new threatfull light,  
Presaging down-fall, or som dismal fate,  
Too-neer approaching to som ancient State.  
His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Mast (as big)  
Which yet he shaketh as an Osier twig;  
Whose harmful point is headed stiffly-straight  
With burnisht Brasse aboue an Antils waight:  
Vpon whose top (in stead of Bannaret)  
A hissing Serpent seems his foci to threat:  
His brazen Cuirasse, not a Squire can carrie;  
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:  
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* slaies,  
Where *Chus* his son, Heav'n-climbing Towns doth raise;  
Where th' Ark of God, to th' Heathen captiuat,  
To *Dagon's* House is led with scorne and hate.)

## The Tropheis.

517

Is like a Curtain made of double planks  
To saue from shot some hard-besieged Ranks.  
His threatfull voice is like the stormefull Thunder  
When hot-cold Fumes teare sulphury cloudsa funder.

O Fugitiues ! this is the fortieth day  
(Thus barks the Dog) that I haue stalked aye  
About your fearfull Hoast : that I alone  
Against your best and choicest Champion,  
In single Combat might our Cause conclude,  
To shun the slaughter of the multitude.  
Come then, who dares ; and to be slaine by mee,  
It shall thine honour and high Fortune bee.  
Why am I not less strong ? my common strength  
Might find some Braue to cope with at the length.  
But, phy for shame, when shal we cease this geare ?  
I to desie, and you to fly for feare ?

If your hearts serue not to defend your Lot,  
Why are you arm'd ? why rather yeeld you not ?  
Why rather doe you (sith you dare not fight)  
Not proue my mildneise, than prouoke my might ?  
What needed Coats of brasle and Caps of Steele  
For such as (Hare-like) trust but to their heele ?  
But, sith I see not one of you (alas !)  
Alone dares meete, nor looke me in the face,  
Come tenne, come twenty, nay come all of you,  
And in your ayde let your great God come too :  
Let him rake Hell, and shake the Earth in funder,  
Let him be arm'd with Lightning and with Thunder :  
Come, let him come and buckle with me heer :  
Your goodly God, lette then your selues, I feare.

Thus hauing spewd, the dreadfull Cyclop stirr'd  
His monstrous Limbes ; beneath his feet he reard  
A Clowd of dust : and, where soe're he wend,  
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghastly steps attend.

Euen as a payr of busie chattering Pies,  
Seeing some hardie Tercell, from the skies  
To stoop with rav'nous seres, feelee a chill feare,  
From bush to bush, wag-tayling here and there ;

*His brauing De-  
fiance to the  
Hoast of Israell.*

*Simile.*



So that no noyse, nor stone, nor stick can make  
 The timorous Birdstheir Couert to forsake :  
 Soth' *Hebrew* Troopes this brauing Monster shun;  
 And from his sight, som here, som there, do run.  
 In vain the King commands, intreats, and threats;  
 And hardly three or foure together gets.

*Saul stirreth vp  
 his Souldiers &  
 proposeth ample  
 Reward to him  
 that shall vnder-  
 take the Philis-  
 tine.*

What shame (saith he) that our victorious Hoast  
 Should all be daunted with one Pagans boast?  
 Braue *Ionathan*, how is thy courage quaild  
 Which, yerst at *Bosers*, all alone assaild  
 Th' whole *Heathen* Hoast? O Worthy *Abner* too,  
 What chance hath cut thy Nerues of Valour now?  
 And thou thy selfe (O *Saul*) whose Conquering hand  
 Had yerst with *Tropheis* filled all the Land,  
 As far as *Tigris*, from the *Iaphean* Sea;  
 Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?  
*Saul* is not *Saul*: O! then, what *Izraelite*  
 Shall venge God's honor and Our shame acquite?  
 Who, spurrd with anger, but more stird with Zeale,  
 Shall foile this Pagan, and free *Izrael*?  
 O! who shall bring me this Wolf's howling head,  
 That Heav'n and Earth hath so vn-hallowed?  
 What e're he be, that (lauish of his soule)  
 Shall with his blood wash-out this blot so foule,  
 I will innoble him, and all his House;  
 He shall inioy my Daughter for his Spouse:  
 And euer shall a Deed so memorable  
 Be (with the Saints) sacred and honorable.

*Dauids offer.*

Yet for the *Duel* no man dares appeer:  
 All wish the Prize; but none will win 't so deer:  
 Big-looking Minions, braue in vaunts and vows,  
 Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:  
 But, euen the blast that cools their courage so,  
 That makes my *DAVID*'s valiant rage to glowe.  
 My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring  
 Th' Heav'n-scorning head vnto my Lord the King.  
 Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers *Saul*)  
 Thy heart is great; although thy limbs be small:

High

High fiethy thoughts; but we haue need of more,  
More stronger Toyls to take so wilde a Boare:  
To tame *Goliath*, needs som Demi-god,  
Som *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad  
Of slender growth, vpon whose tender Chin  
The budding down doth scarcely yet begin.  
Keep therefore thine owne Rank, and draw not thus  
Death on thy self, dis-honour vpon vs,  
With shame and sorrow on all *Izrael*,  
Through end-les Thraldom to a Fo so fel.

The faintest Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,  
To Eagles Doues, Vanquisht to Vanquishers:  
God, by a Womans feeble hand subdews  
*Iabins* Lieutenant, and a ludge of *Iews*.  
God is my strength: therefore (O King) forbear,  
For *Izrael*, for Thee, or Mee, to fear:  
No self-presumption makes me rashly braue;  
Assured pledge of his prowde head I haue.

Seest thou these arms (my Lord) these very arms  
(Steeld with the strength of the great God of Arms)  
Haue bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions blood:  
These very arms, beside a shady Wood,  
Haue slain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)  
Had torn and born my fattest sheep away.  
My God is still the same: this sauage Beast,  
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feast,  
All-ready feels his fury, and my force;  
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:  
With his own sword his curst length I lop,  
His head al-ready on the ground doth hop.

The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute,  
To see a mind so yong, so resolute:  
Then son (saith he) sith so confirm'd thou art,  
Go, and Gods blessing on thy valiant hart;  
God guide thy hand, and speed thy weapon so,  
That thou return triumphant of thy Fo.  
Hold, take my Corset, and my Helm, and Launce,  
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes aduance.

His assurance.



The faithfull Champion, being furnisht thus,  
Is like the Knight, which twixt *Eridanus*  
And th' heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching brauely-bright  
(Having his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight  
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)  
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.  
But, yer that he had half a furlong gon,  
The massie Launce and Armour hee had on  
Did load him so, he could not freely mooue  
His legs and arms, as might him best behooue.

*Simile.*

Euen so an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick  
(Which on the spur ouer the boggs they prick  
In highest speed) If on his back he feel  
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,  
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behind,  
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde;  
Hee seems as lame, he flings and will not go;  
Or, if he stir, it is but stiff and slowe.

*DAVID* therefore lays-by his heavy load,  
And, on the grace of the great glorious *G O D*  
(Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop);  
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,  
No Arrows seeks, nor other Arcenall;  
But, by the Brooke that runnes amid the Vale,  
Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and so,  
Courageously incounters with his Foe.

What Combats this? On the one side, I see  
A moouing Rocke, whose locks do terrifie  
Euen his owne Hoast; whose march doth seem to make  
The Mountaine tops of *Sucor* euen to shake:  
On th' other side, a slender tender Boy  
Where grace and beautie for the prize doo play:  
Shauie but the down thar on his Chin doth peer,  
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheen:  
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,  
And one would think that it were *Cupids* self.  
Gold on his head, skarker in either Cheek,  
Grace in each part and in each gest alike;

In

In all so louely, both to Foe and Friend,  
That very Enuy cannot but commend  
His match-les beauties: and though ardent zeale  
Flush in his face against the Infidel,  
Although his Fury fume, though vp and down  
He nimble trauesse, though he fiercely frown,  
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,  
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;  
His Storme is Calm, and from his modest eyes  
Euen gracious seems the grimmeſt ſlaſh that flies.

Am I a Dog, thou Dwarf, thou Dandiprat,  
To be with ſtones repell'd and palted at?  
Or art thou weary of thy life ſo ſoon?  
O fooliſh boy! fantaſticall Baboone!  
That never ſaw'ſt but ſheep in all thy life;  
Poore ſotte, 'tis heer another kind of ſtrife:  
We waſtle not (after your Shepheards guiſe)  
For painted Sheep-hooks, or ſuch petty Prize,  
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheeſe:  
The Vanquiſht Head muſt be the Victors Fees.  
Where is thy ſweatie duſt? thy ſun-burnt ſcars  
(The glorious marks of Soldiers train'd in Warres):  
That make thee dare ſo much? O Lady-Cow,  
Thou ſhalt no more be-ſtar thy wanton brow  
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Miſtreſs ſhall no more  
Curl the quaint Treſſes of thy Golden ore:  
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes  
Shall peck the pride of thoſe ſweet ſmiling eyes:  
Yet, no (my guirle-boy) no, I will not file  
My feared hands with blood ſo faintly-vile:  
Go ſeek thy match, thou ſhalt not dy by me,  
Thine honor ſhall not my diſhonor be:  
No (ſilly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods,  
I would not fight at ſovn-knightly ods.

Come barking Curre (the Hebrew taunts him thus)  
That haſt blaſphem'd the God of Gods, and vs;  
The ods is mine (villain, I ſcorne thy Boaſts)  
I haue for Aide th'almighty Lord of Hoſts.

Thi-



Th' *Ethnik's* a-fier, and from his goggle eyes  
All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies:  
Out of his beuer like a Boare he foames:

A hellish fury in his bosom roames:

As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull pafe,

Death and destruction muster in his face;

He would a-fresh blasphem the Lord of Lords

With new despights; but in the steed of words

*Simile.*

He can but gnash his teeth. Then, as an Oxe

Straid twixt the hollow of steep Hills and Rocks,

Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged turnings,

Loves hideously his solitary Moornings:

The Tyrant so from his close helmet blunders

With horrid noise, and this harsh voyce he thunders:

Thy God raigns in his Ark, and I on Earth:

I Challenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth)

Not Thee, base *Pigme*. Villain (sayes the *Jew*)

That blasphemy thou instantly shalt rue.

*Simile.*

If e'r you saw (at Sea) in Summer weather,

A Galley and a Caraque cope together;

(How th' one steers quick, and th' other veers as slowe

Lar-boord and star-boord from the poop to prow;

This, on the winde; that, on her Owres relies;

This daunteth most; and that most damnifies)

You may conceaue this Fight: th' huge *Polypheme*

Stands stifly shaking his steel-pointed beam:

*Dauid* doth trauese (round about him) light,

Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,

Steps in and out; now stoops, anon he stretches;

Then he recoyls, on eyther hand he reaches;

And stoutly-actiue, watching th' aduerse blowes,

In euery posture dooth himself dispose.

*Simile.*

As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks doo fight,

(Bristling their plumes, and (red with rage) do smite

With spurs and beak, bounding at euery blowe,

With fresh assaults freshing their fury so,

That, desperate in their vn-yeelding wrath,

Nothing can end their deadly feud but death)

## The Tropheis.

523

The Lords about, that on both sides do bet;  
 Look partially when th' one the Field shall get;  
 And, trampling on his gaudy plumed pride,  
 His prostrate Fo with bloody spurs bestride,  
 With clanging Trumpet and with clapping wing,  
 Triumphantly his Victory to sing:  
 So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, and so the *Heathen* stranger  
 (Not free from fear, but from the present danger)  
 Behold with passion these two Knights, on whom  
 They both haue wagerd both their Fortunes sum:  
 And eyther side, with voice and gesture too,  
 Hartens and cheers their Champion well to doo;  
 So earnest all, that almost euery one  
 Seems euen an Actor, not a looker-on:  
 All feel the skirmish twixt their Hope and Fear:  
 All cast their eyes on this sad Theater:  
 All on these two depend, as very Founders  
 Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.

O Lord, said *D A V I D* (as he whirld his Sling)  
 Be bowe and Bowe-man of this shaft I fling.

With sudden flerk the fatal hemp lets go.  
 The humming Flint, which with a deadly blowe  
 Pearç't instantly the *Pagans* ghastly Front,  
 As deep as Pistol-shot in boord is wont.

The villain's sped (cryes all the *Hebrew* band)  
 The Dog, the Atheist feels Gods heauy hand.

Th' *Isacian* Knight, seeing the blowe, stands still.  
 Froth' Tyrants wound his ruddy soule doth trill,  
 As from a crack in any pipe of Lead  
 (That conuoyes Water from som Fountains head)  
 Hissing in th' Aire, the captiue Stream doth spin  
 In siluer threds her crysfall humour thin.

The Giant, wiping with his hand his wound,  
 Cries tush, 't is nothing: but eftsoones the ground  
 Sunk vnder him, his face grew pale and wan,  
 And all his limbs to faint and fail began:  
 Thrice heaues he vp his head; it hangs as fast;  
 And all a-long lies *Isaac's* dread at last.

*Goliath over-  
thrown.*

*Simile.*

Co.



*Simile.*

Couering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,  
 Resembles right a lofty Tower or Wall,  
 Which to lay level with the humble soil  
 A hundred Miners day and night doo toil;  
 Till at the length rushing with thundrous roar,  
 It ope a breach to th'hardy Conquerour.

Then, two lowd cries, a glad and sad were heard:  
 Wherwith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant stir'd,  
 Resummoning vnder his weak Controule  
 The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;  
 And (to be once more buckling yer he dies,  
 With blowe for blowe) he strives in vain to rise.  
 Such as in life, such in his death he seems;

*Simile.*

For euen in death he curses and blasphemes:  
 And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,  
 Flies at the stone and biteh that for anger;  
*Goliath* bites the ground, and his owne hands  
 As Traytors, false to his fel hearts commands.  
 Then th' *Hebrew* Champion heads the Infidel  
 With his own sword, and sends his soule to Hell.

*Pagans* disperse; and the *Philistian* swarms  
 Haue Armes for burthen, and haue flight for Armes;  
 Danger behinde, and shame before his face:  
 Rowting themselues, although none giue them chase.

*Dauids Thanks-  
 giuing for the  
 victorie.*

Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God,  
 O let thy Praise fill all the Earth abroad;  
 Let *Izrael* (through Thee, victorious now)  
 Incessant songs vnto thy glory vow!  
 And let me Lord (said *DAVID*) ever chuse  
 Thee sole, for Subiect of my sacred *Muse*.  
 O wondrous spectacle! vnheard-of Sight!  
 The Monsters beaten-down, before the Fight:  
 A Dwarf, a Shepheard, conquers (euen vnarm'd)  
 A Giant fell, a famous Captain, arm'd.  
 From a frail Sling this Battery neuer came,  
 But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram:  
 This was no cast of an vncertain Slinger,  
 'T was Crosse-bow-shot: rather it was the finger

Of the All-mightie (not this hand of mine)  
That wrought this work so wondrous in our eyes:  
This hath He done, and by a woman weak  
Can likewise stone the stout *Abimelech*  
Therefore, for ever, singing sacred Layes,  
I will record his glorious Power and Praise.

Then, *Jacob's* Prince him ioyfully imbraces,  
Prefers to honours, and with favours graces,  
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neere,  
From all sad cares he doth his Soueraigne cleere.  
In Camp he curbs the *Pagans* arrogance;  
In Court he cures the Melancholy Trance  
That toys his soule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,  
Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.  
For, with her sheath, the soule commerce frequents,  
And acts her office by his instruments;  
After his pipe she dances: and (again)  
The body shares her pleasure and her pain;  
And by exchange, reciprocally borrowes  
Som measure of her solace and her sorrowes.  
Th' Eare (doore of knowledge) with sweet warbles pleas'd,  
Sends them erstfoons vnto the Soule diseas'd,  
With dark black rage, our spirits pacifies;  
And calmly cools our inward flame that fries.

Effects of Musick.

So, O *Tyrrens*, changing Harmonie,  
Thy Rowt thou changest into Victorie  
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pelleas*,  
Holding thy hart's reanes in his Tune-full hand;  
Thy *Timothie* with his Melodious skill  
Armes and dis-arms thy Worlds-drad arme (at will);  
And with his *Phrygian* Musicke, makes the same  
As Lion fierce; with *Doric*, milde as Lambe.  
So, while in *Argos* the chaste Violon  
For's absent Soueraigne doth grave-sweetly groan,  
Queen *Clytemnestra* doth resist th' alarmes  
Of lewd *Aegythus*, and his lustfull Charmes.  
So, at the sound of the sweet-warbling braile,  
The Prophet rapt in his soule's soule a space,

Examples of the same.

Re.



Refines him self, and in his fantasie  
 Graues deep the seal of sacred Prophecie.  
 For, if our Soule be Number (som so thought)  
 It must with number be refreshed oft;  
 Or, made by Number (so I yeeld to sing)  
 We must the same with som sweet Numbers bring  
 To som good Tune: euen as a voice (somtime)  
 That in its Part sings out of tune and time,  
 Is by another voice (whose measur'd strain  
 Custom and Art confirms) brought in again.  
 It may be too, that D A V I D sacred Ditty  
 Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,  
 Exorcist-like, chaſt *Natures* cruell Foe,  
 Who the Kings soule did toſs and torture so.  
 How e'r it were, He is (in euery thing)  
 A profitable seruant to the King:  
 Who enuious yet of his high Feats and Fame,  
 His Faith, and Fortitude, distrusts the same:  
 And, the diuine Torch of his Vertues bright  
 Brings him but sooner to his latest Night;  
 Saue that the Lord still shields him from on hy,  
 And turnes to Tryumph all his Tragedy.

*Simile.*

Sauls Envy to  
 Dauid.

O bitter sweet! I burst (thus raues the King)  
 To hear them all, in Camp and Court to sing,  
 S A V L he hath slaine a thousand, D A V I D ten,  
 Ten thousand D A V I D. O faint scorn of men!  
 Lo, how, with Lustre of his glorious parts,  
 He steals-away the giddy peoples hearts;  
 Makes lying Prophets sooth him at a beck;  
 Thou art but King in name, He in effect:  
 Yet thou indur'st it; haste thee, haste thee (Sot)  
 Choak in the Cradle his aspiring Plot;  
 Preuent his hopes, and wisely-valiant  
 Off with his head that would thy foot supplant.  
 Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd so wel)  
 Will draw thee harred of all *Izrael*.  
 Sith then so high his heady valour flies,  
 Sith common glory cannot him suffice,

Sith

Sith Danger vpon Danger he pursues,  
 And Victorie on Victorie renews;  
 Let's put him to't: Let's make him Generall,  
 Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:  
 So shall his owne Ambitious Courage bring  
 For Crown a Coffin to our *Junior King*:  
 Yea, had he *Sangars* strength, and *Samsons* too,  
 He should not scape the taske I'll put him to.

But yet, our *DAVID* more then all atchieues,  
 And more and more his grace and glory thriues:  
 The more he doos, the more he dares aduventure,  
 His rest-les Valour seeks still new Aduventure.  
 For, feeling him armd with th' Almighty's Spirit,  
 He reckes no danger (at the least to fear it).  
 Then, what doos *Saul*? When as he saw no speed  
 By sword of Foes so great a Foeto rid;  
 He tries his owne: and one-while throwes his dart,  
 At vn-awares to thrill him to the heart:  
 Or treacherously he layes som subtile train,  
 At board, or bed, to haue him (harm-les) slain:  
 On nothing else dreams the disloyall wretch;  
 But *Dauids* death; how *David* to dispatch.  
 Which had bin don, but for his Son the Prince  
 (Who dearly tenders *Dauids* Innocence,  
 And neerly marks and harks the Kings Designes,  
 And warns the *Iessean* by suspect-les signes)  
 But for the kinde Courageous *Jonathan*,  
 Who (but attended onely with his man)  
 Neer *Senear* Rocks discomfited alone,  
 The *Philistines* victorious Garison  
 About his eares a Shower of Shafts doth fall;  
 His Shield's too-narrow to receiue them all:  
 His sword is duld with slaughter of his Foes,  
 Wherefore the dead heat the liuing throwes,  
 Head-lined helmes, heawn from their trunks he takes,  
 And those his vollies off swift shot he makes.  
 The Heathen Host darts him no more affront,  
 Late number-les; but easie now to count.

*Jonathan's love  
 to David.*

*David*



David therefore, flying his Princes Furie,  
 From end to end flies all the land of Iurie:  
 But now to Nob; & Adullam then, anon  
 To Desert Zif, to Keilah, Maanon,  
 Hauing for roof heav'ns arches starry-seeld;  
 And, for repast, what wauing woods doe yeeld.  
 The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,  
 Wreakes his fell rage vpon the innocent;  
 If any winke, as willing t' haue not seen him,  
 Or if (vnweeting what's the oddes between-him  
 And th' angry king) if any had but hid him,  
 He dies for it (if any haue but spid him):  
 Yea the High Priest, that in Gods presence stands,  
 Elcapeth not his paricidiall hands;  
 Nor doth he spare in his vnbounded rage,  
 Cattle, nor Curre, nor state, nor sexe, nor age.  
 Contrariwise, David doth good for ill.  
 He hates the haters of his Soueraigne still.  
 And though he oft incounter Saul lesse strong  
 Than his owne side; forgetting all his wrong,  
 He shewes him, aye, loyall in deed and word  
 Vnto his Liege, th' Anointed of the Lord;  
 Respects and honors him, and minde no more  
 The Kings vnkindness that had past before.

One day as Saul (to ease him) went aside  
 Into a Caue, where David wont to hide,  
 David (vn-seen) seeing his Foe so neer  
 And all alone, was strook with suddain fear,  
 As much amaz'd and musing there vpon;  
 When whispering thus his Consort segge him on:

Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;  
 Doo'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap?  
 Now therefore pull this Thorne out of thy foot:  
 Now is the Time if euer thou wilt doo't:  
 Now by his death establish thine estate:  
 Now hugge thy Fortune, yer it be too late:  
 For, he (my Lord) that will not, when he may,  
 Perhaps he shall not, when he would (they say).

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?  
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy self and vs?

Wonne with their words, to kill him he resolues:  
But, by the way thus with himself revolues.  
He is a Tyrant; True: But now long since,  
And still, he bears the mark of lawfull Prince:  
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings doe bow)  
On no pretext, did euer yett allow  
That any Subiect should his hand distain  
In sacred blood of his owne Souerain.

He hunts me cause-les; True: but yet, Gods word  
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.  
I am anointed King; but (at Gods pleasure)  
Not publikely: therefore I wait thyleasure.  
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then  
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.

Thus hauing sayd, he stalkes with noise-les foot  
Behind the King, and softly off doth cut  
A skirt or lap of his then-vpper clothing;  
Then quick auoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,  
Comes forth anon: and *Dauid* afterward  
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)  
Cries to the King (vpon his humble knee)  
Come neer (my Liege) com neer, and fear not me,  
Fear not thy seruant *Dauid*. Well I knowe,  
Thy Flatterers, that mis-inform thee so,  
With thousand slanders daily thee incense  
Against thy Seruants spot-les innocence:  
Those smooth-ly A(picks, with their poisony sting  
Murder mine honor, me in hatred bring  
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)  
As if Convicted of the Highest-Treason:  
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)  
The venom of their viperous tongues shall stop;  
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,  
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight:  
Behold, my Lord, (Trueth needeth no excuse)  
What better witnesse can my soule produce

*Anti-Bellarmin  
& His Disciples.  
Authors or Fau-  
tors of our Pew-  
der-Mine.*



Of faithfull Loue, and Loyall Vassalage,  
 To thee, my Liege, than this most certain gage:  
 When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,  
 Could I not then as well haue cut thy throat?  
 But rather (Soueraign) thorow all my veins  
 Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains):  
 Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword  
 Against my Liege, th'anoointed of the Lord;  
 Or violate, with any insolence,  
 Gods sacred Image, in my Sovereign Prince.  
 And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;  
 Like silly-Kid, I hop from hill to hill;  
 Like hated Wolues I and my Souldiers starue:  
 But, iudge thy self, if I thy wrath deserue.

No (my Sonne *David*) I haue don thee wrong:  
 Good God requite thy good: there doth belong  
 A great Reward vnto so gracious deed.  
 Ah, well I see it is aboue decreed:  
 That thou shalt sit vpon my Seat supream;  
 And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:  
 Then, ô thou sacred and most noble Head,  
 Remember mee, and mine (when I am dead);  
 Be gracious to my Blood, and raze not fell  
 My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.

Thus sayd the King; and tears out-went his words:  
 A pale despair his heavy hart still-girds:  
 His feeble spirit præfaging his Mill-fortune,  
 Doth euery-kinde of Oracles importune;  
 Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho's* Clew doth swell;  
 And, cast of Heav'n, wil needs consult with Hell.

*The Woman.  
 Witch of Endor.*

In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those daies,  
 Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex always  
 Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magik* Tricks,  
 As pronest Agents, for the Prince of *Styx*:  
 Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,  
 Doth easie print of euery seal retain:  
 Or, whether wanting Force and Fames desert,  
 Those Wyzards ween to winn it by *Black-Art*.)

## The Tropheis.

531

This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* fury fell,  
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,  
This sad *Erinny's*, *Milcom's* Fauourite,  
*Chamosh* his Ioye, and *Belzebubs* delight,  
Delightsalonely for her exercise  
In secret Murders, sodain Tragœdies;  
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feast  
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).  
At Weddingsaye (for Lamps) she lights debates;  
And quiet Loue much more then Death she hates:  
Or if she reak of Love, 'tis but to trap  
Somsevere *Cato* in incestuous Lap.  
Sometimes (they say) she dims the Heav'nly Lamps,  
She haunts the Graues, she talks with Ghosts, she stamps  
And Cals-vp Spirits, and with a wink controules  
Th'infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.

Arts admiration, *Israels* Ornament,  
That (as a Queen) Command't each Element,  
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks can't raise,  
(Th'vnfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)  
On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,  
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,  
And fitly hasten *Amphirites* Flood,  
Or stay her Eb (as to thy self seems good):  
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,  
Make the Sphears moue, and the Sun still to stand:  
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,  
That for a stound in a deep Swoun she seems:  
O thou al-knowing Spirit I daign with thy spell  
To raise-vp heer renowned *Samuel*,  
To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,  
The issue of my Fortunes yet to-com.

Importun'd twice or thrice, she, that before  
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)  
Which she was wont with her vn-hollsom breath  
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,  
Growes now more gastly, and more Ghost-like grim,  
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.



The place about darker then Night she darkes,  
 Shee yelles, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she barkes,  
 And, in vn-heard, horrid, Barbarian tearmes,  
 She mutters strange and execrable Charmes;  
 Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,  
 These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:

Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,  
 Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obsequies,  
*Demons*, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper  
 Be of mine owne Sons fat; if heer, for paper,  
 I write (detested) on the tender skins  
 Of time-les Infants, and abortiue Twins:  
 (Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-les:  
 If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins tress,  
 Dipt, at your Altar, in my kinsmans blood;  
 If well I smell of humane flesh (my food):  
 Hast, hast, you Fiends: you subterranean Powrs:  
 If impiously (as fits these Rites of yours)  
 I haue inuok't your grizly Maiesties,  
 Harken (O Furies) to my Blasphemies,  
 Regard my Charms and mine enchanting Spell,  
 Reward my Sins; and send vp *Samuel*  
 From dismall darknes of your deep Abyffe,  
 To answer me in what my pleasure is:  
 Dispatch, I say, (black Princes) quick, why when?  
 Haue I not Art, for one, to send you ten?

When? stubborn Ghost! The Palfraies of the Sun,  
 Doo fear my Spells; and, when I spur, they run:  
 The Planets bow, the Plants giue-ear to me;  
 The Forrests stoop, and even the strongest Tree,  
 At driery sound of my sad whisperings,  
 Doth Prophecie, foretelling future things:  
 Yea (maugre *Ioue*) by mine almighty Charms,  
 Through Heav'n I thunder with imperious Arms:  
 And com'st not thou? O, so: I see the Sage,  
 I see th' ascent of som great man: his age,  
 His sacred habite, and sweet-graue aspect  
 Som God-like raies about him round reflect:

Hee's ready now to speak, and plyant too  
 To cleer thy doubtings, without more ado.  
*Saul* flat adores; and wickedly-devout,  
 The fained-*Prophets* least word leaues not out.  
 What dost thou *Saul*? O *Israels* Sovereign,  
 Witches, of late, feard only thy disdain:  
 Now th'are thy stay. O wretch doost thou not knowe  
 One cannot vse th'ayde of the Powers belowe  
 Without som Pact of Counter-Seruices,  
 By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?  
 And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)  
 It hurteth all, but th'Author most of all?  
 And also, that the impious *Atheist*,  
 The Infidel, and damned Exorcist,  
 Differ not much. Th'one, Godhead quight denies:  
 Th'other, for God, foul Satan magnifies:  
 Th'other, Satan (by Inchantment strange)  
 Into an Angell of the Light doth change.  
 When as God would, his voice thou wouldst not hear;  
 Now he forbids thee, thou consult'st els-where:  
 Whom (liuing Propheer) thou neglect'st, abhor'st,  
 Him (dead) thou seek'st, and his dead Trunk ador'st:  
 And yet, not him, nor his, for th'ougly Fiend  
 Hath no such power vpon a Saint's extend,  
 Who fears no force of the blasphemous Charms  
 Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:  
 From all the Poysons that those powers contriue,  
 Charm-charming Faith's a full Preseruatiue.  
 In Soule and Body both, He cannot come;  
 For, they re-ioyne not till the day of doom:  
 His Soule alone cannot appeer; for why,  
 Soules are invisible to mortall eye:  
 His Body only, neither can it be,  
 For (dust to dust) that soon corrupts (we see).  
 Besides all this, if 'twere true *Sannel*,  
 Should not (alas) thine eye-sight serue as well  
 To see and knowe him, as this Sorceresse,  
 This hatefull Hag, this old Enchanteresse,

*Against those  
 that resort to  
 Witches.*

*Against the illu-  
 sion of Sathans  
 false Apparitions  
 and Walking  
 Spirits.*



This Divell incarnate, whose drad Spell commands  
The rebell-Fury of th'Infernall Bands?

Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to faine

*Simile.*

A Body fitting for his turn and train?

And (as the rigor of long Cold congeals

To harsh hard Wooll the running Water-Rills)

Cannot he thicken thinnest parts of Air,

Commixing Vapours? glew-them? hue them fair?

*Simile.*

Even as the Rain-Bowe, by the Suns reflection

Is painted fair in manifold complection:

A Body, which we see all-ready formd:

But yet perceiue not how it is performd:

A Body, perfect in apparant showe;

But in effect and substance nothing so:

A Body, hart-les, lung-les, tongue-les too,

Where Satan lurks, not to giue life ther-to,

But to the end that from this Counter-mure,

More couertly he may discharge more sure

A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts

Against the Bulwarks of the bravest hearts:

That, in the Sugar (euē) of sacred Writ,

He may em-pillvs with som bane-full bit:

And, that his countersait and fained lips

Laying before vs all our hainous slips,

And Gods drad Iudgements and iust Indignation,

May vnder-mine our surest Faiths Foundation

But, let vs hear now what he saith. O *Saul*,

What frantick fury art thou moov'd with-all,

To now re-knit my broken thred of life?

To interrupt my rest? And 'mid the strife

Of struggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs

(By power-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?

Inquir'st thou what's to-come? O wretched Prince!

Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since):

Death's at thy door: to morrow Thou and Thine

Even all shall fall before the Philistine:

And great-good *Dauid* shall possesse thy Throne,

As God hath sayd, to be gain-sayd by none.

# The Tropheis.

535

Th' Author of Lies (against his guise) tels true:

How Sathan  
comes to tell  
things to-come.

Not that at-once he Selfly all fore-knew,

Or had revolv'd the Leaves of destiny

(The Childe alonely of Eternity):

But rather through his busie observation

Of circumstance, and often iteration

Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,

In the close Book of clear Coniecturals,

With a far-seeing Spirit; hits often right:

Not much vnlike a skilfull Galenite,

Who (when the *Crisis* comes) dares even foretell

Whether the Patient shal do ill or well:

Or, as the Star-wise sometimes calculates

(By an Eclipse) the death of Potentates;

And (by the stern aspects of greatest Stars)

Prognosticates of Famine, Plague, and wars.

As he fore told (in brief) so fell it out:

Sauls death.

Braue *Jonathan* and his two Brethren stout

Are slain in fight; and *Saul* himself forlorn,

Left (Captiue) he be made the Pagans scorn,

He kills him-Self; and, of his Fortune froward

To seem not conquer'd, shewes him Self a Coward.

For, 'tis not Courage (whatsoe'r men say)

Against Self-  
killing.

But Cowardize, to make ones Self away.

Tis even to turne our back at Fears alarms:

Tis (basely-faint) to yeeld vp all our Arms.

O extreame Rage! O barbarous Cruelty

All at one Blowe, t' offend Gods Maiesty,

The State, The Magistrate, Thy selfe (in fine):

Th' one, in destroying the deer work divine

Of his almightie Hands; the next, in reauing

Thy needfull Seruice, it should be receiuing;

The third, in rash vsurping his Commission:

And last, Thy Self, in thine owne Selfs-Perdition,

When (by two Deaths) one voluntarie Wound

Doth both thy bodie and thy soule confound.

But *Isboseth* (his deer Son) yet retains

His Place a space: and *David* only Raigns

Nn 4

In



In happy *Inda*. Yet, yer long (discreet)  
 He makes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to meet:  
 And so He rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)  
 His Peoples Ioy, the Pagans only Terror,

Comparison.

If ever, standing on the sandy shoar,  
 Y' haue thought to count the rowling waues that roar  
 Each after other on the *British* Coast,  
 When *Aeolus* sends forth his Northern Poast;  
 Waue vpon Waue, Surge vpon Surge doth fold,  
 Sea swallowes Sea, so thickly-quickly rould,  
 That (number-les) their number so doth mount,  
 That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt:  
 So *David's* Vertues when I think to number,  
 Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber,  
 That Ocean swallowes me: and mazed so,  
 In the vast Forest where his Prayses growe,  
 I knowe not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree;  
 (Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie.  
 My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build  
 With curious touch of Fingers Quauer-skill  
 (Durst she presume to take so much vpon-her)  
 A Temple sacred vnto *Dauid's* honour.

Epitome of *Dauid's* Vertues.

Others shall sing his mindes true Constancie,  
 In oft long exiles try'd so thorowly:  
 His life compos'd after the life and likenes  
 Of sacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknes  
 Towards railing *Shimei*, and the \**Churlish* Gull:  
 His lovely Eyes and Face so bewtiffull.  
 Som other shall his equity record,  
 And how the edge of his impartiall sword  
 Is euer ready for the Reprobate,  
 To hewe them down; and help the Desolate:  
 How He, no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts:  
 How He respects not persons, but their Facts:  
 How braue a Triumph of Selfs-wrath he showes,  
 Killing the Killers of his deadly Foes.  
 Som other shall vnto th' Empyreall Pole  
 The holy fervor of his Zeal extoll:

\**Nabal*.

How.

# The Tropheis.

537

How for the wandring Ark he doth provide  
A certain place for euer to abide:

And how for euer every his designe

Is ordered all by th' Oracle Diuine.

Vpon the wings of mine (els-tasked) Rime,  
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western Clime,

I'll only bear his *Musike* and his *Mars*  
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):

Lo there the sacred mark wherat I aim;  
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim,

So many Yarnes I still am faine to strike

Into this Web of mine intended WEBB.

The *Twelve* stout *Labours* of th' *Amphitryonide*  
(Strongest of Men) are iustly magnifi'd:

Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre  
Of Birds and Beasts, and Monsters here and there:

Not Hoasts of Men and Armies ouerthrow'n;

But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:

Where boist'rous Limbs, and Sinnews strongly knit,

Did much auale with little ayde of Wit.

Bears, Lions, Giants, foild in single fight,

Are burth' Etfayes of our redoubted Knight:

Vnder his Armes sick *Aram* deadly droops:

Vnto his power the strength of *Edom* stoops.

Stout *Amalek* euen trembles at his name:

Prowd *Ammons* scorn he doth return with shame:

Subdueth *Soba*: foyls the *Moabite*:

Wholly extrips the down-trod *Iebusite*:

And (still victorious) every month almost

Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast.

So that, *Alcides* massie Club scarce caught

So many blowes, as *Dauid* Battails fought.

Th' expert Great \*Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild,

Wun in strange Wars; in ciuill Fights he faild:

But, *Dauid* thrives in all: and fortunate,

Triumphs no leile of *Sauls* intestine hate,

Of *Isboseth's* and *Abfalon's* designes,

Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.

Of his valour  
and victories.

\*Pompey.

Good-



Good-Fortune alwaies blowes not in the Poop!  
 Of valiant *Cesar*, she defeats his Troop,  
 Slaves his Lieutenants; and (among his Friends)  
 Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life she ends:  
 But *David* alwaies feels Heav'n's gracious hand;  
 Whether in person He himself command  
 His royall Hoast: or whether (in his sted)  
 By valiant *Ioab* his braue Troops be led:  
 And Happinesse, closing his aged eye,  
 Even to his Toomb comforts him constantly.  
 Fair Victory, with Him (even from the first)  
 Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy she nurs't  
 With noble Hopes, his stronger years she fed  
 With stately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head  
 She Crowns and Comforts with (her cheerfull Balms)  
 Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palmes*.  
 The Mountains stoop to make him easie way;  
 And *Euphrates*, before Him, dryes away;  
 To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem;  
 Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him:  
 Th'Engine alone of His far-seard Renown  
 Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks down:  
*Gads* goodly Vales, in a gore Pond he drenches;  
*Philistian* Fiers, with their owne Bloud he quenches;  
 And then, in *Gob* (pursewing still his Foes)  
 His wrath's iust Tempest on fell Giants throwes.

O strong, great, *Worthies* (will som one-day say,  
 When your huge Bones they plough-vp in the Clay)  
 But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHIE He,  
 Whose Heav'n-lent Force and Fortune made you be  
 (Maugre your might, your massy Spears and Shields)  
 The fatt'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.  
 His Enemies, scarcely so soon he threatens  
 As ouerthrowes, and vtterly defeats.  
 On *David's* head, God doth not spin good-hap;  
 But pours it down abundant in his Lap:  
 And He (good subiect) with his Kingdom, ever  
 T'increase th'Immortall Kingdom doth indeuour.

# The Tropheis.

539

His swelling Standards neuer stir abroad,  
Till he haue Cald vpon th' Almighty God:  
He neuer Conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)  
He yeelds the Honor where it right belongs:  
And evermoreth' Eternals sacred Prayse  
(With Harp and Voice) to the bright Stars doth raise.

*His Poëse.*

Scarce was he born, when in his Cradle prest  
The Nightingale to build her tender nest:  
The Bee within his sacred mouth seeks room  
To arch the Chambers of her Hony-comb:  
And th' Heav'nly *Muse*, vnder his roof descending  
(As in the Summer, with a train down-bending,  
We see som *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair  
With twinkling rayes, glide through the cry stall Aier,  
And soudainly, after long-seeming Flight,  
To seem amid the new-shav'n Fields to light)  
Him softly in her Ivory arms she folds,  
His smiling Face she smilingly beholds,  
She kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses  
Into his Soule she breathes a Heav'n of Bliss:  
Then layes him in her lap, and while she brings  
Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullaby* she sings.

*PRANIA's.*  
*Lullaby.*

Liue, liue (sweet Babe) the Miracle of Mine,  
Liue euer Saint, and growe thou all Divine:  
With this Celestiall Winde, where-with I fill  
Thy blessed Boosom, all the World ful-fill:  
May thy sweet Voice, in Peace, resound as far  
And speed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:  
Bottom nor bank, thy Fames-Sea never bound:  
With double Laurels be thy Temples Crown'd.  
See (Heav'n-sprung Spirit) see how th'allured North,  
Of thy Childs-Cry (shrill-sweetly warbling forth)  
Al-ready tastes the learned, dainty pleasures.  
See, see (yong Father of all sacred Measures)  
See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound;  
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)  
Woods, but with ears: Floods, but their fury stopping:  
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwaies hopping:

*See.*



See how the Heav'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,  
To list to thine, leaue their owne Dance and Song.

O Idiot's shame, and Envy of the Learned!  
O Verse right-worthy to be ay eterned!  
O richest Arras, artificiall wrought  
With liueliest Colours of Concept-full Thought!  
O royall Garden of the rarest Flowers  
Sprung from an Aprill of spirituall Showers!  
O Miracle! whose star-bright beaming Head  
When I behold, euen mine owne Crown I dread.

Excellency of  
the Psalmes of  
Dauid.

Never elf-where did plentious Eloquence,  
In euery part with such magnificence  
Set-forth her Beauties, in so sundry Fashions  
Of Robes and Jewels (suting sundry Passions)  
As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Cost)  
In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost  
With Pretious Stones: neat, City-like, anon,  
Fine Cloth, or Silk, or Chamlet puts she on:  
Anon, more like som handfom Shepheardesse,  
In courser Cloaths she doth her cleanly dresse:  
What-e're she wear, Wool, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,  
Or Course or Fine; still like her Self she seems;  
Fair, Modest, cheerfull, siting time and place,  
Illustring all euen with a heav'n-like grace.  
Like proud loud *Tigris* (ever swiftly rould)  
Now, through the Plains thou pow'r'st a Flood of gold:  
Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like)  
Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek,  
Thou runn'st to meet thy self's pure streams behind thee,  
Mazing the Meads where thou dost turn and winde thee.  
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,  
Thou strainest out a little Brook or Rill;  
But yet, so sweet, that it shall ever be,  
Th'immortall *Nectar* to Posterity:  
So cleer, that *Poesie* (whose pleasure is  
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)  
Her chastest feathers in the same shall dip,  
And deaw with-all her choicest workmanship:

And

And so deuout, that with no other Water  
 Deuoutest Soules shall quench their thirst heer-after.  
 Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount:  
 Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound:  
 Of contrite Hearts the cleer Anatomy:  
 Of euery Sore the Shop for remedy:  
 Zeal's Tinder-box: a Learned Table giuing  
 To spirituall eyes, not painted *Christ*, but living.  
 O diuine Volume, *Sion's* elect deer Voice,  
 Saints rich Exchequer, full of comforts choice:  
 O, sooner shall sad *Boreas* take his wing  
 At *Nilus* head, and boist'rous *Auster* spring  
 From th' icie floods of *Iceland*, than thy Fame  
 Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:  
 Thou shalt suruiue through-out all Generations,  
 And (plyant) learn the Language of all Nations:  
 Nought but Thine Aiers through air & Seas shall sound,  
 In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,  
 Thy sacred verse shall cleer Gods clowdy face,  
 And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace:  
 Grosse Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely-vile,  
 So holy things presume not to defile,  
 Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:  
 This Kingly Harp is only meet for Kings.

And so behold, towards the farthest North,  
 Ah see, I see vpon the Banks of *FORTH*  
 (Whose force-full stream runs smoothly serpentine)  
 A valiant, learned, and religious King,  
 Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent  
 This rarly-sweet celestiall Instrument:  
 And *David's* Truchman, rightly doth resound  
 (At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.  
*Dombertans* *Clyde* stands still to hear his voice:  
 Stone-rowling *Tay* seemes therat to reioyce:  
 The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond*-Lake,  
 After his sound their lusty gambols shake:  
 The (Trees-brood) *Bar-geese*, mid th' *Hebridian* wave,  
 Vnto his Tune their far-flown wings doo wave:

And



\* A kind of light  
mantle made of a  
thin checkerd  
Cloth, worne by  
the Hil-men in  
Scotland: and  
now much vsed  
with vs for Sad-  
dle clothes.

And I my Self in my pyde \* Pleid a-hope,  
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop.  
Thus, full of God, th'Heav'n-Sirene (Prophet-wife)  
Powres-forth a Torrent of mel-Melodies,  
In DAVIDS praise. But DAVIDS foule defect  
Was yet vn-seen, vn-censur'd, vn-suspect.  
Oft in fair Flowers the bane-full Serpent sleeps:  
Sometimes (we see) the brauest Courser trips:  
And som-times *David's* Deaf vnto the Word  
Of the Worlds Ruler, th'everlasting Lord;  
His Songs sweet feruor slakes his Soules pure Fire  
Is damp't and dimm'd with smoak of foul desire:  
His Harp is layd a-side, he leaves his Lays,  
And after his fair Neighbors Wife he neighs.  
Fair *Bersabé's* his Flame, euen *Bersabé*,  
In whose Chaste bosom (to that very day)  
Honour and Loue had happy dwelt together,  
In quiet life, without offence of either:  
But, her proud Bewty now, and her Eyes force,  
Began to draw the Bill of their Diuorce:  
Honor giues place to Loue: and by degrees  
Fear from her hart, Shame from her forehead flies.  
The Presence-Chamber, the High street, the Temple,  
These Theaters are not sufficient ample  
To shew her Bewties, if but Silke them hide:  
Shee must haue windowes each-where open wide  
About her Garden-Baths, the while therein  
She basks and bathes her smooth Snow-whiter skin;  
And one-while set in a black Iet-like Chair,  
Perfumes, and combs, and curls her golden hair;  
Another-while vnder the Cry stall brinks,  
Her Alabastrine well-shap't Limbs she shrinks  
Like to a Lilly sunk into a glasse:  
Like soft loose *Venus* (as they paint the Lasse)  
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes sweet-flames,  
Tonnies and *Tritons* she at-once inflames:  
Or like an Iuory Image of a Grace,  
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Cry stall Case):

*Bersabé ba-  
thing.*

Another

Another-while, vnto the bottom diues,  
And wantonly with th' vnder-Fishes striues :  
For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,  
Made of *Musick* work, with quaint deuice  
The cunning work-man had contriued trim  
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins seeming even to swim.

*Isai's* great son, too-idely, walking hie  
Vpon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy:  
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,  
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light  
From a *Cimmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,  
Feels his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.  
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees (alas)  
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face,  
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star,  
Her lip two snips of crimson Sattin are,  
Her Teeth as white as burnisht siluer seem  
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem):  
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snowes  
Sweet intermixed with Vermillion Rose,  
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,  
Prowd, so to see their naked selues excell:

David gazing.

What liuing Rance, what rapting Ivory  
Swims in these streams? O what new Victory  
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer, Therms,  
If so your Waves be cold; what is it warms;  
Nay, burns my hart? If hot I (pray) whence comes  
This shivering winter that my soule benums,  
Freezes my Senses, and dis-felfs me so  
With drousie Poppy, not my self to knowe?  
O peer-les Bewty, meerly Bewtifull;  
(Vnknow'n) to me th' art most vn-mercifull:  
Alas! I dy, I dy, (O dismall lot)  
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not:  
But a-far-off, and vnder water too:  
O feeble Power, and O (what shall I doo?)  
Weak Kingly-State! sith that a silly Woman  
Stooping my Crown, can my soul's Homage summon.

But,



But, ô Imperiall power! Imperiall Statel  
Could (happy) I giue Bewties Check the Mate.

*Simile.*

Thus spake the King: and like a sparkle small  
That by mischance doth into powder fall,  
Hee's all a-fire; and pensue, studies nought,  
But how t'accomplish his lasciuious thought:  
Which soon he compact; sinks himself therein;  
Forgetteth *David*; addeth Sin to Sin:

*Simile.*

And lustfull, plaies like a yong lusty Rider  
(A wilfull Gallant, not a skillfull guider),  
Who, proud of his horse pride, still puts him to't:  
With wand and spur, layes on (with hand and foot)  
The too-free Beast; which, but too-fast before  
Ran to his Ruine, stumbling euermore  
At euery stone, till at the last he break  
Against som Rock his and his Riders neck.  
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame:  
A iealous Husbands Fury for the same:  
And, lessening of a Pleasure shar'd to twain:  
He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouse be slain.

The Lord is moov'd: and iust, begins to stretch  
His Wraths keen dart at this disloiall wretch:  
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal and Faith)  
Comes to the King, and modest-boldly sayth:

*The Prophet  
Nathan's Pa-  
rable, reprov-  
ing  
David.*

Vouchsafe my Liege (that our chief Iustice art)  
To list a-while to a most hainous part;  
First to the fault giue ear, then giue Consent  
To giue the Faulty his due punishment.  
Of late, a Subiect of thine owne, whose flocks  
Pow'd all Mount *Liban's* pleasant plentious locks;  
And to whose Heards could hardly full suffice  
The flowry Verge that longst all *Jordan* lies;  
Making a Feast vnto a stranger-Guest;  
None of his owne abundant Fatlings drest;  
But (priuy Thief) from a poor neighbour by  
(His Faithfull Friend) Hee takes feloniously,  
A goodly Lamb; although he had no more  
But euen that one; wherby he set such store,

That

That every day of his owne hand it fed,  
And every night it coucht vpon his Bed,  
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,  
And euen the moisture from his lips it lickt.  
Nay, more my Lord. No more (replies the King,  
Deeply incens'd) 'Tis more then time this thing  
Where seen into, and so outrageous Crimes,  
So insolent, had need be curb'd betimes:  
What-euer Wretch hath done this Villany  
Shall Die the Death; and not alonely Die,  
But let the horror of so foul a Fact  
A more then common punishment exact.

O painted Toomb (then answerd sacred *Nathan*)  
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan,  
Thou blam'st in other thine owne Fault denounc'g,  
And vn-awares hast gainst thy self pronounc'g  
Sentence of Death. O King, no King (as then)  
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:  
Yea, Thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft  
Hast iust *Uriah's* only Lamb bereft:  
And him, ô horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)  
Him with the sword of *Ammon* hast Thou murther'd.  
Bright Beauties Eye, like to a glorious Sun,  
Hurts the fore eye that looks too-much ther-on:  
Thy wanton Eye, gazing vpon that Eye,  
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly  
Vnto that Dwarf, that Diuel (is it not?)  
Which out of Sloath, within vs is begot:  
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,  
Doth shortly Master of the house become:  
And makes a Saint (a sweet, myld-minded Man)  
That gainst his Life's Foe would not lift his hand,  
To plot the death of his deer faith-full Friend,  
That for his Loue a thousand lives would spend.

Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble  
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)  
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize  
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?



No, thou shalt knowe the waight of Gods right hand;  
 Thou, for example t' other Kings shalt stand.  
 Death, speedy Death, of thar adulterous Fruit,  
 Which even al-ready makes his Mother rue'r,  
 Shall vex thy soule, and make thee feel (indeed)  
 Forbidden Pleasure doth Repentance breed.

Ah shame-les beast! Sith thy brute Lust (forlorn)  
 Hath not the Wife of thy best Friend forborn,  
 Thy Sons (dis-natur'd) shall defile thy bed  
 Incestuously; thy fair Wiues (rauished)  
 Shall doublely thy lust-full seed receave:  
 Thy Concubines (which thou behinde shalt leaue).  
 The wanton Rapes of thine owne Race shall be:  
 It shall befall that in thy Family,  
 With an vn-kinf-mans kisse (vn-louing Lover)  
 The Brother shal his Sisters shame discover:  
 Thou shalt be both Father and Father-in-law  
 To thine owne Blood. Thy Children (past all aw  
 Of God or Man) shall by their insolence  
 Euen iustifie thy bloody soul offence.  
 Thou sinn'dst in secret: but Sol's blushing Eye  
 Shall be eye-witnes of their villany:  
 All *Israel* shall see the same: and then,  
 The Heav'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltis* Fen,  
 Out of the stinking Lake their heads shall shoue,  
 Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so,  
 Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire  
 Of good *Vriah* (worthy better Hire):  
 Thou cruell didst it: therefore, Homicide,  
 Cowardly treason, cursed Paricide,  
 Vn-kinde Rebellion, ever shall remain  
 Thy house-hold Guests, thy House with blood to stain  
 Thine owne against thine owne shal thril their darts:  
 Thy Son from thee shal steal thy peoples harts:  
 Against thy Self he shal thy Subjects arm,  
 And giue thine age many a fierce Alarm:  
 Till hanged by the hair twixt Earth and sky,  
 (His Gallow's pride, shame of the Worlds bright Eye)

Thine owne Lieutenant, at a crimſin ſpout,  
His guilty Soule ſhall with his Lance let-out.  
And (if I fail not) O what Tempeſt fel  
Beats on the Head of harm-les *Iſrael*!  
Alas! how many a guilt-les *Abramide*  
Dies in Three dayes, through thy too-curious Pride?  
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and ſloathful) breeds  
No ſlowe Diſeaſe; both yong and old it ſpeeds;  
All are indifferent: For through all the Land  
It ſpreads, almoſt in turning of a hand:  
To the ſo-ſick, hard ſeems the ſoſteſt plumes;  
Flames from his eys, from's mouth come Iakes-like fumes:  
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;  
Outward, all water; inward, all a-fire:  
With a deep Cough his ſpungy Lungs he waſtes,  
Black Blood and Choler both at-once he caſts:  
His voices paſſage is with Biles be-layd,  
His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd:  
Thought of the Grief it's rigor oft augments:  
Twixt Hope and fear it hath no long ſuſpence:  
VVith the Diſeaſe Death ioyntly traueſeth:  
Th' Infections ſtroak is even the ſtroak of Death.  
Art yeelds to th' anguiſh, Reaſon ſtoops to rage:  
Phyſicians ſkill, himſelf doth ill engage.  
The ſtreets too ſtill: the Town all out of Town:  
All Dead, or Fled: vnto the halowed ground  
The howling Widdow (though ſhe lov'd him deer)  
Yet dares not follow her dead husbands Beer.  
Each mourns his Loſſe, each his owne Caſe complains,  
Pel-mel the liuing with the dead remains.

As a good-natur'd and wel-nurtur'd Chyld,  
Found in a fault (by's Maſter ſharply myld)  
Bluſhing and bleaking, betwixt ſhame and fear,  
VVith down-caſt eyes laden with many a tear,  
More with ſad geſture, than with words, doth craue  
An humble Pardon of his Cenſor graue:  
So *Dauid*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat,  
He apprehends Gods Iudgements dradly-great,

*The Plague of  
Peſtilence.*

*Simile.*

*Dauids Repen-  
tance.*



And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence.  
 To pearly Tears, Mournings and sad Laments:  
 Off-goes his Gold; his glory treads he down,  
 His Sword, his Scepter, and his pretious Crown:  
 He fasts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieues, he grones,  
 His hainous Sins he bitterly bemones:  
 And, in a Caue hard-by, he roareth out  
 A sigh-full Song, so dolefully devour,  
 That even the Stone doth groan, and pearc't withall,  
 Lets it's salt tears with his sad tears to fall.

Psal. 51

Ay-gracious Lord (thus Sings he night and day)  
 Wash, wash, my Soule in thy deep Mercies sea:  
 O Mercy, Mercy Lord, alowd he Cries;  
 (And Mercy, Mercy, still the Rock replies).

Application to  
 France.

O God, my God, sith for our grieuous Sin,  
 (Which will-full we so long haue weltred in)  
 Thou pow'r'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down  
 On th' azure Field with Golden Lillies sow'n:  
 Sith every moment thy iust Anger drad  
 Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head:  
 Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloody hand)  
 Doo all at once make havock of this Land:  
 Make vs make vse of all these Rods aright;  
 That we may quench with our Tears-water quite  
 Thine Ire-full Fier: our former Vices spurn:  
 And, true-reform'd, Iustice to Mercy turn.

The like to Eng-  
 land, now for  
 many yeares to-  
 gether grieuous-  
 ly afflicted with  
 the Plague.

And so, O Father, (fountain of all Good,  
 Ocean of Iustice, Mercie's bound-les Flood)  
 Since, for Our Sins, exceeding all the rest,  
 As most ingrate-ful, though most rarely blest  
 (After so long Long-Sufferance of Thine:  
 So-many Warnings of thy Word diuine:  
 So-many Threatnings of thy dread-ful Hand:  
 So-many Dangers scap't by Sea and Land:  
 So-many Blessings in so good a King:  
 So-many Blottoms of that fruit-ful Spring:  
 So-many Foes abroad, and Falle at home:  
 So-many Rescues from the rage of Rome:

## The Tropheis.

549

So many Shields against so many Shot:  
So many Mercies in that Powder-Plot  
(So light regarded and so soon forgot).

Since, for Our Sins, so many and so great,  
So little mov'd with Promise or with Threat,  
Thou, now at last (as a iust ielouze God)  
Strik'st vs thy Self with thine immediate Rod,  
Thy Rod of PESTILENCE: who so rage-full smart.  
With deadly pangs pearcing the strongest heart,  
Tokens of Terror leaues vs where it lights:  
And so infects vs (or at least affrights)  
That Neighbour Neighbour, Brother Brother shuns;  
The tenderest Mother dares not see hir Sons;  
The neereft Friend his deereft Friend doth flye;  
Tea, scarce the Wife dares close her Husband eye.  
For, through th' Example of our Vicious life,  
As Sin breeds Sin; and Husband marr's the Wife,  
Sister prowdes Sister, Brother hardens Brother,  
And one Companion doth corrupt another:  
So, through Contagion of this dire Disease,  
It (iustly) doth thy heau'nly Iustice please,  
To cause vs thus each other to infect:  
Though This we fly, and I hat too-nigh affect.

Since, for our Sins, which hang so fast vpon vs;  
So dreadfully thy Fury frowneth on vs;  
Sith still thou Strik'st, and still Threat'nest more  
More grieuous Wounds then we haue felt before:  
O gracious Father, giue vs grace (in fine)  
To make our Profit of these Rods of thine:  
That, true-Converted by thy milde Correction,  
We may abandon euery foule Affection:  
That Humblenes may flaring Pridedis-plume:  
That Temperance may Surfaiting consume:  
That Chastity may chase our wanton Lust:  
That Diligence may wear-off Slothfull rust:  
That Loue may line, in Wrath and Envies place:  
That Bounties hand may Auarice deface:



That Truth may put Lying and Fraud to flight:  
 That Faith and Zeal may keep thy Sabbaths right:  
 That Reverence of thy drad Name may banish  
 Blasphemous Oathes: and all Profaneness vanish.

Since, for our Sins (as well in Court as Cottage)  
 Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dorage,  
 Of Clarks and Clownes; Rich Poore; and Great and Small,  
 Thy fear-ful Vengeance, bangeth ouer all;  
 O Touch vs all with Horror of our Crimes:  
 O Teach vs all to turn to thee betimes:  
 O Turn vs ( Loosd ) and we shall turned be:  
 Giue what thou bidst, and bid what pleaseth thee:  
 Giue vs REPENTANCE; that thou mayst repent  
 Our present PLAGVE, and future Punishment.

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FINIS.

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## THE MAGNIFICENCE.

## THE SECOND BOOK

*of the fourth Day of the second*

*Week, of BARTAS.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Death-summion'd DAVID, in his sacred Throne  
Instals (instructs) his yong Son SALOMON:  
His (pleas-God) Choice of WISEDOM, wins him Honor  
And Health and Wealth (far more) to wait vpon her:  
His wondrous Doom, quick Babe's Claim to decuple:  
Mis-Matches taxt,, in His with PHARAONIDE:  
Their pompons Nuptials: Seer'n Heav'n-Masquers  
The glorious TEMPLE, Buildd richly-rare. (there  
Salem's Renown draws Saba to his Court:  
King IAMES, to His, brings BARTAS, in like sort.*

**H**appy are You (ô You delicious Wits)  
That stint your Studies, as your Fury fits:  
That in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)  
Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain:  
That, changing Note, now light, and grave anon,  
Handle the Theam that first you light vpon:  
That, here in Sonnets, there in Epigrams,  
Euaporate your sweet Soule-boyling Flames.



But, my deer Honor, and my sacred Vows,  
 And Heav'n's decree (made in that Higher-House)  
 Hold me fast fetter'd (like a Gally-slaue)  
 To this hard Task: No other care I haue,  
 Nought else I dream of; neither (night nor day)  
 Aim at ought else, or look I other-way:  
 But (alwayes busie) like a Mil-stone seem  
 Still turned round with the same rapid stream.  
 Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollo's* grace)  
 I humme so harsh; and in my Works in chase  
 Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,  
 Which (more or lesse) the whirling *Poles* inspire:  
 And also mingle (Littlie-woolie-wise)  
 This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.

*Simile.*

You, all the year long, doo not spend your wing:  
 But, during only your delightfull Spring,  
 (Like Nightingales) from bush to bush you play,  
 From Tune to Tune, from Myrtle spray to spray:  
 But, I too-bold, and like the Swallow right,  
 Not finding where to rest me, at one flight  
 A bound-les ground-les Sea of Times I passe,  
 With *Auster* now, anon with *Boreas*.

Your quick Career is pleasant, short, and eath;  
 At each Lands-end you sit you down and breathe  
 On some green bank; or, to refresh you, finde  
 Some Rolie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:  
 But, end-les is my Course: for, now I glyde  
 On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I flyde:  
 Now vp I climbe: then through the Woods I craul,  
 I stray, I stumble, sometimes down I fall.

*Simile.*

And, as base Morter serveth to vnite  
 Red, white, gray Marble, Iasper, Galactite:  
 So, to con-nex my quaint Discourse, sometimes  
 I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.

Yet will I not this Work of mine give o're.  
 The Labour's great; my Courage yet is more;  
 My hart's not yet all voyd of sacred heat:  
 Ther's nothing Glorious but is hard to get.

Hills were not seen but for the Vales betwixt:  
The deep indentings artificiall mixt  
Amid *Musaiks* (for more ornament)  
Haue prizes, sizes, and dyes different.  
And O! God grant, the greatest spot you spie  
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,  
Which on her Ruff (whiter than whitest snowes):  
To whiten white, the fairest Virgin sowes:  
(Or like the Veluet on her brow: or, like  
The darker Mole on Venus dainty Cheek:)  
And, that a few faults may but lustre bring  
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.

DAVID waxt old and cold; and's vitall Lamp,  
Lacking it's oyl of Natiue moist, grew damp  
(But by degrees); when with a dying voice  
(But liuely vigor of Discretion choise)

He thus instructs his yong Son SALOMON,  
And (as Heav'n calls) instals him in his Throne.

Whom, with-out Force, Vproar, or Ryualing,  
Nature, and Law, and Fortune make a King;  
Euen He (my Son) must be both *Iust* and *Wise*,  
If long he look to *Rule* and *Royalize*:

Dauids instruc-  
tions to his Son  
Salomon.

But he, whom only Fortunes Fauours rears:  
Vnto a Kingdom, by som new-found stairs;  
He must appear more than a man; and cast  
By rarest Worth to make his Crown sit fast.

My SALOMON, thou know'st thou art my Yongest:

Thou know'st, besides, out of what Bed thou sprungest:

Thou seest what loue all *Israel* bears thy Brother:

To honor Thee, what wrong I doo to other;

Yea euen to Nature and our Natiue Law:

'Tis thy part therefore, in all points to draw

To full Perfection; and with rare effect

Of Noblest Vertues hide thy Births defect:

Thou, *Israel's* King, serue the great King of All,

And only on his Conducts pedestall

Found thine Affaires: vpon his *Sacred* Lore

Thine eyes and minde be fixed euermore:

A King (first of  
all) ought to bee  
Religious.

The



The barking rage of bold Blaspheemers hate:  
Thy Soueraign's Manners (Vice-Roy) imitate.  
Nor think, the thicknes of thy Palace Walls,  
Thine iron Gates, and high gold-seeled Halls,  
Can let his Eye to spie (in euery part)  
The darkeſt Cloſets of thy Mazie Heart.

*Palourous.*

If birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince  
Of Idumeans or of Philiftins,  
If Pharaoh's Title had befall'n to thee,  
If the Medes Myter bowed at thy knee,  
Wert thou a Sophy; yet with Vertues luſtre  
Thou oughtſt (at leaſt) thy Greatnes to illuſtre:  
But, to Command the Seed of Abrahams,  
The Holy Nation to Controule and tame,  
To bear a Iſuahs or a Samſons load,  
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a Demi-God.

*Impartial in be-  
ſtowing Prefer-  
ments.*

*Simile.*

Before old Seruants giue not new the ſtart  
(Kings-Art conſiſts in Action more then Art.)  
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)  
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree  
In his faire Orchards miſt, whoſe fruitfull ſtore  
Hath grac't his Table twenty yeers and more;  
To plant a Graft, yer e'r he taſte the ſame,  
Saue with the teeth of a (perhaps) falſe Fame.

*Impatient of  
Paraſites &  
Flatterers.*

Theſe Paraſites are euen the Pearls and Rings  
(Pearls, ſaid I? Perils) in the eares of Kings:  
For O, what Miſchief but their Wiles can work  
Sith euen within vs (to their aid) doth lurk  
A ſmoother Soother, euen our owne *Salſe-love*  
(A malady that nothing can remoue)  
Which, with theſe ſtrangers, ſecretly Combin'd  
In League offeſiue (to the firmeſt Minde)  
Perſwades the Coward, he is *Wiſely* meek;  
The drunkard, *Stout*; the periure, *Politick*;  
The cruell Tyrant, a *juſt* Prince they call;  
*Sober*, the Sot; the Lauiſh, *Liberall*;  
And, quick nos'd Beagles, ſenting right his lore  
(Trans-form'd into him) euen his Faults adore.

Fly

# The Magnificence.

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Fly then those Monsters: and giue no acceſſe  
To men infamous for their wickedneſſe:  
Endure no Atheiſt, brook no Sorcerer:  
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:  
Leaſt the contagion of their banefull breath  
Poyſon the publike fountain, and to death  
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)  
The ſpring, whence Subiects good or bad will draw.

Rule thine Affects, thy fury, and thy fear:  
Hee's no true King, who no ſelf's ſway doth bear:  
Not what thou could'ſt, but what thou ſhould'ſt, effect:  
And to thy Lawes, firſt thine owne ſelf ſubiect.  
For ay the Subiect will (fear ſet a ſide)  
Through thick and thin, hauing his King for guide.

Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;  
And be not (proud) to thoſe gay godlings like,  
But once a year from their gilt Boxes tane,  
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wiſh for raine.

To fail his Word, a King doth ill beſeem:  
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,  
Deceit's deceiv'd: Inuſtice meets vniuſt:  
Diſloyall Prince armes ſubiects with diſtruſt;  
And neighbour States will in their Leagues commend  
A Lion, rather then a Fox, for Friend.

Be prodigall of Vertues iuſt reward:  
Of puniſhments be ſparing (with regard).  
Arm thou thy breſt with rareſt Fortitude;  
Things Eminent are euer moſt purſu'd:  
On higheſt Places, moſt diſgraces threat:  
The rougheſt windes on wideſt gates do bear.

Toil nor the World with Wars ambitious ſpite:  
But if thine Honour muſt maintain thy Right,  
Then ſhew thee D A V I D's Son; and wiſely-bold  
Follow 't as hot, as thou beſiſt it cold:  
Watch, Work, Deuiſe, and with vn-weary limb,  
Wade thorough Foords, and ouer Channells ſwim.

Let tufted Planes for pleaſant ſhades ſuffice,  
In heat; in Cold, thy Fier be exerciſe:

To baniſh A-  
theiſts and all  
notoriouſly wic-  
ked perſons from  
his preſence.

To over-Rule  
his owne Paſſions  
& Affections.

To be milde and  
gracious.

To be faithfull of  
his promiſe.

To be readier to  
Reward then  
Puniſh.

Not to be Qua-  
rellous, yet quick  
& courageous in  
a juſt Cauſe.

His exerciſe in  
Warre.



A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed;  
 Let not thy Mouth be ouer-dainty fed;  
 Let Labour be thy sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;  
 Whence, for thy *Nectar* som ditch-water lup;  
 Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shril Fifes and Flutes  
 Serue thee for Citterns, Virginals and Lutes:  
 Trot v p a Hill; Run a whole Field for Race;  
 Leap a large Dike; Toss a long Pike, a space:  
 Perfumethy head with dust and sweat: appear  
 Captain and Soldier. Soldiers are on fire,  
 Hauing their King (before them Marching forth)  
 Fellow in Fortune, witnes of their Worth.

*In Peace not to  
 be over-studious:  
 yet, to vnder-  
 stand the Princi-  
 ples of al Prince-  
 fit Sciences.*

I should inflamethy heart with Learnings loue;  
 Saue that I know what diuine habits moue  
 Thy profound Spirit: only, lett' ornament  
 Of Letters wayt on th' Art of Regiment:  
 And take good heed, least as excelsse of humor  
 In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;  
 So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,  
 Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts,  
 Make thee too-pensue, ouer-dull thy Senses,  
 And draw thy Minde from Publike cares of Princes.  
 With a swift-winged soule, the Course suruay  
 Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:  
 Sound round the Cels of th' Ocean dreadly-deep:  
 Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:  
 Ferrer all Corners of this nether Ball;  
 But, to admire the Makers Art in all,  
 His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not  
 Som simple Courtier, or the silly Sor  
 That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,  
 In gazing on the goodly Battlement,  
 The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and antique Bosses,  
 Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;  
 Amaz'd and musing vpon euery piece  
 Of th' vniforme, fair, stately Frontispice;  
 Too-too-self rapt (through too-self-humoring)  
 Losing himself, while others finde the King.

*Simile.*

Hold-

## The Magnificence.

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*The principal & peculiar office of a King.*

Hold-euen the Balance, with clean hands, clos'd eies :

Reuenge seuerely Publike Iniuries ;

Remit thine Owne. Heare the Cries, see the Tears.

Of all distressed poor Petitioners.

Sit (oft) thy Self in Open Audience :

Who would not be a Iudge, should be no Prince.

For, *Iustice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword

Ought neuer seuer, by the Sacred Word.

Spare not the Great ; neither despise the Small :

Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,

Where little Flyes are caught and kild ; but great

Patse at their pleasure, and pull-down the Net.

*Simile.*

Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface :

Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place,

Such as fear God, such as will iudge vprightly :

Men by the seruants iudge the Master lightly.

Giue to the Vertuous ; but thy Crown-Demain

Diminish not : giue still to giue again :

For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigality ;

And to dry-vp the Springs of Liberality.

*Hic labor, hoc Opus.*

But aboue all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,

Be not intrapt in Womens wylie snare.

I fear, alas (good Lord, supremely sage,

Auert from Mine th' effect of this Praefage)

Alas ! I fear that this sweet Poison wil

My House here-after with all Idols fil.

But, if that neither Vertue's sacred loue,

Nor Feare of Shame thy wanton Minde can moue

To watch in Arms against the Charms of Those ;

At least, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.

Fare-wel my Son : th' Almighty calls me hence :

I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence :

And, to go Reign in Heav'n (from World-cares free)

The Crown of *Israel* I resigne to thee.

O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)

Transport'st the Scepter, euen from Kin to Kin,

From Land to Land ; Let it remaine with Mine :

And, of my Sons Sons (in successiue Ligne)

Let :



Let that Al-Power full deer-drad Prince descend,  
 Whose glorious Kingdom neuer shal haue end;  
 Whose iron Rod shall Satans Rule vn-doo:  
 Whom *Iacob* trusts in; Whom I thirst for too.

Initium Regni  
 SALOMON.

*DAVID* deceast: His Son (him tracking right)  
 With heart and voice worships the God of Might;  
 Enters his Kingdom by the Gate of Pietie;  
 Makes Hymns and Psalms in Laud of the true Deitie;  
 Offers in *Gabeon*; where, in Spirit he sees  
 (While his Sense sleepes) the God of Maiesties,  
 The Lord of Hosts; who, Crownd with radiant flames,  
 Offers him choise of these foure louely Dames.

His Vision.

Description of  
 Glory.

First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a Pike  
 (Not Maid-like Marching, but braue Soldier-like)  
 Among the Stars her stately head she beares,  
 A siluer Trumpet shrill a-slope she wears,  
 Whose Winde is Praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound  
 Doth far and wide o'r all the world redound.  
 Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,  
 All Story-wrought with bloody Victories,  
 Triumphs and Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings;  
 And, at her feet, there ligh a thousand Kings.

Of Riches.

Not far from her, coms *Wealth*, all rich-bedight  
 In *Rheá's*, *Thetis*, *Pluto's* Treasures bright:  
 The glittering stuff which doth about her fold  
 Is rough with Rubies, stiff with beaten Gold.  
 With either hand from hollow steans she powrs  
*Pactolian* surges and *Argolian* showrs.  
 Fortune, and Thrift, and Wakefulness and Care,  
 And Diligence, her dayly Seruants are.

Of Health.

Then cheerfull *Health*: whose brow no wrinkle bears,  
 Whose cheek no palenesse, in whose eye no tears;  
 But like a Childe shee's pleasant, quick, and plump,  
 Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, and iump:  
 And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth shine:  
 Th' *Arabian* Birds rare plumage (platted fine)  
 Serues her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,  
 Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.

Last,

Last, *Wisdom* comes, with sober countenance:  
To th' ever-Bowrs her oft a-lostt' aduance,  
The light Mamuques wing-les wings she has:  
Her gesture cool, as comly-graue her pafe:  
Where e'r she go, she neuer goes with-out  
Compassse and Rule, Measure and Waights about:  
And by her side ( at a rich Belt of hers )  
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self she wears.

Having beheld their Bewties bright, the Prince  
Seems rapt all-ready euen to Heauen from hence;  
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine:  
And, 'mid so many Benefits Diuine,  
Doubts which to chuse. At length he thus begun:  
O Lord (saith he ) what hath thy Seruant don,  
That so great blessings I should take or touch,  
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much?  
Thou doost preuent my Merit: or ( deer Father )  
Delight'st to Conquer euen my Malice rather.

Fair *Victorie's* a noble Gift: and nought  
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,  
Than euen to queuch our Furie's thirst with blood,  
In iust Reuenge on those that wrong our Good:  
But oft (alas) foul *Insolence* comes after;  
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,  
Transforms in time the myldest Conquerors  
To Tigers, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars.

Happy seems He, whose count-les Herds for Pasture  
Dis-robe ( alone ) Mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:  
For whom alone a whole rich Countrey, torn  
With timely Tools, brings forth both Wine and Corn:  
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoils, the Gems  
And precious stones of the *Arabian* Streams,  
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,  
The *Saban* Odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.  
But yet we see, where Plenty chiefly sways,  
There Pride increases; Industry decays:  
Rich-men adore their Gold; who so aspires  
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,

He



He must be Poor (at least-wile like the Poor).  
Riches and Fear are fellows euer-more.

I would liue long, and I would gladly see  
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progeny :  
But the long Cares I fear, and Cumbers rise,  
Which commonly accompany Long-Life.  
Who well liues, long liues: for, this age of ours  
Should not be numbred by yeers, dayes, and howrs :  
But by our braue Exploits: and this Mortality  
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.

Salomons  
choise.

But, in respect of Lady *Wisdomes* grace,  
(Euen at their best) the rest are all but base.  
*Honour* is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;  
*Wealth* but a wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:  
A glittering *Scepter* but a Mapletwig;  
*Gold*, *Drolle*; *Pearls*, *Dust*, how-euer bright and big.  
Shee's Gods owne Mirror; shee's a Light, whose glance  
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:  
Shee's mildest Heav'n's most sacred influence:  
Neuer decays her Bewties excellence;  
Aye like her-Self: and she doth alwayes trace  
Not only the same path, but the same pafe.  
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would proue  
Three Poisons to me. *Wisedom* (from aboue)  
Is th' only *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,  
Organ and honour of all Gifts beside.

Her, her I like, her only (-Lord) I craue,  
Her Company for-euer let me haue:  
Let me for-euer from her sacred lip,  
Th' *Ambrosial* Nard, and rosial *Nectar* sip:  
In euery Cause, let me consult with her;  
And, when I Iudge, be Shee my Counsailler.  
Let, with her Staffe, my yet-Youth gouern wel  
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel*,  
A compt-les Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)  
As of a Shepherd sent from Heav'n had need.  
Lord, giue her me: alas! I pine, I die;  
Or if I liue, I liue her \* *Flame-bred* Flie:

\* *Pyraustie*.

And

## The Magnificence

561

And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant shine,  
Too-bold, I burne these tender wings of mine.

Hold, take her to thee, said the Lord: and sith  
No Bewty else thy soule enamoreth;  
For ready hand-maids to attend vpon her,  
I'll giue thee also *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honor*;  
(For 'tis not meet, so High-descended Queen,  
So great a Lady, should alone be seen)  
The rather, that my Bounty may inuite  
Thee, seruing Her, to serue Me day and night.

King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew  
That this diuine strange *Vision* neuer grew  
From the sweet Temper of his sound Complexion;  
But that it was some Peece of more Perfection,  
Some sacred Picture admirably draw'n  
With Heav'nly pencil, by an Angels hand.  
For (happy) He had (with out Art) the Arts,  
And Learning (with out learning) in all parts:  
A more then humane Knowledge bewtifies  
His princely actions: vp to Heav'n he flies,  
He dyues to Hell, he sounds the Deepe, he enters  
To th' inmost Cels of the Worlds lowest Centers.

The secret Riddles of the sacred Writ  
Are plain to him: and his deep-pearcing Wit,  
Vpon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted stile,  
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.  
He (learned) sees the Sun's Eclipse, sans terror:  
He knowes the Planets neuer erring Error;  
And, whether Nature, or some Angel moue  
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance aboue:  
Whether the Sun self-shine; his Sister, not:  
Whether, Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,  
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor  
Kindles the Comet and the long-taild Taper:  
What boystrous Lungs the roaring Whirlers blow'n:  
What burning Wings the Lightning rides vpon:  
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:  
What power Night's Princess powrs vpon the Deep:

P p

Whether

*His excellent  
Wisdom and  
vnderstanding  
in all things.*



Whether the Heav'ns sweet-sweating Kisse appear  
 To be Pearls parent, and the Oyſter's phee'r;  
 And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;  
 Cleer, breeds the cleer; and stormy brings the pale.  
 Whether, from Sea the Amber-greece be sent,  
 Or be some Fiſhes pleaſant excrement.  
 He knowes, why th' Earth's immoueable and round,  
 The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:  
 He knowes her meaſure. And he knowes beſide,  
 How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)  
 With-in the darknes of the Conduit-Pipes,  
 Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,  
 Can ſo diſcreetly the *White humor* take;  
*Rheubarb*, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:  
 And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,  
 By drawing't to them; or by driuing't out.  
 In brief, from th' Hyſop to the Cedar-Tree,  
 He knowes the Vertues of all Plants that be.  
 He knowes the Reaſon why the Woolfs fell tooth  
 Gives a Horſe ſwiftneſs; and his footing, ſloth:  
 Why thy Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena's* eye  
 Puts curſteſt Curres to ſilence ſuddenly:  
 Why th' irefull Elephant becometh tame  
 At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:  
 Why th' eye-bold Eagle neuer fears the ſlaſh  
 Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-claſh:  
 Why the wilde Fen-Goole (which keeps warm her eggs  
 With her broad feet vnder her heatfull legs,  
 And, tongue-leſs, cries) as wing-lym'd, cannot flie,  
 Except ſhe (glad) Seas brynie glaſſe deſcrie.  
 He knoweth alſo, whether that our Stone  
 Be baked Earth, or Exhalation:  
 Whether the Metalls (that we dayly ſee)  
 Be made of Sulphur and of Mercurie;  
 Or, of ſome Liquor by long Cold condens't,  
 And by the Heat well purified and clean'd;  
 Or, of a certaine ſharp and cindrous humor:  
 Or, whether He that made the Waiving Tumor:

The motly Earth; and th' Heav'nly Sphears refin'd,  
All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.  
He comprehends from whence it is proceeding,  
That spotted *Jasper*-stones can staunch our bleedings:  
*Saphires*, cure eyes, the *Topaz* to relist  
The rage of Lust; of drink the *Amethist*:  
And also, why the clearest *Diamant*;  
(*Jealous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.

Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions  
Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' he knos;  
And (filld with *Nectar*-Deaws, which Heav'n drips)  
The Bees haue made Honie within his lips.  
But he imbraceth much more earnestly  
The gain-full Practice, than cold Theorie:  
Nor reaks he so of a Sophistick pride  
Of prattling Knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)  
As of that goodly Art to gouern well  
The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,  
And happily to entertain in either,  
A harmony of Great and Small together.  
Especially Hee's a good *Iusticer*,  
And to the Lawes dooth Life and strength confer.  
And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hills  
Ay bears his head vp-right, and neuer yeelds  
To either side. scorns Winde and Raine and Snowe,  
Abides all weathers, with a cheerfull brow;  
Laughs at a Storme and brauely tramples vnder  
His stiddy Knees, the prowd, lowd, rowling Thunder:  
So, Hee's a Iudge inflexibly-vpright.  
No Loue, nor Hatred, of the Guilty wight  
(What e'r he wear for Calling, small or great)  
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;  
He spurneth Fauors, and he scorneth Fears,  
And vnder foot he treadeth priuate Tears:  
Gold's radiant Lustre neuer blears his Eye:  
Nor is he led through Ignorance a-wry.  
His voice is held an Oracle of all:  
The soule of Lawes he wisely can exhale:

Simile.



*The Controversie  
between the  
2. Harlots for  
the line Child.*

In doubtfull Cases he can subtilize,  
And wyliest pleaders harts anatomize.  
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (since his Birth)  
With her gilt Treasures glorifi'd the Earth;  
When he decides by happy Wisedoms means,  
The famous Quarrel of Two crafty Queans.

Is 't possible, O Earth, (thus cries the first)  
But that (alas) thou should'st for anger burst,  
And swallow quick this execrable Quean!  
Is 't possible (O gracious Soueraign)  
That comming new from dooing such a deed  
So horrible, she shame-les dares proceed  
T'approach thy sight, thy sacred Throne t' abuse,  
Not begging pardon, but euen bent t' accuse?  
Last night, with surfet and with sleep sur-cloyd,  
This care-les step-dam her own Child o'r-layd:  
And softly then (finding it cold and dead)  
Layes it by me, and takes mine in the stead.  
Here, old, bold strumper, take thy bastard brat,  
Hence with thy Carion, and restore me that,  
Restore me mine, my louely liuing Boy,  
My hope, my hap, my Loue, my life, my Ioy.  
O cruell Chance! O sacrilegious!  
Shall thy foul lips my little Angell busse?  
At thy fond prattling, shall he prei'ly smile?  
And tug, and touzethy greasie locks the while?  
And all his Child-hood fill thy soule with glee?  
And, grow'n a man, sustaine thine age and thee?  
While wretched I, haue only for my share,  
His Births hard Trauail, and my burthen's Care,  
His rest-les rocking, wying, washing, wringing;  
And to appease his wayward Cries with singing?  
O most vnhappy of all Woman-kinde!  
O Childe-les mother! O! why is my Minde  
More passion-stirred, than my hand is strong?  
But, rather, than I'll pocket vpthis wrong;  
To bereueng'd, I'll venter two for one,  
I'll haue thy Life, although it cost mine owne.

## The Magnificence.

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O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayesth' other tho)  
O I who would think, that Wine could mad one so?  
O impudent! though God thou fear'st not, fear  
The Kings cleer iudgement, who Gods place doth bear.  
Art not content t' haue call'd (or rather cry'd)  
Me Whore, and Thief, Drunkard and Paricide:  
But thou wilt also haue my Child, my deer  
(Whom with so strong a knot Loue links so neer)  
My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:  
Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all.  
Iust *Dauids* iust Son; for thy Father's sake,  
For his deer loue, for all that he did make  
Of thee a Childe, when he (re-childing) sought  
With childish sport to still thy cryes, and taught  
(Or 'gan to teach) with language soft and weak,  
Thy tender tongue som easie tearm to speak:  
Or, when (all bloody, breath-les, hot) he came  
Laden with spoils of Kings he ouercame,  
He ran t'imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,  
And when thou Cry'dst, vpon his shoulder large  
Did set thee vp, while thou his beard didst tug,  
Play'dst with his nose, about his neck didst hug,  
Gap'tst on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see  
Another *SALOMOM* there smile on thee:  
And vnderneath his dancing Plume didst play  
Like Bird in bush; sporting from spray to spray;  
I doe adiure thee to attend my Plea:  
By the sweet name of thy deer *Bersabe*,  
Who in the night, shiuering for cold, so oft  
Hath bow'd her self ouer thy Cradle soft;  
Who both the Bottles of her *Nectar* white  
Hath spent vpon thee, hundred times a night;  
Who on thy head hath set her pearly Crown,  
And in Thy life liv'd more than in her Owne:  
I doo adiure thee (O great King) by all  
That in the World we sacred count or call,  
To doo me Right: and if, too-mylde, alas,  
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe



Of iust reuenge for my receiued wrong;  
 Yet, reauē me not what doth to me belong,  
 What liberall Nature hath bestow'd on me,  
 What I am seisd-of (without thank to thee);  
 For pittie doo not my heart blood depriue,  
 Make me not Childe-les, hauing Childe a-liue..

While both, at once, thus to the King they Crie;  
 'Tis mine, 'Tis mine: thou ly'st; and thou doost lie;  
 The partial People diuers Verdict spend;  
 Some fauour th' one, others the other friend:  
 As, when two Gamesters hazard (in a trice)  
 Fields, Vine-yards, Castles, on the Chance of Dice,  
 The standers-by, diuersly stird with-in;  
 Wish, some that This, and some that That maie win;  
 Wauer twixt Hope and Fear: and euery-one's  
 Moou'd, with the moouing of the guile-ful Bones.

Only, the King demurres: his prudent ears  
 Find like, both reasons, both complaints, both tears:  
 The Infants face could not discipher whether  
 Of both should be the very Mother: neither  
 Could calculation of their ages, cleer  
 The Iudges doubt, nor any proof appear.  
 Then, thus He waighs (but as in dreaming wife);  
 Th' industrious Iudge, when all proofs fail him, flies  
 Vnto Coniectures, drawn (the probablest;  
 Out of the book of Nature's learned brest;  
 Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers loue (thinks he)  
 Is Natures owne vnchangeable Decree:  
 And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains  
 Which a kinde Mother in her Childe sustains.

*The Doubt admirably decided.*

Then (as awake) Come, come, no more a-doo,  
 Dispatch (saith he) Cleaue the quick Child in two,  
 Look that the Sword be sharp; in such a case:  
 Needs must our Pittie giue our Iustice place:  
 Iustice (yee see) can iudge him whole to neither:  
 Diuide him therefore, and giue halfe to either..  
 O difficult! but thus the King descries  
 Their harts deep secrets: all discovered lyes,

*The*

# The Magnificence.

567

The vizor's off; their Tongues, sincerely prest  
With true instinct, their very Thoughts exprest:

Bee't (said the stepdam) so, sith't must be so:

Diuide him iustly from the top to toe,

No (said the other) rather, I renounce

My Right in him, take thou him all at once,

Enioy him all; I'll rather haue him Thine

A-live, and whole, than dead and mangled Mine.

Thine (quoth the King) hee's Thine by Birth (I see).

Thine by thy Loue, and thine by my Decree.

Now, as with Gold growes in the self-same Mine

Much *Chrysocolle*, and also Siluer fine:

So, supream *Honor*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none)

Second the *Wisdom* of great SALOMON:

He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;

A hundred Crowns doo homage vnto His:

His neereft Bounds *Nile's* Sea and *Sidon* seem,

And *Euphrates* bows his moyst horns to him:

*Peru*, they say (supposiſg *Ophir* so)

By yeerly Fleets into his *Fisk* dooth flowe;

In *Sion* Gold's as common as the Sand,

As Pebbles, Pearls: Through-out all *Iury-Land*,

There seems an Ocean of all happineſſe

To ouer-flowe; and all doo all poſſeſſe:

Each vnder his owne Vine and his owne Tree,

His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.

Thus he abounds in Blisse; not so to change-ill

Man into Beast, but make of Man an Angel,

To praise th' Immortall, who to him hath giuen

Euen here a Taste of the delights of Heauen.

This great, wise, wealthy, and wel-spoken King

His sweet renown o'r all the World doth ring:

The *Tyrian*, for Confederate desires him:

*Pharao* for Son: th' Alien no lesse admires him

Than his owne Subiect: and his eyes sweet flames,

As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.

O SALOMON, see'st thou not (O miſſ-hap!)

This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?

*Simile.*

The wonderfull  
Prosperity of  
Salomon and  
his People.

*Miss-Matches  
iustly taxed.*



That such a mongrel March of differing Creed,  
 Of mortall quarels is th'immortall seed?  
 That Oxe and Assle can neuer well be broak  
 To draw one Plough together in one yolk?  
 Who-euer weds a Miscreant, forth-with  
 Diuorceth God: our Faith still wauereth;  
 It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,  
 Notth' instrument of th'old Deceiuer lie,  
 Not deadly Poyson in our Couch to couch,  
 Sleep in our bosome, and our breast to touch,  
 And breathe into vs (in a kind of kissing)  
 An Ir-religion, of the Serpents hissing.

Shee that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none  
 Flesh of thy Flesh, nor yet Bone of thy Bones:  
 But a strange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece  
 Impoysoned all with *Memphian* Leprosies.

But, thou wilt say, thy Loue hath stript yet while  
 Her spotted suite of Idol-seruing *Nile*:  
 And clad her all, in Innocence, in white;  
 Becom'n by Faith a true-born *Abramite*.  
 It might be so: and to that side I take,  
 Therather, for that *sacred Beauties* sake,  
 Where-of she is a figure. Yet, I fear  
 Her Train will stain thy Kingdom euery-where,  
 Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended  
 To haue his People with strange People blended;  
 The mighty Lord, who hath precisely said,  
 You shall not Theirs, nor they your daughters wed.

*A pleasant  
 Description of  
 Loue's fruitfull  
 Groue.*

Vnder the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,  
 Faire amorous Nature waters freshly-fine  
 A little *Groue* clad in eternall green  
 Where all the yere long lusty *May* is seen,  
 Suiting the Lawnes in all her pomp and pride  
 Of liuely Colours, louely varified:  
 There smiles the ground, the starry-Flowers each one  
 There mount the more, the more th' are trod vpon:  
 There, all growes toil-les; or, if tild it were,  
 Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' only Husband there.

There

## The Magnificence.

569

There *Auster* neuer roars, nor Hail dis-leaues  
Th' immortall Grove, nor any Branch bereaues.  
There the straight Palm-Tree stoopeth in the Calm  
To kisse his Spouse, his loyall Female Palm:  
There with soft whispers whistling all the year  
The Broad-leav'd Plane-Tree Courts the Plane his Pheer,  
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine  
About the Elme her slender arms doth twine:  
Th' Iuie about the Oak: there all doth proue,  
That there, all springs, all growes, all liues in *Loue*.  
Opinion's Porter, and the Gate she bars,  
Gainst *Conetize*, cold *Age*, and sullen *Cares*,  
Except they leaue-off and lay-down before  
Their troublous load of *Reason* at the doore;  
But opens wide, to let-in Bashful-Boldnes,  
Dumb-speaking Signes, Chill-Heat, and Kindled-Coldnes,  
Smooth soothing Vows, deep Sorrows soon appeas'd,  
Tears sudden dry'd, fel Angers quickly pleas'd,  
Smiles, Wyly-Guiles, queint wittie-pretty Toyes,  
Soft *Idlenes*, and ground-les, bound-les Ioyes,  
Sweet *Pleasure* plunged ouer head and cares  
In sugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears,  
Hoarse Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleasing kindly cruell,  
Aspiring *Hope* (*Desire's* immortall fuell)  
Licentious Loosness, Prodigall Expence  
Inchanting Songs, deep Sighs, and sweet Laments.

These frolike *Louelings* fraughted Nests do make  
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;  
*Bewty* layes, *Fancie* sits, th' inflamed heat  
Of *Loue* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:  
Som are but kindled yet, som quick appear,  
Som on their backs carry their Cradles deer.  
Som downy-clad, som (fledger) take a twig  
To perch-vpon som hop, from sprig to sprig:  
One, in the fresh shade of an Apple-Tree  
Lets hang its Quiver, while soft-pantingly  
'T exhales hot Vapour: one, against a Sparrow  
Tries his stiff Bowe and Giant-stooping Arrow:

Another



Another fly sets lime-twigs for the Wren,  
 Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-Tail Cock and Hen):  
 See, see how some their idle wings forsake,  
 And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take  
 A Thrush, another on a Parrat rides,  
 This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan bestrides,  
 That manageth a phaisant: this doth make  
 The Ring-Doue turn: that brings the Culuer back:  
 See how a number of this wanton Fry,  
 Doo fondly chafe the gawdie Butter-Fly,  
 Some with their flowerie Hat, some with their hands,  
 Some with sweet Rose-boughs, som with Myrtle wands:  
 But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles  
 And scapes the snares of all these Loues a-whiles.  
 Leauē, Wags (Cryes *Venus*.) leauē this wanton Play:  
 For so, in steed of Butter-Flyes, you may,  
 You may (my Chicks) a Child of *Venus* strike:  
 For, some of mine haue Horns and all alike.

This said: eftssoon two twins whose gold-head darts  
 Are neuer steeped but in Royal hearts;  
 Come, Brother deer (saide either) come let's to't,  
 Let's each a shaft at yon two bosoms shoot.  
 Their winged words th' effect ensues as wight,  
 Two or three steps they make to take their flight,  
 And quick-thick shaking on their sinnewie side  
 Their long strong parcels, richly triple-died  
 Gold-Azure-Crimsin, th' one aloft doth soar  
 To *Palestine*, th' other to *Nilus* shoar.

PHARON-  
 D A.

*Pharo's* faire daughter (wonder of her Time)  
 Then in the blooming of her Beauties Prime,  
 Was queintly dressing of her Tress-full head  
 Which round about her to the ground did spred:  
 And, in a rich gold-seeled Cabinet,  
 Three Noble Mayds attend her in the seat.  
 One with a peece of double dented Box,  
 Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:  
 Another noynts them with Perfumes of prices:  
 Th' other with bodkin or with fingers nice,

Frizles

## *The Magnificence.*

571

Frizles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;  
The rest, loose dangling without seeming Art,  
Waue to and fro, with cunning negligence  
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:  
When, arm'd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,  
Swift Swallow-like, one of these Twins comes in;  
And, with his left wing hiding still his Bowe,  
Into her bosom shot (I wot not how)  
O, my side! oh! my hart (the Royal Maid Cries out)  
O! I am slaine: but, searching all about,  
When shee perceiu'd no blood, nor bruise; alas,  
It is no wound; but sleeping in the grasse,  
Some Snake (saith she) hath crept into me quick,  
It gnawes my hart: ah, help me, I am sick,  
Haue me to bed: eigh me, a freezing-Frying,  
A burning-cold torments me liuing-dying.

*Loues first  
Fever.*

O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle gal.  
Thy baenfull shaft mingles thy Mel withall!  
The Royal Maide, which with her Mates was wont  
Smile, skip, and dance on Fields inammeld front,  
Loues solennesse, sadnes and Self-priuacie;  
Sighes, sobs, and throbs, and yet she knowes not why:  
The sumptuous pride of massie *Piramides*:  
Presents her eyes with Towers of *Iebusides*;  
In *Niles* cleer Crystall she doth *Jordan* see;  
In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and vn-warily  
Her hand (vnbidden) in her Sampler sets:  
The King of *Inda*'s Name and Counterfets:  
Who, mediting the Sacred *TEMPLE*'s Plot,  
By th' other Twin at the same time is shot:  
The shaft sticks fast, the wound's within his veines:  
Sleep cannot bring a-sleep his pleasing pains;  
*PHARONIDA*'s his hart, *PHARONIDA*  
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day:  
With-in his soule a ciuill War he feeds:  
Th' all-seeing Sun, now early backs his Steeds,  
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then Setteth soon:  
But still his Loue stands at the hot high Noon.

He:



He Rides not his braue Courfers ( as he wont ),  
Nor Reads, nor Wrights, nor in his Throne doth mount,  
To hear the Widdow's Cause : neglects his Court,  
Neglects his Rule ; Loue rules him in such sort.

You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,  
Of Rings and Tablets you may spare the Cariage:  
For, wittie Loue hath with his louely shaft  
In eithers hart grav'n others liuely Draught:  
Each LIVES in other, and they haue ( O strange ! )  
Made of their burning harts a happy Change.  
Better abroad, then home, their hearts delight;  
Yet long their bodies to their hoasts r'vnite.

Which soon ensues : the Virgin's shortly had  
From Mothers armes embracing gladly-sad :  
And th' aged Father, weeping as he spake,  
Bids thus adieu when she her leaue doth take ;  
Sweet Daughter deer, *O firs* be thy guide,  
And louing *Isis* blesse thee and thy Bride,  
With golden Fruit ; and daily with-out cease  
Your mutual Loves may as your yeers increase.

Wiues, Maids, and Children, yong & old, each-where,  
With looks and voves from Turrets follow her :  
Calme *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,  
Her Ships haue merrie windes, the Seas haue none :  
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-fresh :  
Her sight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wildernes :

*Iurie* reioyces, and in all the way  
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes, and Timbrels play :  
The Flower-crownd People, swarming on the Green,  
Cry still, *God saue, God saue, God saue the Queen :*  
May she belike a scion, pale and sick  
Through th'ouer shading of a Sire two thick :  
Which being Transplanted, free, sweet ayre doth sup,  
To th' sweating Clouds her grouie top sends vp,  
And prospers so in the strange soil, that tild,  
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.

No streets are seen in rich *IERVSALEM*,  
For vnder-foot fine Skarlet paueth them,

## The Magnificence.

573

Silks hang the sides, and ouer-head they hold  
Archt Canapeis of glistering Cloth of gold:  
They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide,  
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:  
The joyfull Ladies from their windows shed  
Sweet showres of flowres vpon her radiant head;  
Yet ielous least (dy'd in their natue grain)  
Her Rosie Cheeks should Natures Roses stain.

But lo, at last, th' honor of Maiestie,  
Glory of Kinges, King SALOMON drawes nigh:  
Lo now both Louers, enter-glauncing sweet  
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet  
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection  
Send mutuall Welcomes from their deep affection:  
Both a-like yong, like beautifull, like braue,  
Both grac't a-like; so like, that who so haue  
Not neer observ'd their heads vnlikenesses,  
Think them two *Adons* or two *Venus's*.

These nouice Louers at their first arriue  
Are bashfull both; their passions strangely strue:  
The soules sweet Fier his ruby flames doth flush  
Into their Faces in a modest blush:  
Their tongues are tyed, their star-bright eyes seem vail'd  
With shame-fac't Cipres; all their senses faild.

But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?  
Am not I (heathen) vnder th' happie Vault  
Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth *In haruest*,  
At *Thetis* Nuptials eat, and drank, and daunc't?

Heer, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Ioue* treads vnder  
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder?  
A-while he laies his Maiestie a-side,  
To Court, and sport, and reuel with his Bride;  
King, playes the Courtier; Soueraign, Suter comes;  
And seems but equal with his Chamber-Groomes:  
But yet, what e'r he doo, or can deuise,  
Disguised Glorie shineth in his eyes.  
Heer, many a *Phæbus*, and heer many a *Muse*  
On heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doo vse

Salomons  
Nuptials.

Their



Their golden bowes, that with the rapt'ing sound  
 Th' Arches and Columns wel-nigh dance the Round,  
 Heer, many a *Iuno*, many a *Pallas* heer,  
 Heer many a *Venus*, and *Diana* cleer,  
 Catch many a gallant Lord, according as  
 Wealth, Bewtie, Honour, their affection draws.  
 Heer, many an *Hebé* faire, heer more then one  
 Quick-seruing *Chiron* neatly waits vpon  
 The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about  
 The boules of *Nectar* quickly turned out;  
 And th' ouer-burthned Tables bend with waight  
 Of their *Ambrosial* ouer-filled freight,  
 Heer, many a *Mars* vn-bloody Combats fights,  
 Heer, many a *Hermes* finds out new delights,  
 Heer, many a horned *Satyre*, many a *Pan*,  
 Heer, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs* many a *Faerie Faune*  
 With lustie frisks and liuely bounds bring-in  
 Th' Antike, *Moriske*, and the *Mattachine*:  
 For euen Gods Seruants (God knowes how) haue sup  
 The sugred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.

But, with so many liuely Types, at will  
 His rich rare Arras shall som other fill:  
 Of all the Sports, I'll only chuse one *Measure*,  
 One stately *Mask* compos'd of sage-sweet pleasure;  
 A *Dance* so chaste, so sacred, and so graue  
 (And yet so gracefull, and so lofty-braue)  
 As may be seem (except I me abuse)  
 Great *SALOMON*, and my celestiall *Muse*.

The Tables voided of their various Cates,  
 They rise at once; and suiting their Estates,  
 Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come  
 Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room,  
 So large and light-some that it (right they call  
 The *Vniuersall*, or The *Worlds great Hall*.  
 O what delight, to see so rich a Showe  
 Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a rowe  
 All in a Round, reaching so far and wide  
 O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side!

Their

# The Magnificence.

575

Their eyes sweet splendor seems a *Pharos* bright,  
With clinquant Rayes their Body's clothed light:  
Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth flyding,  
All moue-a-like, after the Musicks guiding:  
Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doo fall,  
That one would sweare one Spirit doth beare them all:  
They poste vn-moouing; and though swift they passe,  
Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thousand pafe,  
One single back they: Round on Round they dance;  
And as they trauerse, cast a fruitfull glance.

Iust in the middle of the Hall, a-sloap  
(Euen from the floor vnto the very top)  
A broad rich *Baldrick* there extendeth round,  
In-laid with gold vpon an azure ground,  
Where (couer'd all with Flames) with wondrous Art:  
Fiue *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.

Heer trips an old-man in a Mantle dy'd  
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd  
With a Snake-girdle byting off her tayl.  
With-in his Robe's stuff (in a winding trayl)  
Creeps *Mandrake*, *Comin*, *Rue*, and *Hellebore*;  
With liuely figures of the Bear and Boare,  
Cammel, and Asse (about to bray wel-nigh):  
There the *Strimonian* Foul seems euen to crie,  
The Peacock euen to prank. For Tablet fine,  
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,  
Where some rare Artist (curiousing vpon't)  
Hath deeply cut Timestriples-formed Front:  
His pafe is heauy, and his face seuer;  
His Body heer; but yet his minde els-where.

There the Lord *Zedec* him more sprightly bears,  
Milde, fair, and pleasant; on his back he wears  
Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks,  
Bares, Violets, Lillies, Oliues, Apricocks;  
Bordred with Phaifants, Egles winged-black,  
And Elephants, with Turrets on their back,  
Pointed with Dimonds powdered and imbost  
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Cost.

The MASK of  
Planets.

Saturn.

Jupiter.

The



Mars.

The third leads quicker on the selfe same Arch  
 His *Pyrrhik* Galiard, like a star-like March:  
 His face is fierie: Many an Amethist,  
 And many a Iaspire of the perfectest  
 Doth brightly glister in the double gilt  
 Of the rich Pommel and the pretious Hilt  
 Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel:  
 His boistrous body shines in burnisht Steel:  
 His Shield flames bright with gold, imbossed high  
 With Wolues and Horse seem-running swiftly by,  
 And frenge'd about with sprigs of Scammonie,  
 And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.

Venus.

But O fair Faerie, who art thou, whose eyes  
 Inflames the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth and Skies?  
 Tell vs, what art thou, O thou fairest fair,  
 That trimm'st the Trammels of thy golden hair,  
 With Myrtle, Thyme, and Roses; and thy Brest

\* A Spouse-belt.

Gird'st with a rich and odoriferous \* *Cest*,  
 Where all the wanton brood of sweetest Loues  
 Doo nestle close; on whom the Turtle-Doues,  
 Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,  
 Cooing and wooing, whersoe'er thou wend:  
 Whose Robe's imbrodered with Pomgranet boughs,  
 Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryl rowes:  
 Whose capering foot, about the starrie floor,  
 The Dance-guide Prince, now followes, now's before?  
 Art thou not Shee, that with a chaste-sweet flame  
 Didst both our Brides harts into one hart frame?

Mercurie

And, was not He, that with so curious steps,  
 Next after thee, so nimble turnes and leaps,  
 Say, was not He the wittie Messenger,  
 Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?  
 How strange a suit! His medly Mantle seems  
 Scarlet, Waue-laced with Quick-siluer streams,  
 And th' end of euery Lace, for tuft hath on  
 A pretious Porphyre, or an Agate stone:  
 A Cry of Hownds haue heer a Deer in Chase,  
 There a false Foxe, heer a swift Kid they trace:

There

## *The Magnificence.*

577

There Larks, and Linots, and sweet Nightingals  
(Fain'd vpon fayned Trees) with wings and tails  
Loose hanging, seem to swell their little throats,  
And with their warblings, shame the Cornets notes.

Light Fumitorie, Parsly, Burnets blade  
And winding leaf his crispie Locks besshade,  
Hee's light and liuely, all in Turns and Tricks;  
In his great Round, he many small doth mix:  
His giddy course seems wandring in disorder,  
And yet there's found in this disorder, order.

Auoid base Vulgar, back Profane, stand-by;  
These sacred Reuels are not for your eye:  
Come, gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits draw neer,  
Preace through the Preace, come take your places heer,  
To see at full the Bride-groom and the Bride,  
A louely paire, exactly bewtifi'd

With rare perfections, passing all the rest,  
Sole happy Causes of this sumptuous Feast.  
Lo where they come: O what a splendor bright!  
Mine eyes do dazle. O thou primer Light!  
Sun of the Sun, thy Raies keen point rebate,  
Thy dread-spread Fire a little temperate:  
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouse a-space  
Thine eyes pure light, the lustre of thy Face:

For I no longer can endure it, I  
Am burnt to ashes: ô I faint, I dye.  
But (blest Couple) lish (alas) I may not  
Behold you both vnmasked, nor I can-not;  
Yet in these Verses let me tell (I pray)  
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich Aray.

The Queen's adorn'd down to her very heels  
In her fair hair (whence still sweet dew distils)  
Halfe hanging down; the rest in rings and curls,  
Platted with strings of great, round, orient Pearls:  
Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,  
With Silver Seas all deeply-frenged round;  
With Gourds and Moon-wort branched richly-fair,  
Flourisht with beasts that only eat the Aier.

*Luna.*



But why (my *Muse*) with Pencil so precise  
 Seek'st thou to paint all her rich Rarities?  
 Of all the Bewties, Graces, Honors, Richesse  
 Where-with rich Heav'n these Maskers all inriches,  
 Shee's even the Mother: and then, as a Glasfe,  
 On the Beholders their effects she calls.

*Sol.*

A Garland braided with the Flowry folds  
 Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds,  
 Beset with Bal'nites, Rubies, Chrysolites,  
 The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:  
 His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat  
 With burning Carbuncles, and every set  
 Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n vpon)  
 Of Laurel, Cedar, Balm, and Cinamon:  
 On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan so white  
 Seems to his honour som new Song t'indight,  
 The Phoenix there builds both her nest and toomb,  
 The Crocodile out of the waues doth come,  
 Th' amazed Reaper down his Sickle flings  
 And sodain Fear grafts to his Ankles wings:  
 There the fierce Lion, from his furious eyes,  
 His mouth and nostrils fiery-Flames let-flies,  
 Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet,  
 And, wrath-full ramping, ready euen to set.  
 Vpon a Heard of fragrant Leopards:  
 When lo, the Cock (that light his rage regards)  
 A purple Plume tymbers his stately Crest,  
 On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest  
 A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) shines,  
 A frence of ravel'd gold about his Loins,  
 In lieu of bafes. Beard as red as blood;  
 A short Beak bending like the Eagles brood:  
 Green-yellow eyes, where Terrors Tent is pight:  
 A Martiall gait; and spurred as a Knight:  
 Into two arches his prowd Train diuides,  
 With painted wings he claps his cheerfull sides,  
 Sounds his shrill Trumpet, and seems with his sight:  
 The Lions courage to haue danted quight.

## The Magnificence.

579

These happy Louers, with a practiz'd pafe  
For-ward and back-ward and a-side do trace;  
They seem to dance the *Spanish Paean* right:  
And yet their Dance, so quick and liuely-light,  
Doth neuer pass the Baldricks bounds (at all)  
Which grav'n with Star-Beasts ouer-thwarts the Hall.

When the brave Bride-groom towards Mount *Silo* traces,  
A thousand Flowers spring in his spright-full pases:  
When towards Mount *Olivet* he slides, there growes  
Vnder his feet a thousand Frosty Snowes:  
For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures euer,  
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weauer.

This louely Couple, now kisse, now recoil,  
Now with a lowring eye, now with a smile:  
Now Face to Face they Dance, now side by side,  
With Course vn-equall: and the tender Bride  
Receiues strange Changes in her Countenance,  
After her Louers diuers-seeming glance.  
If vnawares som Enuious come between  
Her and her Loue, then is she sad be-seen,  
She shuts her eye, she seems euen to depart:  
Such force hath true Loue in a noble hart.  
But all that's nothing to their musick choice:  
Tuning the warbles of their Angel-Voice  
To Foot and Viole, and Care-charming Lute,  
In amorous Ditty they do thus dispute;

" O bright-ey'd Virgin!  $\delta$  how fair thou art!

" O how I loue thee, My Snowe-winged Dove!

" O how I loue thee! Thou hast rapt my hart:

" For thee I Die: For thee I liue, my Loue.

" How fair art thou my Deer! How dear to me!

" Deer Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoon,

" At thy deer Sight: and when I sleep, for Thee,

" Within my brest still wakes my sharp-sweet Wound.

*The Epithalamy.*

Q 2

"My



" My Loue, what Odours thy sweet Trellse it yields !  
 " What Amber-greece, what Incense breath'st thou out  
 " From purple fillets ! and what Myrrhe distils  
 " Still from thy Fingers, ringd with Gold about !

" Sweet-Hart, how sweet isth' Odour of thy Prayse !  
 " O what sweet aiers doth thy sweet air deliuer  
 " Vnto my burning Soule ! What hony Layes  
 " Flowe from thy throat ! thy throat a golden Riuer.

" Among the Flowers, my Flower's a Rose, a Lilly:  
 " A Rose, a Lilly, this a Bud, thar blow'n:  
 " This fragrant Flower first of all gather wil-I,  
 " Smell to it, kisse it, wear it as mine owne.

" Among the Trees, my Loue's an Apple-Tree,  
 " Thy fruit-full Stem bears Flower and fruit together:  
 " I'll smell thy Flower, thy fruit shall nourish me,  
 " And in thy Shadow will I rest for ever.

While *Hesperus*, in azure Waggon broughe  
 Millions of Tapers ouer all the Vault,  
 These gorgeous Reuels to sweet Rest giue place,  
 And the Earths *Venus* doth Heav'n's *Venus* trace.

These Spousals past: the King doth nothing minde  
 But *the Lords House*; there is his care confin'd:  
 His Checker's open, he no Cost respects;  
 But sets a-work the wittiest Architects!

*The building of  
the TEM PLE.* Millions of hands be busie labouring;  
 Through all the Woods, wedges and beetles ring:  
 The tufted tops of sacred *Libanon*,  
 To climb Mount *Sion*, down the stream are gon:  
 Forests are saw'd in Tranformes, Beams, and Somers:  
 Great Rocks made little, what with Sawes and Hammers:  
 The sturdy Quar-man with steel-headed Cones  
 And massie Sledges slenteth out the Stones,  
 Digs through the bowels of th'earth baked stiff,  
 Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff.

## The Magnificence.

581

Of ruddy Porphire, or white Alabaster,  
And masters Marble, which no Time can Master.  
One melts the White-stone with the force of Fire:  
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,  
Deep vnder ground (for the Foundation ioines  
Wel-polisht Marble, in long massie Coines;  
Such both for stuff, and for rare artifice,  
As mought be seem som royall Frontispice.  
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame;  
This Carues a Cornich; that prepares a Iambe;  
This formes a Plynth; that fits an Architrauc;  
This planes a Plank; and that the same doth graue,  
Giues life to Cedars dead, and cunningly  
Makes Wood to moue, to sigh and speak wel-nigh:  
And others, rearing high the sacred Wal,  
By their bold Labours Heav'n it self appall:  
Cheerly they work, and ply it in such sort  
As if they thought long Summer-days too-short.

*Simile.*

As in Grape-Haruest, with vnweary pains,  
A willing Troup of merry-singing Swains,  
With crooked hooks the strouting Clusters cut,  
In Frails and Flasks them as quickly put,  
Run bow'd with burthens to the fragrant Far,  
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat,  
Vp to the Waste; and dauncing in the Must  
To th' vnder-Tub a flowry Shower doth thrust:  
They work a-vie, to th' eye their Work doth growe,  
Who saw't i'th' Morning, scarce at Night can knowe  
It for the same: and God himself doth seem  
T'haue ta'en to Task this Work, and work for them,  
While in the Night sweet Sleep restores with rest  
The weary limbs of Work-men ouer-prest.

Great King, whence came this Courage (*Titan-like*)  
So many Hills to heap vpon a rick?  
What mighty Rowlers, and what massie Cars  
Could bring so far so many monstrous Quars?  
And, what huge strength of hanging Vaultsembow'd  
Bears such a waight aboue the winged Cloud?



If on the out-side I doo cast mine eye,  
The Stones are ioyn'd so artificially,  
That if the Maçon had not checker'd fine,  
\*Syre's Alabaſter with hard Serpentine,  
And hundred Marbles no leſſe fair than firm;  
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly term.

If I look In, then ſcorn I all with-out:  
Surpaſſing Riches ſhineſh all about:  
Floore, Sides, and Seeling, couerd triple-fold,  
Stone lyn'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold:  
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim  
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.

I ouer-paſſe the ſacred Implements,  
In worth far paſſing all theſe Ornaments:  
Th' Art answers to the ſtuff, the ſtuff to th' uſe:  
O! perfect Artiſt, thou for Mould didſt chuſe  
The Worlds *Idea*: For, as firſt the ſame  
Was ſeuer'd in a Three-fold diuers Frame,  
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain  
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;  
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,  
With Flowrs and Fruits, and Beaſts, and Birds the other;  
And playd the Painter, when he did ſo gild  
The turning Globes, blew'd Seas, and green'd the field,  
Gaued precious Stones ſo many coloured luſtre,  
Enameld Flowers, made Metals beam and gliſter:  
The Caruer, when he cut in leaves and ſtems  
Of Plants, ſuch veins, ſuch figures, files and hems:  
The Founder, when he caſt ſo many Forms  
Of winged Fowls, of Fiſh, of Beaſts, of Worms:

Thou dooſt diuide this Sacred Houſe in Three;  
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wher-in none may be  
But God, the Cherubims, and (once a year)  
The Sacred Figure of Perfection deer,  
Of Gods eternall Son (Sins ſin-leſſe check)  
The ever-laſting true MEECHISEDECK  
The fair mid-Temple, which is ope alone  
To Sun-bright Lenter, who on Iſrael ſhineſh

\* Syrian.

Wid

# The Magnificence.

583

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well  
On the *Laves* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell:  
And th'v'tter P O R C H, the Peoples residence,  
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements:  
And various Artist honour't all the Parts  
With *Myron's*, *Phydias*, and *Apelles* Arts.

This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th'hast fram'd by it,  
Th'eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:  
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs* richly-graue,  
Vnto the P O R C H may rich relation haue:  
For that it giues vs Oeconomike Lawes,  
Rules politike, and Priuatecivill Sawes;  
And for (the most) those lessons generall  
At Humane matters aim the most of all.

*Ecclesiastes* the Mid-T E M P L E seems:  
It treadeth down what euer Flesh esteems  
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good, or great,  
Drawes vs from earth, and vs in Heav'n doth seat;  
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,  
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.

S A N C T V M-S A N C T O R V M, is thy *Song of Songs*,  
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)  
Thou mariest *Jacob* to Heav'ns glorious King:

Where, thou (devoted) doost diuinely sing  
C H R I S T's and his C H V R C H E S *Epithalamie*:  
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)

The faith-full Soule talks with her God immense,  
Hears his sweet Voice, her self doth quintessence  
In the pure flames of his sweet-pearching eyes  
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)  
Enioyes her Ioy, in her chaste bed doth kisse  
His holy lips (the Loue of Loues) her Blisse.

When he had finisht and had furnisht full  
The *House of God*, so rich, so bewtifull:  
O God (sayd *Salomon*) great *Only Trine*!  
Which of this *Mystike* sacred House of Thine  
Hast made me Builder; build me in the same  
A living Stone. Forthy deer D A I D's name,

Dedication of  
the Temple.



On DAVIDS branches DAVIDS blisse reuiue;  
 That on his Throne his Issue still may thrive.  
 O All-comprising, None-comprised Prince,  
 Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,  
 In Hell by Iustice, each-where by thy Powers,  
 Dwell heer (dear Father) by thy Grace (to Ours).  
 If, in a doubtfull Case, one needs must swear,  
 Loose thou the Knot, and punish thou seuer  
 Th'audacious Periure; that hence-forth none chance  
 Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.  
 If our dis-flowered Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,  
 Our empty Ears, our light and blasted Corn,  
 Prefage vs Famine; If with ten-fold chain,  
 Thy hand hath lockt thy Water-gates of Rain;  
 And, towards this House we humbled cast our eye,  
 Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and cry.  
 If Captives we in a strange Land bewayl,  
 If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fayl;  
 And, towards this House we humbled cast our eye,  
 Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and cry.  
 If Strangers, moov'd with rumor of thy Miracles,  
 Com heer to Offer, to consult thine Oracles,  
 And in this House to kneel religiously,  
 Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and cry:  
 Hear them from Heav'n; and by thy Fauors prest,  
 Draw to Thy TEMPLE, North, South, East, and West.

The passe-Man *Wisdom* of th' *Isacian* Prince,

A Light so bright, set in such eminence

(Vn-hideable by enuious Arrogance,

Vnder the Bushell of black Ignorance).

Shines euery where, illustres euery place;

Among the rest it Lightens in the Face

Of the fair Princesse, that with prudent hand

The soft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,

The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring

Red Cinamon, Incense, and Myrre doth bring;

Where priuate men do Prince-like Treasures hold;

Where Pots be Silver, Bedsteds beaten Gold,

Where

*The Queen of  
Saba.*

## The Magnificence.

589

Where Walls are rough-cast with the richest Stones  
Cast in Deuises, Emblems, Scutchions,  
Yet, leauing all this Greatnesse of her owne,  
She comes to view the State of SALOMON,  
To hear his Wisedom, and to see his Citty,  
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitty.

You, that doo shut your eyes against the rayes  
Of glorious Light, which shineth in our dayes;  
Whose spirits self-obstin'd in old musty Error,  
Repulse the Truth (*Th' Almightyes sacred Mirror*)  
Which day and night at your deaf Doors doth knock;  
Whose stubbornnesse will not at all vn-lock  
The sacred Bible, nor so much as look,  
To talke with God, into his holy Book:  
O, fear you not that this great Princesse shall  
Of thank-les Sloath, one day condemn you all?  
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)  
Ease, Pleasures, Treasures, doth despise and scorn;  
To passe with great pains, and with great expence,  
Long weary Iourneys full of diffidence:  
And nobly trauels to another Land  
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man?

Her Time's not lost: there (*rapt*) she doth contemple  
The sumptuous bewries of a stately TEMPLE,  
The lofty Towers of hundred Towns in one,  
A pompous Palace, and a peer-les Throne,  
Wals rich with-out; furnisht in richer sort:  
Number of Seruants doth adorn the Court,  
But more their Order; there, no noise is heard,  
Each his owne Office only doth regard:  
And, (in one instant) as the quaverings  
Of a quick Thumb, moues all the diuers strings  
Of a sweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,  
Causeth a Treble sound, a Mean, a Base:  
So SALOMON, discretely with a beck,  
A wink, a word, doth all the Troop direct:  
Each of his Seruants hath his proper Lesson,  
And (after his Degree) each hath his fashion.

*A iust reproofe of  
all obstinate Re-  
culants.*

This



This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,  
 Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wyles,  
 T' appose the King; and she resolves she will  
 With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.  
 But lo what *Oedipus*! The Law-learn'd Sage,  
 Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,  
 Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,  
 Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,  
 As he dissolues her *Gordian*-knots, and sees  
 Through all her nights, and euen at pleasure frees  
 Such Doubts, as doubt-les might haue task't vntwist,  
 The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnosophist*:  
 And knowing, Good becomes more Good, the more  
 It is en-common'd, he applieth therefore  
 T' instruct her in the Faith; and (enuious-idle)  
 His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.

Alas, I pity you: alas (quoth He)  
 Poore Soules besotted in Idolatry,  
 Who worship Gold and Siluer, Stocks and Stones,  
 Mens workmanship, and Fiends Illusions;  
 And, who (by your sage *Mages* Lore misl-led)  
 So-many Godlings haue imagined:  
 Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,  
 Th'Eternall King, nay, self-Eternity.  
 Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,  
 Of Ends the End, of Firsts Originall,  
 Of Lights the Light, Essence sur-passing Essence,  
 Of Powers pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance,  
 Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,  
 The Life of Life, and of all Bewty Flood:  
 None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,  
 The Vni-forme, which giues all formes their Beeing.  
 God, and One, is all One, who so the Vnity  
 Denies, he (Atheist) disannuls Diuinity:  
 Th'Vnity dwels in God, ith' Fiend the Twine:  
 The greater World hath but one Sun to shine;  
 The lesser but one Soule, both but one God,  
 In Essence One, in Person *Trinely*-odde.

## The Magnificence.

587

Of this great Frame, the Parts so due-devis'd,  
This Body, tun'd so, measur'd, sympathiz'd,  
This TEMPLE, where such Wealth and Order meet,  
This Art in every part, cannot proceed  
But from one Pattern; and that but from one  
Author of all, who all preserves alone.

Else should we see in set Batalions  
A hundred thousand furious Partizans,  
The World would nource ciuill intestine Wars,  
And wrack it self in it selfs factious Iars.

Besides, God is an Infinite Divinity:  
And who can think of more than one Infinity?

Seeing the one restrains the others might,  
Or rather reaues its name and being quite.

Therefore (O Pagans) why do you confine  
The Infinite in narrow Walls of lime?

Why shut you Him in a Base Trunk or Tree?

Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can see?

Why offer you your carnall seruices

Vnto the Lord, who a meere Spirit is?

Why then do you (sayd she) by our example,

Incloseth Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?

Lock him within an Arke; and worse than we,

Feed him with Fumes, and bloody Butchery?

This Sacred House so fair (reply'd he then)

Is not to contain God, but godly men,

Which worship him: and, we do not suppose

That He, whose Arms doo Heav'n and Earth inclose,

Is closed in a Chest; but th'ancient Pact,

The solemne Cōuehant, and the sure Contract,

Which leagues vs with our God, and each with other,

And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together.

As for our Incense, Washings, Sacrifices,

They are not (as is thought) Our vain Deuices;

But, God's their Author, and himself Ordains

These Elements, wherby he entertains

And feeds our vnderstanding in the hope

Of his deer Son (of all these Things the Scope);

Setting



Setting before vs th' Only Sacrifice,  
 Which in CHRIST'S Blood shall wash-out all our vice.  
 Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,  
 Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs-Off'erer:  
 Come, come, thou thrice-Great Refuge of our State,  
 Come, thou our Rancome Iudge, and Aduocate:  
 Milde Lamb, Salue-Serpent, Lion generous,  
 Vn-challeng'd Vmpire betwixt Heav'n and Vs,  
 Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the End  
 Of all our Offrings, (whither, all doe tend):  
 Come ô MESSIAS, and doo now begin  
 To Raign in *Sion*, to triumph of Sinne;  
 And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore  
 Vpon the Earth the Golden Age of yore:  
 Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes  
 The deer First-Fruits: take on thee our Offences,  
 That, stript of *Adam's* sinfull sute, in fine  
 With sacred Angels we in Heav'n may shine.

The Queen, nigh sunk in an Amazefull Swoun,  
 Bespake him thus: My Lord: prattling renown  
 Is wont in flying to increase so far,  
 That she proclaimes things greater then they are:  
 And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right,  
 Wherof the rarest seem more exquisite,  
 Far-off, then neer: but, so far as thy Fame  
 Excels all Kings, thy vertues passe the same:  
 Thy peer-les Prayse stoops to thy Learned tongue,  
 And enuious bruit hath donethy Wisedom wrong.

*Simile.*

*Application to  
 the Kings Maie-  
 stie.*

So may I say, euen so (ô SCOTTISH King)  
 Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,  
 From th' edge of *Spain* hath made me ventrouly  
 To crosse the Seas, thy *Britain's* end to see:  
 Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?  
 O King (Heav'n chosen, for som special Plot)  
 Worlds Miracle, & Oracle of Princes:  
 I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.  
 A gray-beards Wisedom in an amber-bush,  
 A *Mars-like* Courage in a Maid-like blush,

## *The Magnificence.*

589

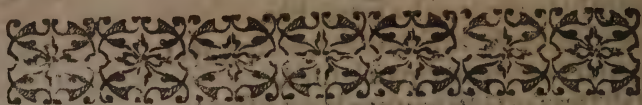
A settled Iudgement with a supple Wit,  
A quick Discourse, profound and pleasing yet;  
*Virgil* and *Tully*, in one spirit infus'd,  
And all Heav'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.

Persist, O King, glory on glory mount;  
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame surmount,  
So let thy future passe thy former more,  
And go-before those that haue gone-before:  
Excell thy self: and braue, graue, godly Prince,  
Confirm my Songs eternall Euidence.

**FINIS.**







THE SCHISME.  
THE III. BOOK OF THE  
IIII. DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Reiecting Olde, Young-Counsail drash ROBOAM  
Loseth Ten Tribes; which fall to IEROBOAM.  
He, Godding Calves, makes Izrael to Sin:  
His Scepter therfore shortly fails his Kin.  
BAAZ, ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (worst of all)  
With IEZABEL. Elias conquers Baal;  
Commands the Clouds; rapt-vp to Heav'n, aline.  
Elisha's Works: his bones the dead renine.  
SAMARIA's tragik Siege. A Storm at Sea,  
For Ionas sake: repentant NINIVE.*

*The misery of a  
State distracted  
by factions into  
Civil Wars.*

*Application.*

*Deprecation.*

**H**EERsing I ISAAC's. ciuill Brauls and Broils;  
Iacobs Reuolt; their Cities sack, their Spoils:  
Their cursed Wrack, their Godded Calves: the rent  
Of th' Hebrew Tribes from th' Isheans Regiment.

Ah! see we not, som seek the like in France?  
With rage-full swords of ciuill Variance,  
To share the sacred Gaulian Diadem?

To strip the Lillies from their native Stem?  
And (as it were) to Cantonize the Stare  
Whose Law did aw Imperiall Rhine (of late)  
Tiber and Iber too; and vnder whom  
Even siluer Iordan's captiue floods did foam.

But, let not vs, good Lord, O let not vs  
Serue seruilely a hundred Kinglings thus,

In

## The Schisme.

591

In stead of one great Monarch : neuer let  
The lawfull Heir from his own Throne be beat;  
This Scepter yearly to be new posselt;  
Nor euery Town to be a Tyrants nest:  
Keep all intire, re-stablish prudent Raign,  
Restore the Sword to *Iustice* hand again;  
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Prayse (O Lord)  
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.

THE GENERAL *States of Israel*, gathered all,  
By thousands now, within strong *Sichem's* Wall;  
All iointly name *ROBOAM* for their King,  
But (strictly-stout) his Powr thus limiting:

*A Parliament,  
or Assembly of  
the Estates of  
Israel.*

Command (say they) and Rule in *Abram's* Fold,  
Not as a Wolf, but as a Shepherd should:  
Slacken the reans of our late Seruitude:  
Lighten cur gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,  
Those heauy Imposts of thy Father (fierce):  
Repress the rapin of thine Officers:  
So, we will serue thee, life and goods at-once:  
If other-wise; thy Seruice we renounce.

*The People capi-  
tulate with their  
now King.*

Heer with amaz'd, thee moody Prince, in post  
Sends for those Ancients which had sway'd most  
His Fathers Counsaile: and he seems to craue  
Their sage Aduises, in a case so graue.

God hath not made, say they (iumping together)  
Subiects for Kings, but Kings for Subiects rather:

*The Counsaile of  
the ancient Ng-  
bles.*

Then, let not thine (already in distress)  
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy Self much less.  
What boots a Head, with-out the hand and foot?  
What is a Scepter, and no Subiects to't?

The greater Milt, the Body pines the more:  
The Checker's fatt'ing makes the people poor:

A Princes Wealth in Subiects Wealth is set;

The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:

Where the good Prince coms neuer but at need:

For, he is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)

Whose Flock is fat and fair, with frolik bounds

Frisking and skipping vp and down the Douns,

Among



Among the Beasts fullest of furious gall,  
 The Vulgar's fiercest, wildest, worst of all;  
*Hydra* with thousand heads, and thousand stings,  
 Yet soon agreed to war against their Kings.

If then you wish, their barking rage to cease,  
 Cast them a bone; by an Abatement, cease  
 Their wringing Yoak, thy pity let them proue:  
 And ground thy Greatnes on thy Peoples loue.

Or, if thou (sell) wilt needs feed on their ice,  
 Yet vse no threats, nor giue them flat Denies:  
 But, to establish thy yet-new estate,  
 Giue them som hope, and let them feed on that:  
 And (wisely) minde thy Fathers *Saying* sage,  
 That *A soft answer* (soon) appeaseth rage.

*Roboam, leaning  
 their sound  
 advice leaneth  
 rather to the  
 young fury of  
 his Minions &  
 Flatteries.*

ROBOAM, scorning these old Senators,  
 Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers  
 (Birds of a feather) that with one accord  
 Cry-out, importune, and perswade their Lord,  
 Not fillily to be by such disturb'd,  
 Nor let him-selfe so simply to be curb'd;  
 But, to repress, press, and oppresse the more  
 These Mal-contents, but too-well vs'd before:  
 With iron teeth to bruise their idle bones,  
 To suck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)  
 Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)  
 And lock their Furie in the stockes of Fear,  
 And to shake-off (on th'other side) and shun  
 Those Gray-beards old and cold direction,  
 Their sawcie censures, snibbing his Minority;  
 Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,  
 Vsurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)  
 Would teach a wiser then them-selues his part:  
 To knowe that he's a King; and that he took  
 Even in the womb, as th'outward limbs and look,  
 So th'inward graces, the Discretion  
 And deep Fore-sight of prudent SALOMON;  
 And, in the shop of Nature, learn'd (long since)  
 The Art of State, the Office of a Prince.

# The Schisme.

593

Wisdom (fond King) her sacred Seat erects  
In hoarie brains: and Day the Day directs:  
Th'old-man-fore-sees a-far; by *past* events  
He (prudent) ponders *future* accidents:  
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)  
This wily World, but as a passenger;  
And, more with courage then with Counsaill's guide,  
Barely beholds things on the outer side.  
Yet, to the last thou lean'st; and, frowning fel,  
Check'st thus the Son's of noble *Israel*:

Ah! rébel Slaues! you, you will Rule your King:  
You'll be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:  
You'll hold the sacred helm, controule the Crown:  
You'll rate his State, and turn all vp-side-down.  
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?  
My little finger over-balanceth

*The Kings rash-  
nes threatening  
rigour.*

My Father's loigns: he did but rub you light,  
I'll flay your backs; he bow'd, I'll break yee quight;  
He threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)  
But I will haue your carrion shoulders goar'd  
With scourges tangd with rowels: and my Name  
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the same.

As rapid streams, incountring in their way  
With close-driv'n piles of som new bank or bay,  
Or steady pillars of a Bridge built new,  
Which last-past Sommer neuer saw, nor knew;  
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,  
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:  
So yerst griev'd *Isaac*, now grown desperate,  
With loud proud tearms doth thus expostulate:

*Simile.*

Why? what haue we to do (what part? what place?)  
With *Boözian* *Isbay's* avaricious race?  
Go, Raign (proud *Iuda*) where thou wilt; for we  
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny:  
Go vse else-where thy cruell threats and braues;  
We are thy Brethren, we, and not thy Slaues.

*The Result of  
the 10. Tribes.*

Thus cry the People, and th'ill-counsaill'd King  
Vn-kingly yeelds to their rude Mutining:

Rr

And



*Ieroboam.* And flies eſt-ſoons with ſome few *Beniamites*,  
The zealous *Leuites*, and the *Indaites*:  
The reſt revolt, and chuſe for Sovereign  
A ſhame-leſ, faith-leſ, bold and buſie-brain,  
An *Ephraimite*, who (double-ſaſe) doth fall  
Both from his King and from his God withall.

For, hefore-ſees that if th'*Iſacians* ſtill  
(As Law inioyn'd) ſhould mount on *Sion Hill*,  
To ſacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,  
Their Princes ſight, the Doctrine and Example  
Of ſacred *Leuites*, they would ſoon be taken,  
And drawn aboard the Bark they had forſaken.  
To rent the Church therefore he doth deuife,  
And God's true Spouſe doth Harlot-like diſguiſe:  
Will haue them hence-forth Worſhip God the Lord  
Vnder the Form of Hay-fed *Calues* (abhorr'd).  
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings-vp Service new;  
Profane, vſurping ſacred *Aaron's Dew*.

But, how (ingrate) requit'ſt thou God, in this?  
He, of a ſervant, made thee King of His:  
Thou, of a God, mak'ſt him a horned Steer;  
Sett'ſt Altar againſt Altar; and, the deer,  
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclouding with the vail  
Of thine Ambition, mak'ſt all *Iſrael* fail,  
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death,  
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, vn-eath  
Could th'operation of ſo many Miracles;  
In their hard hearts re-print the *Sacred Oracles*.

One-day, the while this *Prieſt-King* ſacrificz'd  
To's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (ſelf-deviz'd)  
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,  
Who boldly thus his brutiſh rage doth blame:  
O odious Houſe, ô execrable Cell,  
O Satans Forge, ô impious Shop of Hell;  
Accurſed Altar, that ſo braves and boaſts  
Againſt the Altar of the Lord of Hoſts  
Behold, from *Dauid* ſhall a King return  
That on thy ſtones thine owne *Prieſts bones* ſhall burn,

Thus

Thus saith the Lord: and this shall be the Sign  
(Prodigiouſly to ſeal his Word, in mine)

Thou now in th' inſtant ſhalt in ſunder ſhatter,  
And in the Air ſhall thy vile cinders ſcatter.

Take, take the Sot, ſaid then th' vngodly Prince,  
And (as he ſpake in rage-full vehemence)  
Reacht-out his arm: but, inſtantly the ſame  
So ſtrangely withered and ſo num became,  
And God ſo ruſtied every ioynt, that there  
(But as the Body ſtird) it could not ſtir:  
Th' vnſacred Altar ſodain ſlent in twain;  
And th'aſhes, flying through th' vn-hallowed Fane,  
Blinde the blinde Priests; as in the Sommer (oft)  
The light, white Duſt (driv'n by the Winde aloft)  
Whirling about, offends the tendreſt eye,  
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cauſe) to cry.

*Simile.*

O holy Prophet (prayer the Tyrant then)  
Deer man of God, reſtore my hand again:  
His hand is heal'd. But (obſtinate in ill)  
In His Calf-ſervice He perſevers ſtill,  
Still runs his Race, ſtill every day impairs,  
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs.

The King of *Inda* little better proves,  
His Fathers by-paths ſo *Abiam* loves;  
The People, pliant to their Princes guiſe,  
Forget their God, and his drad Law deſpiſe.

God, notwithstanding (of his ſpeciall grace)  
Entails the *Scepter* to the ſacred race  
Of his deer *Dauid*: and he bindes with boughs  
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows:  
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave  
Som form of Church in *Sion* he will haue.

*Aza*, *Abiam's* Son; *Iehoſaphat*  
The ſon of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate  
All Idol-gods: and, warring with ſucceſs,  
Dung *Iſaak's* Fields with forrain carcaſes.

In *Aza's* ayd fights th' arm armi-potent  
(Which ſhakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hills, & Rocks doth rent)

*Aza.*



Against black *Zerab's* over-daring boast,  
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoast  
O'r-flow'd all *Juda*, and, all sacking (fell)  
Transported *Afrik* into *Israel*:

He fights for His, who, seeing th' *Ammonite*,  
The *Idumean*, and proud *Moabite*,  
In Battail ray, caus'd all his Hoast to sing  
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:

Sa, sa, (my hearts) let's cheerly to the charge;  
Having for Captain, for Defence, and Targe,  
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea  
Hath heertofore, in foming pride, giv'n way:  
Who, with a sigh (or with a whistle, rather)  
Can call the North, South, East, and West together:  
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands  
Millions of millions of bright-winged Bards:  
Who, with a breath, brings (in an instant) vnder  
The proudest Powrs: whose arrows are the Thunder.

Description of  
Discord.

While yet they sang, fell *Discord* reaching-far,  
Hies to the *Heathen* that encamped are:  
Clean through her mantle (tatter'd all in flakes)  
Appears her brest all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,  
Her skin is scarr'd, her teeth (for rage) do gnash,  
The Basilisk with-in her eyes doth flash;  
And, one by one, she plucks-off (in despight)  
Her hairs (no hairs, but hissing Serpents right)  
And, one by one, she severally bestowes-'em  
Through all the Camp, in every Captains bosom,  
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,  
Burns every Souldier with the thirst of blood:  
And, with the same blade that she died once  
In valiant *Gedeon's* (Brother-slaughtered) Sons,  
She sets the Brother to assail the Brother,  
The Son the Sier, and deereft Friends each-other.

Miraculous  
Slaughter of the  
Heathen by their  
mutuall swords,  
divided among  
themselves.

The swords, new draw'n against their Enemies,  
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:  
And *Mars* so mad's them in their mutuall Iar,  
That strange, turns civill; civill, household War:

Proud

Proud Edom heaws Moab and the Ammonite;  
Amon hunts Edom and the Moabite;  
Moab assaults Amon and Edom too;  
And each of them wars first with th'other two,  
Then with themselves: then Amon Amon thrills,  
Moab wounds Moab, Edom Edom kills.

From Hoast to Hoast, blind-fold Despair, in each,  
Disports her selfe; those that are one in speech,  
Vnder one Colours, of one very coat,  
Combat each other, cut each others throat.

Rage-full confusion every-where commands,  
Against his Captain the Lieutenant stands,  
The Corporal vpon his Seriant flies,  
And basest Boyes against their Masters rise:  
Nay, drad Bellona passeth fiercely further,  
Th'owne Vncle doth his owne deer Nephew mutther,  
The Nephew th'Vncle with the like repayes,  
Cosen thrills Cosen, Kinf-man Kinf-man slayes:  
Yea, even the Father kills his Son most cruell,  
And from one Belly springs a bloody Duell;  
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth other,  
And drawes the life-blood of his half-self Brother,  
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place  
Both fall; as like in fury as in fabe:  
But, strength at length (not stomach) fails in either;  
And, as together born, they die together.

The Confusion of  
Such a Camp so  
together by the  
eares.

The faithfull Hoast drawes neer, and gladly goes  
Viewing the bodies of their breath-les Foes.  
Men, Camels, Horse (som saddled, som with cut)  
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lie mingled all about:  
The bloody Field; and from the Mountains nigh  
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:  
Heer seems an Arm, a Giant late did owe,  
As if it would to a Dwarf's shoulder growe:  
A Princes hand there (knownen by pretious signes)  
Vnto the arm of a base Porter ioyns;  
An olde-Man's head heer to a Stripling's neck;  
And there, lean buttocks to a brawny back:



Heer, of a Body iustly cloven in two,  
 The bloody tripes are trailing to and fro;  
 There, five red fingers of a Hand cut-off  
 Gripe still the truncheon of a steeld staff;  
 And, there (at-once, all broached on one Lance)  
 Lie three braue Horse-men in a deadly Trance.

Chariots, vnfurnisht and vnharneſt, ſtood,  
 Over the ſpoaks, vp to the naves in blood:  
 Th' Engaddian Snowes melt in vermillion ſtreams,  
 And (now no marvell) ſarvel warinly ſteamſ;  
 Stopt with dead bodies; ſo, that never-more  
 It ſhould haue ſeen the Ocean (as before)  
 Nor payd the Tribute that his Duty craves,  
 Sauē that the crimſin holp the cryſtall waves.

Prayſed be God (ſaid Iuda) prayſed be  
 The Lord of Hoſts, the King of Maieſty,  
 That moaues his Foes; that doth his own protect,  
 That holds ſo deer the blood of his Elect:  
 That fights for vs, and teacheth vs to fight,  
 Conquer, and triumph of the Pagan's might;  
 And (finally) doth puniſh Tyrants fel.  
 With their owne ſwords, to ſaue his Iſrael.

But, notwithstanding Ieroboam's Plot,  
 His third Succelſſor yet ſucceeds him not;  
 A barbarous Fury raigneth in his Race,  
 His bloody Scepter ſhifteth hands apace:  
 Nadab his ſon, and all his ſeed beſide,  
 Feels curſed Baasha's cruell Paricide;  
 And Baasha's iſſue is by Zimri ſlain,  
 Zimri by Zimri: then doth Omri raign;  
 Omri, accuſed for his owne tranſgreſſion,  
 But more accuſed for the ſoule ſucceſſion  
 Of ſuch a Son as Achab (fold to Sin).  
 That boldly brings Sidonian Idols in,  
 Builds vnto Baal; and, of all Kings the worſt,  
 Weds Iezabel, adds Drunkenneſſe to Thirſt.

Blind Superſtition's like a drop of Oyl  
 Still ſpreading, till it all a Garment ſpoyl:

Or,

Or, like a spark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,  
Which soon inflameth all the Chamber; that,  
Fires the whole House; the House, the Town about;  
Consuming all, and never going-out,  
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towns, and Temples high,  
All in a Toomb of their owne ashes lye:  
When one begins (how little be't) to stray  
From the diuine Law's little-beaten way,  
We cursed fall into the black Abyſſe  
Of all foul Errors: every Sin that is  
Donnsacred Mask; and, monsters most abhord,  
Killing the Saints we think to please the Lord,  
As *Achab* did; who vanquish't with the ſpel,  
Speech, grace, and face of painted *Iezabel*,  
Pretumes to lay his sacrilegious hand  
On th'oyled Priests that in Gods preſence ſtand,  
Of honeſt Men his Towns depopulates,  
Leſſens the Number of his Noble States,  
T'augme't his Lands; and, with the bloud of *His*,  
Writes th'Inſtruments of his new Purchaſes.  
But ſlain (at laſt) by th'Hoſt of *Benhadad*,  
His Son \*ſucceeds him (and almoſt as bad)  
He breaks his neck, and leaues his fatal place,  
To's brother *Ioram*, laſt of *Achab's* race;  
An odious race, th'alliance of whoſe blood  
Corrupts the Heirs of *Iofaphat* the good,  
Causing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia's* wife)  
In's Brother's bloud his armed arms to file,  
And *Abaziab's* giddy brain t'infect  
With the damn'd Error of *Samaritan* Sect.

But, though theſe Kings did openly oppugn  
And ſtubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;  
Though *Abrak'm's* iſſue (now degenerate)  
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;  
Though over all, a *Chaos* of confuſion,  
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Deluſion,  
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)  
Cover'd theſe Kingdoms (as another Flood);



God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:  
 A hundred Prophets, strong in word and miracles  
 Resist their rage, and from sad drowning keep  
 The wracked planks on th' Idol-Ocean deep.  
 Cleer Sommer Noons need not a candle-light;  
 Nor sound, Physician; but cleer opposite:  
 So, in our Soules, the more Sin's Floods do flowe,  
 The more God makes his Mercie's Gulfe to growe.

*Elijah the Pro-  
 phet.*

For his Embassage in sad *Achab's* dayes;  
 Thesbite *Elijah* did th' Almighty rayse;  
 Who, burning-bold in spirit and speech, cries-out,  
 In *Achab's* ears and all his Court about:  
 O impious *Achab*, fearst thou not (quoth he)  
 The sulphury flames and Thunder-bolts that be  
 Already roaring in the dreadfull fift  
 Of God the Lord; that doth the proud resist,  
 Revengeth wrongs, th' outrageous *Heathen's Hammer*,  
 Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants Tamer?  
 Doo'st thou not knowe; He threats to *Israel*  
 A Heav'n of Brasse, if they his grace repel,  
 Reiect his lcue, and get them other Loies,  
 Whoring about with forraign Gods, in Groves?  
 God cannot lie: his dreadfull Threatnings ever  
 Draw dreadfull Iudgements (if our Sin persevere)  
 As the Lord lives, this thirstie yawning Plain  
 In seav'n six Month's drinks not a drop of Rain.

*Description of  
 the extreame  
 Drought in  
 Israel for three  
 years and a half.*

No sooner spoken, but in present view,  
 The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hue;  
 Th'Aire deadly thick, doth quickly vanish quight;  
 To a sad Day succeeds a sadder Night:  
 A bloody vapour and a burning cloud,  
 By day, begin the Sun (all coaly-browd);  
 By night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs  
 Her silver sweat, and pearly-purled thowrs:  
 The Welkin's fludded with new Blazing-Stars,  
 Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,  
 Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,  
 Dreadfull to see: and *Phæbus* (as it seems)

Weary

Weary of trauail in so hote a time,  
 Rests all the while in boyling *Cancer's* clime.  
 Hills lately hid with snowe, now burn amain:  
 May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:  
 Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter's* Star  
 Have like effect as the *Canicular*:  
*Zephyre* is mute, and not a breath is felt,  
 But hectik *Auster's*, which doth all things swelt,  
 And (panting short) puffe every where vpon  
 The withered Plains of wicked *Shomeron*,  
 Th'vnfauory breath of Serpents crawling o're  
 The *Lybians* pest-full and vn-blest-full shoar.

Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began;  
 Mirtles and Bayes for want of moyst grew wan:  
 With open mouth the Earth the ayd doth crave  
 Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kishon's* rapid wave  
 Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;  
*Sorek*, for shame, now hides him vnder ground:  
*Mekmur*, whose murmur troubled with the noise  
 The sleeping Shepheards, hath nor stream, nor voice:  
*Cedron's* not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron's* bed,  
 And *Jordan's* Current is as dry, as dead.  
 The beam-brow'd Stag, and strong-neckt Bull do ly  
 On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also dry)  
 But, neither, sup, nor see the Cry stall Wave,  
 ouer the which so often swom they have:  
 The lusty Courser that late scorn'd the ground,  
 Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downd,  
 With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,  
 With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,  
 Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,  
 Would sweat for faintness, but he wanteth humour:  
 The Towr-backt Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,  
 And on his bunch could have transported yers  
 Neer a whole Household, now is able scant  
 To bear him self, he is so feebly-faint.  
 Both yong and olde, both of the base and best,  
 Feele a fell *Etna* in their thirstie brest:

The miserable  
 effects thereof.

To



To temper which, they breath, bur to their wo:  
 For, for pure air, they sup into them, so,  
 A putride, thick; and pestilentiall fume,  
 Which stuffs their Lights and doth their lives consume,  
 Ther's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)  
 But dry they draw't, Sea-Water's dainry Drink:  
 And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea (South)  
 Bring Nile to Somer, for the Kings owne mouth.  
 For, though the Lord th'whole Land of Syria smites,  
 Th'heat of his Anger on Samaria lights  
 With greatest force; whose furious Prince implies,  
 The Prophet Cause of all these miseries.

Therefore, he fearing Achab's ragefull hate,  
 Down to Brook Cherith's hollow banks he gate;  
 Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters, tho  
 From the foure windes the winged people go.

*The Widow of  
Sarepta.*

Thence, to Sarepta; where he craves the ayd  
 Of a poor Widow: who thus mildly said,  
 Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my store  
 Is but of bread for one meal (and no more):  
 Yet, give me (saith he) giue me som (I pray);  
 Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth ay:  
 Sure a good turn shall never guerdon want;  
 A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:  
 T's a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:  
 A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.

*The fruits of  
Charity.*

While thus he said, and staid; the Widow glad,  
 Gives to him frankly all the bread she had:  
 She lost not by't: for, all the Famin-while,  
 That rag'd in Tyre, her little Flowr and Oyl  
 Decreased not, yet had she plenty still,  
 For her and hers to feed in time their fill.  
 At length befell fel Death to take-away  
 Her onely Son, and with her Son her Ioy:  
 Shee prays her Guest, and he implores his God,  
 And stretching him vpon the breath-les Lad,  
 Thus cries aloud: Vouchsafe me, Lord, this boon,  
 Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon

Thou

Thou hast hereft: ô let it not be faid,  
That heer for nought I haue fo ought been fed:  
Let not my prefence be each-where abhor'd;  
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.

As a fmall feedling of that fruitful Worm,  
Which (of it felfe) fine fhining Sleaves doth form,  
By the warm comfort of a Virgin brett,  
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the reft)  
Re-spins a-frefh, and, in her witty loom,  
Makes of her corps her corps a pretious Toomb:  
This Childe (no Man, bur Man's pale Module now)  
With death ith bofom, horror on the brow,  
The bait of Worms, the Booty of the Beer,  
At facred words begins his eyeto rear;  
Swimming in Death, his powrs do re-aſſemble,  
His fpirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artirs tremble;  
He fetcht a figh, then lively riſing too,  
Talks, walks, and eats, as he was wont to doo.

Fain would the Mother haue befought the Seer  
T'haue paſt the reſt of his colde Olde-age heer:  
But th'holy ſpirit him ſodain hence doth bring  
Vnto Samaria to th'incenſed King;

Who rates him thus: ô Baſilisk! ô Bane!  
Art not thou He that ſow'ſt th' *Iſaacian* Plain  
With Trouble-Tares? Sedkious, haſt not thou  
Profan'd the Laws of our Fore-fathers now?  
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd  
Of th'holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?  
Since thy fond Preaching did heer firſt begin,  
More and more heavie hath Heav'ns anger bin  
Vpon vs all; and *Baal*, blaſphem'd by thee,  
Hath ſince that ſeaſon never left vs free

From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell we feel;  
Our Heav'n is Braſs, our Earth is all of Steel.

No, no, ô King (if I the Truth ſhall tell)  
Thou, thou art hee that troubleſt *Iſrael*.  
Thou (give me leave) thou and thy Grand-fires, mad  
After ſtrange Gods in every Grove to gad,

*Simile.*

*The like Impu-  
ration, in our  
dayes, the blind  
Popelings and  
profane World-  
lings haue layd  
vpon the Goſpell  
and the Prea-  
chers thereof.*

Haue



Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)  
 Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:  
 Such shall you proue him, if you dare oppone  
 All your *Baal*-Prophets against me, but one.

Content, quoth *Achab*: then to *Carmel's* stop  
 The Schismik Priests were quickly called vp:  
 Vnto their *Baal* an Altar build they there;  
 To God, the Prophet doth another rear:  
 Both have their Beasts; and by their prayer must prove  
 Whose God is GOD, by Fire from Heav'n above.  
 The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent  
 Vpon these Maruails, to observe th'event  
 (Maruails, which might well cleer the difference  
 That had so long depended in suspence

*Simile.*

'Twixt *Israel* and *Iuda*; and direct  
 Th'Earth how to serue Heav'n's sacred Architect)  
 As when two Bulls, inflamed fiercely-fell,  
 Met front to front, their forked arms do mell,  
 The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze  
 Twixt hope and fear, vnfeeding, stand at gaze;  
 To see the Fight, and censure which doe proue  
 The valiantest, that he may be their Loue.

*Baals Priests.*

*Baal's* baalling Priests call and cry out for life,  
 They gash their flesh, with Launcet and with knife,  
 They cruell make their blood to spin about  
 (As Claret wine from a pearç't Peece doth spout)  
 And, madly shaking heads, leggs, sides and arms,  
 They howling chant these *Dubyrambik* charms;  
 Help, help, ô *Baal*, ô *Baal* attend our cryes;

*Baal*, hear vs *Baal*, ô *Baal*, bow downe thine eyes:  
 O *Siratian*, *Clarian*, *Eleutherian* Powrs,  
*Panomphean* God, approve vs thine, thee ours:  
 O *Epicarpian*! O *Epistatirian*,  
*Phyxian*, *Feretrian*, O *Exacestirian*,  
*Xenian*, *Messapian*, O *Lebradean* B A A L,  
 O *Assabine*, B A A L-SAMEN, hear our Call.

*Elijah*, that their bloody Rites abhord,  
 And knowes aright the seruice of the Lord,

Tap-

T appease his wrath he doth not scarre his skin;  
Nor with self-wounds presume his grace to win,  
Nor makes himselfe vnfitting for his function,  
By selfly stripes (as causing more compunction)  
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantik-wise,  
And in a furie seemsto prophétize:  
But offers God his heart, in steed of blood;  
His speech is sober, and as milde his mood.

*Ironia.*

Cry loud, quoth he: your God is yet perchance  
In a deep sleep, or doth in Arms advance  
Against his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)  
Or is consulting how to keep the Flies  
From off his Altar. But, O *Israel*!

Alas! why yoakst thou God with *Baal* (or *Bel*)?

Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt twixt either,

And fondly mix Darnel and Wheat together

In thy Faith's Field? If *Baal* be God indeed,

Then boldly serue him, seek him sole at need:

But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,

Th'all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,

Be but the least Works of th' Almighty hand

Of *Jacob's* God: If Heav'n, Aire, Sea, and Land,

And all in all, and all in every one,

By his owne finger be sustain'd alone:

If he haue cast those cursed Nations out,

Which yerst defil'd this fair, fat Land about;

To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,

Why him alone doost thou not ay imbrace,

And serue him onely in thy Soule and Heart,

Who in his Love brooks none to share a part?

The cord vn-twisted weakens: and who serues

Two Lords at-once, to lose them both deserues.

*Baal* dead (thou seest) hears not his Servants call,

Much less can grant them their Desires at all:

But, *Jacob's* God, *IEHOVA*, *ELOHIM*,

Never deceives their hope that trust in him.

Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from above

With Sacred Fire (thy Soverain powr to prove)

Consume



Consume this Bullock, and shewe by the same  
That thou art G O D, and I thy Servant am:  
And to thy Fold (thy Churches Lap) repeal  
Thy wandring Flock, thy chosen *Izrael*.

*Simile.*

As falls a Meteor in a Sommer Even,  
A sodain Flash comes flaming down from Heav'n,  
Licks dry the Dikes, and instantly, at-once,  
Burns all to Ashes, both the Altar-stones,  
And th' Offered Bullock: and the People fall  
In zealous fury on the Priests of *Baal*;  
And, by *Elijah's* prayer, soone obtaine  
Rain, which so often they had askt in vain.

For, what is it *Elijah* cannot do?  
If he be hungry, Fouls, and Angel too,  
Becom his Stewards. Fears he th' armed Bands  
Of a fel Tyrant? from their bloody hands  
To rescue him, Heav'n (his confederate)  
Consumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.  
Or, would he pass a Brook that brooks no Bay,  
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water gives him way.  
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive he hies,  
And (saying *Henoch*) onely He not-dies.

*Elijah taken vp  
aline into Hea-  
ven.*

This Man of God, discoursing with his heir  
Of th' vpper Kingdom, and of Gods Affair,  
A sodain whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,  
And flaming Chariot rapt him vp intire,  
Burns not, but fines; and doth (in fashion strange)  
By death-less Death, mortall immortall change.  
A long-tail'd squib, a flaming ridge, for rut  
Seems seen a while, where the bright Coach hath cut.

This sacred Rape, nigh rapt *Elisha* too;  
Who, taking vp his Tutors Mantle, tho,  
Follows as far as well he could with ey  
The fire-snort Palfreys, through the sparkling Sky;  
Crying, My father, father mine fare-well,  
The Chariots and the Horse of *Izrael*.

The *Thibian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,  
Amid the Meteors to be tossed there,

As Mists and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,  
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:  
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan rould;  
And not the Saints, the happy, heav'nly Soules.

Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,  
*Ixion*-like continually to reel;  
For CHRIST his flesh transfigur'd, and divine,  
Mounted about the Arches *Crystalline*:  
And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,  
There (after death) shall all his Chosen bee.

*Elijah* therefore climbst' *Empyrean Pole*;  
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,  
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,  
And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE vnite.

But how, or why should He this vantage haue  
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the Grave)?  
O happy passage! ô sweet, sacred Flight!  
O blessed Rape! thou raptest so my spright:  
In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit  
So many ways to cast-about for it,  
That (I confesse) the more I do contend,  
I more admire, and less I comprehend.

For lack of wings, then biding heer belowe  
With his Succellor, I proceed to shoue,  
How, soon as he took vp his Cloak (to beare it)  
Within *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah's* Spirit;  
By powr whereof, immediatly he cleaves  
An vn-couth way through *Jordan's* rapid waves:  
Past hope he gives to the *Synamian* Wife  
A Son; and soone restores him dead to life:  
With sodain blindness smites the *Syrian* Troup:  
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:  
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyl  
Fills all the Vessels in a Town that while:  
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,  
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn:  
*Naaman's* cleans'd; and, for foul *Simonie*,  
*Gehazi's* punisht with his Leprosie:

*Elizeus*  
or  
*Elisha*.

Mends:



Mends bitter Broath, he maketh Iron swim  
As porie Cork, vpon the Water's brim.

Rich *Iericho's* (sometimes) *sal-pee*try soil,  
Through brinie springs that did about it boil,  
Brought forth no fruit, and her vn-holsome Brooks  
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:  
The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Seer;  
Thou seest our Citie's situation heer  
Is passing pleasant; but the ground is naught,  
The Water worse: we pray thee mend the fault,  
Sweeten our Rivers, make them pleasanter,  
Our Hills more green, our Plains more fertiler.

The Prophet calls but for a Cruse of Salt  
(O strangest cure!) to cure the brynne fault  
Of all their Floods; and, casting that in one  
Foul stinking Spring, heals all their streams anon:  
Not, for an houre, or for a day, or twain,  
But to this Day they sweet and sound remain.

Their Valley, walled with bald Hills before,  
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;  
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All-circling Sun,  
For fruitfull beauty, sees no Paragon.  
There (labour-les) mounts the victorious Palm,  
There (and but there) growes the all-healing Balm,  
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,  
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can vn-olde a Man.  
O skilfull Husbands, giue your fattest Plains  
Five or six earths; spare neither cost nor pains,  
To water them; rid them of weeds and stones,  
With Muck and Marle batten and baste their bones;  
Vnles God blefs your Labour and your Land,  
You plough the Sea, and sowe vpon the sand.

This, *Iurie* knowes; a Soil sometimes (at least)  
Sole Paradise of all the proudest East:  
But now the bruteft and most barren place,  
The curse of God, and all the Worlds disgrace:  
And also *Greece*, on whom Heav'ns (yerft so good)  
Rain nothing now but their drad Furie's Flood.

The grace of God is a most sure Revenue,  
A Sea of Wealth, that euer shall continue,  
A neuer-failing Field, which needs not ay  
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.

What shall I say? This sacred Personage  
Not only profits to his proper Age;  
But, after life, life in his bones he leaues,  
And dead, the dead he raiseth from their graues.

Nor is *Elisba* famous more for Miracles,  
Than for the Truth of his so often Oracles:  
He shewes the Palms and Foils of *Israel*,  
*Benbadad's* death, the Raig of *Hazael*:  
Beyond all hope, and passing all appearance,  
Deiect *Ioram's* neer relief he warrants.

For, now the *Syrian*, with insulting Powrs,  
So streict besiegeth the *Samaritan* Towrs,  
That euen all-ready in each nook agrising,  
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famin*, ill-aduising  
Howls hideously: euen the bare bones are seen  
(As sharp as kniues) thorough the empty skin  
Of the best bred: and each-man seems (almost)  
No Man indeed, but a pale ghastly Ghost.

Som snatch the bread from their own Babes, that pine;  
Som eat the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,  
Som do desile them with forbidden flesh,  
Som bite the grasse their hunger to refresh;  
Som, gold for Birds-dung (waight for waight) exchange;  
Som, of their Boots make them a Banquet strange,  
Som fry the Hay-dust, and it saurie finde;  
Som, Almond-shells and Nut-shells gladly grinde,  
Som mince their Fathers Wills, in parchment writ,  
And so deuoure their Birth-right at a bit.

The King, when weary he would rest awhile,  
Dreams of the Dainties he hath had yer-while,  
Smacks, swallows, grinde both with his teeth and iaws;  
But, only winde his beguild bellie draws:  
And, then awaking, of his owne spare Diet  
Robbs his owne brest, to keep his Captains quiet.

SC

He

The siege and  
Famin of Sa-  
maria.



*Mothers eat  
their own Chil-  
dren.*

He is importun'd heer and there, about :

Above the rest, a Woman skrieketh out :

In mournfull manner, with dissheueled hair ;

Her face despight, her fashion shoues despaire.

O ! stay my Liege, hear, hear a grieuous thing ;

Iustice, great *Ioram*, Iustice, gentle King.

O, no, not Iustice : ( did I Iustice craue ? )

Fondling, in Iustice, thou canst nothing haue :

But a iust death ; nay, but a Torture fell ;

Nay, but a Torment, like the pains of Hell.

Yet, even this Plea is worse then death to me :

Then grant me Iustice, Iustice let it be :

For ( O ! ) what horror can restrain desire,

Of iust Reuenge, when it is once afire ?

My Lord, I bargain'd, and ( to bind the Pact )

By solemn Oath I sealed the Contract ;

Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be

Infring'd, or broken, without Crueltie,

( Tell it O Tongue, why stay'st thou so vpon it ? )

Dar'st thou not say it, hauing dar'd and don't it ?

Not hauing fear'd Heav'n's King, how can'st thou fear

An earthly King ? ) Then, thus ( my Liege ) while, yet

I, and my Neighbour desperately agreed,

Iointly to eate, successfully, our seed ;

Our own deer Children : and ( O luck-les Loes )

Mine first of all, is destin'd to the Pot :

Forth with I catch him, and I snatch him to me :

Vp in mine arms : he straight begins to woo me,

Stroaks, colls, and huggs me, with his arms and thighes :

And, smiling sweet, Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cryes,

Then kisses me ; and, with a thousand toyes,

Thinks to delight me with his wonted ioyes.

I looke away, and with my hand addrest,

Bury my knife within his tender brest :

And, as a Tigresse, or the Dam of Bears,

A Fawn or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,

I tear him quick, dresse him, and on our Table

I set him : oh ! ( 't is now no time to fable )

I taste him first, I first the feast begin,  
His blood (my blood) runs round about my Chin,  
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb;  
And of my Flesh my Flesh is shamefull Tomb:  
Soon cloyd (alas!) but little could I eat,  
And vp again that little striues to get.  
But she, she layes it in, she greedy plyes-it,  
And all night long she sits to gourmandize-it:  
Not for her fill so much, of such (think I)  
As to prolong the more my misery:  
O God, said she (and smiles in eating it)  
What a sweet morsell! what a dainty bit!  
Blest be the brest that nurg't such meat for me;  
But more the Womb that bare it, so to be.  
So (to be brief) my Son is eat: But hers  
Alive and lusty in her arms she bears.

Why should her Pittie, rather her despite,  
Do both her Faith, Me, and my Son, vn-right?  
Ah! for her belly, rather then her Boy,  
She playd this prank (and robd me of my Ioy).  
She did it not, of tender hart to saue him;  
But, greedy-gut, that she alone might haue him.  
Therefore, O King, do Iustice in this case:  
Nor craue I pardon of thy princely grace  
For mine Offence; (such an Offence, I knowe,  
As yet grim *Minos* never iudg'd belowe)  
For if I should, how should I do, for meat;  
Not hauing now another Childe to eat?  
No: this is all I craue before I die,  
That I may taste but of Her sonnes sweet thigh:  
Or, that (at least) mine eye, more iust then cruell,  
May see him slain by her, my Horrors Fuell.

But, if you waigh not mine vnfaigned tears  
(Indeed vn-worthy): yet vouchsafe your ears  
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son;  
Who, with strange murmurs rumbling vp and down,  
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,  
And to your Highnes, thus to make his moan;



Sir, will you suffer, without all reuenge,  
 Mens cursed malice boldly to infringe  
 Law, Faith, and Iustice, Vows, and Oaths, and all;  
 As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall?  
 Ah! shall I then descend alone belowe?  
 Dy vn-reueng'd? foster my cruell Foe?  
 And then, cast-forth in foulest Excrement,  
 Infect the Aier, offend the Element;  
 The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horse  
 About the Hall shall ride, and prance, and course;  
 And imitate mens actions (as an Ape),  
 Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, sit in Lap?  
 No: let him die, let him (as I) be cut,  
 Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put:  
 Full-fill the Pact; that so our wretched Mothers  
 Their Guilt and Grief, may eyther's match with others.

The King, less mov'd with pitty than with horror,  
 Thunders these words, raging in threat-full terror;  
 Vengeance and mischief on mine owne head light,  
 If curst *Elisba* keep his head this night:  
 And, as he spake, forth in a rage he flings,  
 To execute his bloody Threatenings.

Sir, said the Prophet, you haue seen the scathe  
 Deuouring Famin heer performed hath:  
 But, by to-morrow this time (God hath said)  
*Samaris*'s Gates shall euen abound with Bread.

Tush (said a Minion of the Court, hard by,  
 Of surly speech, proud gait, and lofty ey)  
 Though God should open all Heav'ns windows wide,  
 It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd  
 The zealous Prophet) Thou thy Self (in sum)  
 Shalt see it then: but shalt not taste a Crum,  
 Thus said *Elisba*, and th' Almighty Powr  
 Perform'd his Sayings in the very howr.

Her scarlet Robe *Aurora* hath not donn'd,  
 Nor had she yet limn'd the *Euphratean* strond  
 With trembling shine, neyther was *Phæbus* yet  
 Willing to wake out of a drouzie Fit,

When

When pallid FEAR, flies to the Pagan Hoast,  
Wilde-laring Hag, shiv'ring, and wavering most;  
She, that her voyce and visage shifts so oft:  
She that in Counsaile strives to lift aloft  
Irresolution, to be President  
(Canker of Honor, curse of Government):  
She that even trembles in her surest Arms,  
Starts at a leafe swouns at report of harms:  
Belceues all, sees all; and so swayeth all,  
That, if she say, the Firmament doth fall:  
There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain sinks:  
Paul's Church doth reel, or the foundation shrinks:  
It is beleeu'd, 'tis seen: and, leis'd by Her,  
The other Senses are as apt to err.

Clashing of Arms, Ratling of iron Cars,  
Murmur of Men (a World of Soldiars)  
Neighing of Horse, noise of a thousand Drums  
With dreadfull sound from the next Vale ther come.

The Syrian Camp, conceiuing that the Troups  
Of Nabathits, Hethtits, and Ethyops,  
Hyr'd by th' Isaacians, came from euery side,  
To raise their Siege, and to repell their pride;  
Fly for their liues, disorder'd and disperst  
(Amid the Mountains) so well-ordered yerst.  
One, in his Cap-case leaues-behinde his Treasure:  
To bridle's horse another hath not leasure;  
Another, hungry on the gra's hath set  
His Break-fast out, but dares not stay to eat.  
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gon:  
Another weens him in plain ground, anon  
He breaks his neck into a Pit: another  
Hearing the Boughs that brush against each other,  
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,  
He wretched dies of th' only wound of FEAR.

As, after tedious and continuall rain,  
The honey-Flies haste from their Hiues again,  
Suck heer and there, and bear into their bowr  
The sweetest sap of euery fragrant flower:

Simile.



So from besieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,  
Vnto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies;  
Wherein, such store of corn and wine they pill,  
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:  
And in the Gate, the Croud that issueth,  
Treads th' vnbeleeuing Courtier down to death;  
So that (at once) euen both effects agree  
Iust with *Elisba's* holy prophecie.

From this School comes the Prophet *Ametbice*,  
The twice-born Preacher to the *Niniuite*.

The Ship-wreck  
of IONAS.

*Jonas*, be gon: hie, hie thee (said th' Almighty)  
To *Ninive*, that great and wanton Citie:  
Cry day and night, cry out vnto them all;  
Yet forty dayes, and *Ninive* shall fall.

But, gainst th' Eternall, *Jonas* thuts his care,  
And ships himself to sail another where:  
Wherfore, the Lord (incensed) stretcht his arm,  
To wrack the wretch in suddain fearfull Storm.

A lively Des-  
cription of a  
Storm at Sea.

Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waues  
All topsie-turned by th' *Eolian* slaues,  
Do mount and roule: Heav'ns War against the Waters,  
And angry *Thetis* Earth's green bulwarks batters:  
A fable ayre so muffles-vp the Sky,  
That the sad Saylers can no light descry:  
Or, if som beam break through their pitchy night,  
'Tis but drad flashing of the Lightning's light.

Strike, strike our saile (the Master cries) amain,  
Vaile misne and sprit-sail: but he cries in vain;  
For in his face the blasts so bluster ay,  
That his Sea-gibberish is straight born away.

Confused Cries of men dismay'd in minde,  
Seas angry noise, lowd bellowing of the winde,  
Heav'ns Thunder-claps, the tackles whisteling  
(As strange Musicians) dreadfull descant sing.

The Eastern winde drives on the roaring train  
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again  
With fresh Seas crosse the Sea, and she doth send  
(In counter-change) a rain with salty-blend.

Heav'ns (headlong) seem in *Thetis* lap to fall,  
 Seas scale the skies, and God to arm this All  
 Against one ship, that skips from stars to ground,  
 From waue to waue (like *Balloons* windy bound)  
 While the sad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,  
 Thinks from the Pole to see Hells pit profound;  
 And, then, cast down vnto the sandy shore,  
 Seems from lowe Hell to see the lostie Pole:  
 And, feeling foes within and eek without,  
 As many waues, so many deaths doth doubt.

The Billows, beating round about the ship,  
 Vncauk her keel, and all her seams vnrip;  
 Whereby the waters, entring vncontroul'd,  
 Ebbing abroad, yet flowe apace in hold:  
 For euery Tun the plied Pump doth rid,  
 A floud breaks in; the Master mastered  
 With dread and danger (threatning euery-way)  
 Doubts where to turn him, what to doo, or say,  
 Which waue to meet, or which salt surge to flie;  
 So yeelds his charge in Sea to liue or die.

Simile.

As, many Cannons, 'gainst a Castle bent,  
 Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,  
 And shake the wall, but yet the latestt shock  
 Of fire-wingd bullets batters down the Rock:  
 So, many mounts that muster 'gainst this Sail,  
 With roaring rage do this poor ship assail;  
 But yet the last (with foaming fury swoln,  
 With boistrous blasts of angry tempests boln)  
 Springs the main-mast: the mast with boystrous fall  
 Breaks down the deck, and sore affrights them all.

Pale Idol-like, one stands with arms a-crosse:  
 One moans himself: one mourns his childrens losse:  
 One, more than Death, this form of Death affrights:  
 Another calls on Heav'ns vn-viewed Lights:  
 One, 'fore his eyes his Ladies looks beholds:  
 Another, thus his deadly fear vnfolde:  
 Curs't thirst of gold! O how thou causest care!  
 My bed of Down I change for hatches bare:



Rather than rest, this stormy war I chose:  
 T' enlarge my fields, both land and life I lose:  
 Like peizlefs plume, born vp by *Boreas* breath,  
 With all these wings I soar, to seek my death,  
 To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Nepin* led,  
 Where lest I scape it, all these sails I spread,  
 Then thus another: sure no winde (quoth he)  
 Could raise this Storm; som rarer Prodigy  
 Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cause of all our grief)  
 Som *Atheist* dog, som Altar-spyling thief  
 Lurks in this ship: com (Mates) by lot let's trie  
 (To save the rest) the man that ought to die.

'Tis I (quoth *Jonas*) I indeed am cause  
 Of this black night, and all the fearfull flaws  
 Of this rough Winter; I must sole appease  
 (By my iust death) these wrath-full wrack-full Seas.  
 Then vp they heave him straight, and from the waste  
 Him suddenly into the Sea they cast.

The King of Windes calls home his churlish train;  
 And *Amphitrite* smooths her front again:  
 Th' Air's cloudy Rober returns to cry stall cleer,  
 And smiling Heav'n's bright Torches re-appeere,  
 So soon as *Jonas* (to them all appease)  
 O're head and ears was foused in the Seas.

Thrice comes he vp, and thrice again goes down  
 Vnder the waues (yer he do wholly drown):  
 But then he sinks, and (wretched) roul'd along  
 The sands, and Oase, and rocks, and mud among;  
 Thus, thus he cries with lips of zealous faith:  
 Mercy (my God) shew mercy Lord (he saith).

Then God (who ever hears his childrens wish)  
 Prouided straight a great and mighty Fish,  
 That swelling swallow'd *Jonas* in her womb,  
 A liuing Corps laid in a liuing Toomb.

Simile.

Like as a Roach, a Ruff, or Gudgeon, born  
 By som swift stream into a weer (forlorn).  
 Frisks to and fro, aloft and vnder dyues,  
 Fed with false hope to see their captiue lyues:

The Prophet so (amazed) walks about  
This wondrous Fish to finde an issue out,  
This mighty Fish, of Whale-like hugeness,  
Or bigger-bellied, though in body less.

Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?  
In what new Hell dost thou correct my faults?  
Strange punishment! my body thou bereau'ist,  
Of mother earth, which to the dead thou leau'ist:  
Whither thy wrath driues me, I do not knowe.  
I am depriv'd of air, yet breathe and blowe:  
My sight is good, yet can I see no skie:  
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-shore am I:  
Resting, I run; for mouting is my Caue:  
And, quick, I couch within a living Graue.

While thus he plain'd; the third day, on the sand  
The friendly Fish did cast him safe a-land.  
And then, as if his weary limbs had been  
So long refresh'd, and rested at an Inn,  
He seems to flie; and com'n to Ninive,  
Your sins haue reached vp to Heav'n (quoth he):  
Wo and alas, wo, wo vnto you all:  
*Yet forty dayes and Ninive shall fall.*

Thus *Jonas* preacht: But, soon the Citizens,  
Sincerely toucht with sense of their foul sins,  
Dispatch (in haste) to Heaven, *Repentance* sad,  
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Fasting* hairy-clad.

*Repentance* makes two Torrents of her eyes,  
Her humble brow dares scarce behold the skies:  
Her sobbing brest is beaten blew and black:  
Her tender flesh is rent with rugged sack:  
Her head (all hoar'd with harty sorrows past)  
With dust and ashes is all ouer-cast.

*Prayer's* head, and sides, and feet are set about  
With gawdy wings (like *Iouis* Arcadian Scout):  
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes  
*Nard*, *Incense*, *Mummy*, and all rich Perfumes.

*Fasting* (though faint) her face with ioy she cheers,  
Strong in her weakness, yong in aged yeers;

Quick



Quick health's preseruer, curbing *Cupid's* fits;  
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining-wits.

Then *Faith* (Grand Vsher of th' Emphyreal Court)  
Vshers these Legats by a golden Port  
Into the *Presence*, and them face to face  
Beforeth' All-Monarch's glorious Throne doth place;  
Where (zealous) prostrate on her humble knee,  
Thus *Prayer* speaks in name of all the Three:

God, slowe to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!  
Lord, sheath again thy vengeance sword a space.  
If at thy beam of Iustice thou wilt waigh  
The works of men that wander euery day:  
If thou their metall by that touch-stonetry,  
Which fearfull-sounding from thy mouth doth flie:  
If thou shalt summe their Sins (which pass the sand)  
Before thee (Lord) who shall indure to stand?  
Not *Ninive* alone shall perish then;  
But all this All be burnt to ashes clean:  
And even this day shall thy iust wrath prevent  
The dreadfull Day of thy last Dooms event.  
This world to *Chaos* shall again return;  
And on thine Altars none shall incense burn.

O therefore spare (Lord) spare the *Ninivites*,  
Forgiue their Sins; and, in their humbled sprights,  
From this time forth thy sacred Laws ingraue:  
Destroy them not; but daign them Lord to saue:  
Look not (alas!) what they haue been before;  
But vs regard, or thine owne mercy more.

Then, God reacht out his hand, vnfoldes his frowns;  
Dis-arms his arm of Thunder brusing-Crowns,  
Bows graciously his glorious flaming Crest,  
And mildely grants (in th' instant) their request.

FINIS.

## THE DECAY.

THE III. BOOK OF THE  
IIII. DAY OF THE II.  
WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Ambition's bitter fruit, fell Achab's Stock,  
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)  
Extirp'd by IEHV, IEHV's ligne likewise  
Shallum supplants. King-killing Treacheries  
Succeed a-rove, with Wrack of ISRAEL.*

*Time-suiting Batts: Athaliah Tigress fet.  
IOASH well-nurtur'd, natur'd ill, doth run  
After his kinde: he kills his Tutor's Son.*

*ZENACHERIB: life-lengthned EZECHIAH:  
NABUCHADNEZAR: Captive ZEDECHIAH.*

**H**Vff-pufft **AMBITION**, Tinder-box of WAR,  
Down-fall of Angels, Adam's murderer,  
Parent of Treasons, Reason's Contradiction,  
Earth's Enemy, and the Heav'ns Malediction,  
O! how much Bloud hath thy respect-les age  
Shed in the World! showed on euery Age!  
O! Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's insatiate Thirst,  
How-many Treasons hast thou hatched yerft!

For, O! what is it that he dares not do,  
Who th' helm of Empire doth aspire vnto,  
He (to beguile the simple) makes fto bone  
To swear by God (for he beleues ther's none),  
His Sword's his Title; and who scapes the same,  
Shall haue a Pistol, or a Poysonic dram.

He,

*Ambition pour-  
trayed to the  
life.*



Hee, fear'd of all, fears all : he breaks at once  
 The chains of Nature and of Nations;  
 Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe  
 The good Old-man trauals to Heav'n, so slowe:  
 His owne deer Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clours)  
 Hasten but too fast; are at his heels, he doubts:  
 He palleth to his promis'd Happiness,  
 Vpon a Bridge of his Friends Carcases;  
 And mounts (In fine) the golden Throne, by stayrs  
 Built of the Sculs of his own Country's heirs.  
 Yet, thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings,  
 Couerest such Tyrants (euen the shame of Kings).  
 But, not for nothing doo'st thou them forbear;  
 Their cruell scalps a cruell end shall tear:  
 And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,  
 Thy Hands are iron, though thy Feet be woll.  
 The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro:  
 The blood gain'd Scepter lasts not long (we knowe):  
 Nayl driueth Nail: by tragik death device,  
 Ambitious hearts do play at *leuel sice*;  
 Prov'd but too plain, in both the Houses Royall  
 Of *Iacobs* issue, but too-too dis-loyall:  
 As, if thou further with thy grace diuine  
 My Verse and Vows, shall heer appear (in time).  
 GOD NOW no longer could support th' excess  
 Of *Achab's* House, whose cursed wickedness  
 Was now top-full: and, Doggs already flood  
 Fawning and yawning for their promis'd blood.  
 Heav'n's haste their Work. Now, in tumultuous wise,  
 'Gainst *Achab's* Son do his own Soldiers rise;  
*Iehu's* their Captain: who fore-sees, a far,  
 How-much, dispatch aduantage in War;  
 And, politik, doubles his Armie's speed,  
 To get before, yea, before *Fame*, indeed.  
*Ioram*, surpris'd in feeble Bull-warks then  
 (Vnfurnished of Victuals and of Men)  
 And, chiefly, wanting royall fortitude,  
 Vn-kingly yeelds vnto the Multitude.

\* A kinde of  
 Christmas play:  
 wherein each  
 hunteth other  
 from his Seat.  
 The name seemes  
 deriued from  
 the French le-  
 uez sus, in Eng-  
 lish, arise vp.

*Iehu.*

Bold

Bold *Nimsbi's* Son, Sir *Iebu*, what's this Thing?  
 What mean these Troups? what would you of the King?  
 Where shall the bolt of this black Thunder fall?  
 Say, bring'st thou Peace? or bring'st thou War, withall?  
 Sayd *Ioram*, lowd: but, *Iebu* lowder saith,  
 No(wretch) no Peace, but bloody Wars and death.  
 Then fled the King: and (as a Ship at Sea,  
 Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten euery way,  
 And Winter Storms with absent Stars compact,  
 With th' angrie Waters to conspire her wrack,  
 Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad,  
 But plyes her Oares, and flies into the Road)  
 He ierks his Iades, and makes them scour amain,  
 Through thick and thin, both ouer Hill and Plain.

*Simile.*

Which, *Iebu* spying, and well eying too,  
 As quick resolved what he hath to doo;  
 Cryes, Boy, my Bowe: then nocks an Arrow right,  
 His left hand meets the head, his brest the right;  
 As bends his Bowe, he bends, lets go the string:  
 Through the thin air, the winged shaft doth sing  
 King *Ioram's* *Dirg'e*; and, to speed the more,  
 Pearce behind him, and peeps-out before.

The Prince now hurt (that had before no hart)  
 Fall's present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart  
 Bruis'd in the Fall (as had the *Thysbite* sayd)  
 The Field of *Naboth* with his blood berayd:  
 And *Salem's* King had also there his dew,  
 For ioyning hands with so profane a Crew.  
 Then, the proud Victor leads his loyall Troops  
 Towards the Court (that all in silence droops);  
 And, more for Self's loue, than for God's pure zeale,  
 Means to dispatch th' Earth's burthen *Iezabel*.

*Iezabel.*

The Queen had inkling: instantly she sped  
 To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:  
 Th' Onyx, the Saphyr, Garnet, Diamond;  
 In various forms, cut by a curious hand,  
 Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles:  
 Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles

(In



(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro  
The Boughs are wayed with the winde's that blowe.

*Her Pride.*

The vpper garment of the stately Queen,  
Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green;  
Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck

*\* Changeable.*

The \*cangeant colour of a Mallards neck:  
'Tis figur'd o're with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,  
Birds, Beasts, and Insects, creeping Worms, and Neuts,  
Of Gold-Smith's Work: a fringe of Gold about,  
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare-set-out,  
Borders her Robe: and every part descries  
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.

Her neat, fit, startups of green Veluet bee,  
Flourisht with silver, and beneath the knee,  
Moon-like, indented; but need down the side  
With Orient Pearls, as big as Filberd's pride.

*Her Painting.*

But, besides all her sumptuous equipage  
(Much fitter for her State, then for her age)  
Close in her Closet, with her best Complexions,  
She mends her Face's wrinkle-full defections;  
Her Cheek she cherries, and her Ey she cheers,  
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers;  
Whether she thought to snare the Dukes affection:  
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflection,  
His daring eyes (as Fowlers, with a Glas,  
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace):  
Or, were it, that in death shee would be seen  
(As'twere) interr'd in Tyrian Pomp, a Queen.

*A iust Inuettive  
against those 2.  
(Predominant)  
Court Qualities.*

Chast Lady-Mayds, heer must I speak to you,  
That with vile Paynting spoyl your native hue  
(Not to inflame yonglings with wanton thirst;  
But to keep fashion with these Times accurst)  
When one new taen, in your seem-Beauties snare,  
That day and night to Hymen makes his Prayer,  
At length espies (as who is it but spyes?)  
Your painted brests, your painted cheeks, and eyes,  
His Cake is dough; God dild you, he wil none;  
He leaues his Sure, and thus he saith anon:

What

What should I do with such a wanton Wife,  
Which night and day would cruciate my life  
With Ieloux pangs: with euery way she sets  
Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets  
To catch her Cuckows, with loose, light Attires,  
Opens the door ynto all lewd Desires;  
And, with vile Druggs, adultering her Face,  
Closely allures the Adulterers Intbrace.

But, Iudge the best: suppose (saith he) I finde  
My Lady Chaste, in body and in minde  
(As sure I think): yet, will she Me respect,  
That dares disgrace the eternall Architect  
That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax  
Of imperfection; to amend his tracte,  
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,  
With her frail fingers with foul durt herayd?  
Shall I take her, that will spend all I haue,  
And all her time, in prauing proudly braue?

How did I doat the Gold vpon her head,  
The Lillies of her breasts, the Rosiered  
In eyther Cheek, and all her other Riches,  
Where, with the beare, sight, and sense bewitches,  
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd stuff,  
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof:  
My glorious Idol I did so adore,  
Is but a Visard, newly varnish'd ore  
With spauling Rheums, hot fumes, and Ceruses;  
Po, phy; such Poysons one would loath to kisse:  
I wed (at least, I ween I wed) a Lasse  
Yong, fresh, and fair: but, in a year (alas!)  
Or two, at most; my louely liuely Bride  
Is turn'd a Hagg, a Fury by my side,  
With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps)  
With stinking breath, swart cheeks, and hanging chaps;  
With wrinkled neck, and stooping as she goes,  
With driueling mouth, and with a sniueling nose.

The Queen, thus pranked, proudly gets her vp  
(But sadly though) to her gilt Palacetop;

And,



And, spying *Iebu*, from the window cry'd:  
 Art thou there, *Zimri*, cursed Paricide,  
 Fell Master-killer, canst thou chuse but fear  
 For like Offence, like punishment severe?

Bitch, cries the *Duke*, art Thou there barking still?

Thou, Strumpet, Thou art Cause of all this Ill:

Thou, brought'st *Samarita* to Thine Idol-Sin:

Painting and Poyfning, first thou broughtest in

To Court and Country, with a thousand mo

Loose *Syrian* Vices, which I shame to shewe.

Thou brought'st-in Wrong, with rapine and Oppression,

By Periury supplanting Mens Possession

And Life with-all: yea, Thou hast been the Baen

Of Peers and Seers (at thy proud pleasure slain):

Thou, life of Strife, thou Horse-leach sent from Hell,

Thou Drouth, Thou Dearth, Thou Plague of *Israel*,

Now shalt thou dye: Groomes (is their none for me?)

Quick, cast her down, down with her instantly.

*The perfection of  
 Court-ship.*

O tickle Faith! O fickle Trust of Court!

These Palace-mice, this busie-idle sort

Offawning Minions, full of sooths and smiles,

These Carpet-Knights had vow'd and sworn yer-whiles,

Promis'd, protested vnto *Iezabel*,

Rav'd, Brav'd, and band (like *Rodomont* in Hell)

That in her cause they every Man would die,

And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie;

Now, Icy Fear (shivering in all their bones)

Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at once.

They take their Queen between their traytorous hands,

And hurl her headlong, as the Duke Commands;

Whose Courser, snorting, stamps (in stately skorn)

Vpon the Corps that whilom Kings had born:

And, to fulfill from point to point the Word

*Elijah* spake (as Legat of the Lord)

The doggs about do greedy feed vpon

The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion:

And Folk by thousands issuing at the Gate,

To see the sight, cry thus (as glad ther-at)

Ses, ses, heer Doggs, heer Bitches, doo not spare  
This Bitch that gnaw'd her subiects bones so bare;  
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom  
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb:  
This Whore of *Baal*, tear her so small, that well  
No man may say, Heer lyeth *Iezabel*.

*Iebu's* drad Vengeance doth yet farther flowe;  
Curst *Achab's* issue he doth wholly mowe:  
He slayes (more-over) two and forty men  
Of *Ahaziah's* shap-les Bretheren:  
*Baal's* idoll Clergy he doth bring to nought,  
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:  
Good proofs of zeal. But yet, a Diadem,  
Desire of Raign, keeps from *Ierusalem*  
His seruice due; content (at home) by halves  
To worship God, vnder the form of Calves.

His Son and Nephews, track too-neer his trace;  
And therefore *Shallum* doth vn-horse his race:  
The murderer *Shallum* (after one Months Raign)  
By *Manahem*, as murtherously is slain:  
The traytor *Manahem's* wicked-walking Son,  
By trayterous *Pekah* vnto death is don:  
And so on *Pekah*, for *Pekaiab's* death,  
*Hosheab's* treason, treason, quittance;eth;  
A proud, ingrate, perfidious troublous King,  
That to Confusion did *Samaria* bring.

Their Towns transf-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, transported  
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)  
Soiourn in forein soyl, were *Chobar's* streams  
Serve them for *Iordan*; *Basan*, *Chison* seems:  
While *Assur's* scorn, and scum of *Euphrates*  
Dance vp and down th' *Isaician* Palaces,  
Drink their best *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,  
And lodge profanely in their strongest Forts.

But, changing air, these change not minde (in *Iewry*).  
For, though fierce Lions homicidial fury  
Make them retire vnder th' Almighty's wing,  
Their Country Gods with the true God they ming:

T t

They



They mix his Service, plough with As and Ox;  
 Disguise his Church in suites of Flax and Flocks,  
 Cast (in one wedge) Iron and Gold together:  
*I.e. Gentles*, both at once: but, both is neither.

*Tale of the Batt.*

There is a Tale, that once the Hoast of Birds,  
 And all the Legions of Groue-haunting Heards,  
 Before the Earth ambitiously did strue,  
 And counter-plead, for the Prerogative:  
 Now, while the Iudge was giving audience,  
 And either side in their seem-Rights defence  
 Was hot and earnest at the noyse-full Bar,  
 The neuter *Bat* stood fluttering still afar:  
 But she no sooner hears the Sentence past  
 On the Beasts side, but shuffling her in haste  
 Into their Troop, she them accompanieth,  
 Showes her large forehead, her long ears, and teeth.

The Cause was (after) by Appeal remov'd  
 To *Nature's* Court; who by her Doom approv'd  
 The others Plea: then flies the shame-les Bat  
 Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat  
 See seems to sing; and proud of wings, she playes  
 With nimble turns, and flies a thousand wayes.

Hence, beak-les Bird, hence, winged-Beast (they cryed)  
 Hence, plume-les wings (thus scorn her, either side)  
 Hence, harlot, hence; this ever be thy Dole;  
 Be still Day's Prisoner in thy shamefull hole:  
 May never Sun (vile Monster) shine on thee:  
 But th' hate of all, for ever, may't thou be.

*Application.*

Such is this People: for, in plentiful shows  
 When God his blessings vpon *Isaak* powrs,  
 Then are they *Isaak's* Sons: but, if with thunder  
 He wrath-full tear the *Hebrue* Tree in sunder,  
 These Traytors rake the boughs, and take the Fruit;  
 And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they persecute,  
 And such are those, whose wily, waxen minde  
 Takes every Seal, and sails with every Winde;  
 Not out of Conscience, but of Carnall motion,  
 Of Fear, or Favour, Profit, or Promotion:

*Those*

Those that to ease their Purse, or please their Prince,  
Pern their Profession, their Religion mince;  
Prince-Protestants, Prince-Catholiks; Precise,  
With Such a Prince; with other, otherwise:  
Tea, oldest Gangræns of blinde-burning Zeal  
(As the Kings Evill) a new KING can heal.

And those Scoene-servers that so loud haue cri'd  
Gainst Prelats sweeping in their silken Pride,  
Their wilfull Dumbness, forcing others dumb  
(To Sion's grievous Loss and Gain of Rome)  
Their Courting, Sporting, and Non-residence,  
Their Avarice, their Sloath, and Negligence:  
Till som fat Morsels in their mouths do fall;  
And then, as choakt, and sodain chang'd with-all,  
Them-selves exceed in all of these, much more  
Than the Right Reverend whom they taxt before.

And those Chamæleons that con-sort their Crew;  
In Turkey, Turks; among the Iews, a Jew:  
In Spain, as Spain: as Luther, on the Rhine:  
With Calvin heer: and there, with Bellarmine:  
Loose, with the Lewd: among the gracious, grave:  
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaues, a Knaue.

But all such Neuters, neither hot nor cold,  
Such double Halters between GOD and GOLD,  
Such Luke-warme Lovers will the Bride-groome spue  
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath spoke it true.

O ISRAEL, I pity much thy case:  
This Sea of Mischiefs, which in every place  
So over-flows thee, and so domineres;  
It drowns my soule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:  
My heart's through-thrilled with your miseries  
Already past; your Fathers Tragedies.  
But (O!) I die; when in the sacred Stem  
Of royall I V D A, in Ierusalem,  
I see fe'l Discord, from her loathsom Cage,  
To blowe her poyson with ambitious rage:  
Sion to swim in bloud; and Achab's Daughter  
Make David's House the Shambles of her Slaughter.



*Athaliah.*

Curfed *Athaliah* (ſhe was called ſo)  
 Knowing her Son, by *Nimshi's* Son, his ſo  
 (For *Ioram's* ſake) to be diſpatcht; diſloyal,  
 On th' holy Mount vſurps the Sceptre Royall:  
 And, fearing, leaſt the Princes of the Bloud  
 Would one-day rank her where of right ſhe ſhould,  
 She cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, deſtroyes them all,  
 Not ſparing any, either great or ſmall;  
 Not, not the infant in the Cradle, lying  
 Help-leſ (alas!) and lamentably crying  
 (As if bewailing of his wrongs vn-knownen);  
 No (O extream!) ſhe ſpareth not her owne.

*Simile.*

Like as a Lion, that hath ratterd heer  
 A goodly Heifer, there a luſty Steer,  
 There a ſtrong Bull (too weak for him by half)  
 There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;  
 Strouts in his rage, and wallows in his Prey,  
 And proudly doth his Victory ſurruay;  
 The graſs all goary, and the Heard-groom vp  
 Shivering for fear vpon a Pine-Trees top:  
 So ſwelleth ſhe: ſo growes her proud Deſpight;  
 Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith ſheereaks, nor right.

Her Cities are ſo many Groues of Thieves:  
 Her Court a Stews, where not a chaſte-one lives:  
 Her greateſt Lords (given all, to all exceſs)  
 In ſtead of Prophets, in their Palaces  
 Haue Lectures read of Luſt, and Surſaiting,  
 Of Murder, Magik, and Impoyſoning.

While thus ſhe builds her tottering Throne vpon  
 Her childrens bones, *Iehoſheba* ſaves one  
 One Royall Imp, yong *Ioah*, from the pile

*Simile.*

(As when a Fier hath fiercely rag'd awhile  
 In ſome fair Houſe, the avaricious Dame,  
 Saues ſom choiſe Caſquet from the furious flame)

*Iehoiada pre-  
ſerues Ioah.*

Hides him, provides him: and when as the Sun  
 Six times about his larger Ring hath run,  
*Iehoiada* (her huſband) brings him forth  
 To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;

Saying:

Saying : Behould, O Chiefs of *Isra*el, see  
See heer your Prince, great *Dauid*'s Progeny,  
Your rightfull King : if me you credit light,  
Beleeue this Face, his Father's Picture right ;  
Beleeue these Priests, which saw him from the first,  
Brought to my House, there bred, and fed, and nurst.  
In so iust Quarrel, holy Men-at-arms,  
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:  
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall bud:  
Venge *Obed*'s bloud on Strangers guilty bloud :  
Shake-off, with showts, with Fier, and Sword together,  
This Womans Yoak, this Furie's Bondage, rather.

Then shewt the People, with a common cry,  
*Long live King Ioash ; long, and happily :*  
*God save the King : God save the noble seed*  
*Of our true King ; and ay may They succeed.*

*Ioash.*

This news now bruied in the wanton Court,  
Quickly the Queen comes in a braving sort,  
Towards the Troop ; and spying there anon  
The sweet yong Prince, set on a royall Throne,  
With Peers attending him on either hand,  
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band ;  
Ah ! Treason, Treason, then she cries aloud :  
False *Ioyada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,  
Thou shalt abie it : O thou House profane !  
I'll lay thee leuell with the ground again :  
And thou, yong Princ Cox Puppet as thou art,  
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kingling's Part  
Vpon so rich a stage : but, quickly stript,  
With wyery Rods thou shalt to death be whipt ;  
And so, go see thy Brethren, which in Hell  
Will welcom thee, that badst not them farwell.

But, sodainly the Guard layes ho'd on her  
And drags her forth, as 'twere a furious Cur,  
Out of the sacred Temple ; and with scorn,  
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.

Th' High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,  
In a new League authentikly doth seal



Th' obedient People to their bountious Prince;  
And both, to God; by ioint Obedience.

*Simile.*

Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,  
Is in a while made gentle, meek, and tame.  
By witty vsage; but, if once it hap  
He get som Grove, or thorny Mountains top,  
Then playes he *Rex*; teares, kills, and all consumes,  
And soon again his savage kinde assumes:  
So *Ioash*, while good *Ioada* survives,  
For Piety, with holy *Dauid* strives;  
But he once dead, walking his Father's wayes,  
(Ingrately-false) his Tutor's \*son he slayes.  
Him therefore shortly his owne servants slay:  
His Son, soon after, doth them like re-pay:  
His People, him againe: then, *Amaziah*.  
*Vzziah* follows, *Ioatham* *Vzziah*.

\* *Zachariah*.

*Simile.*

\* *Artemisa*.

As one same ground indifferently doth breed  
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell seed;  
Baen-baening \*Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;  
The fragrant Rose and the strong-scenting Rue:  
So, from the Noblest Howses oft ther Springs  
Som monstrous Princes, and som vertuous Kings;  
And all-fore-seeing God, in the same Ligne  
Doth oft the god-les with the godly twine;  
The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace  
Tyrants the more, by their owne proper Race.

*Abaz*, betwixt his Son and *Ioathan*.

(He bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*.  
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezekiah*, plac't  
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't  
(He good, they bad) as twixt two Thorns, a Rose;  
Wher-by, his Vertue the more vertuous shoves.

*Ezekiah*.

For, in this Prince, great *DAVID*, the divine,  
Devout, iust, valiant, seems again to shine.

*Simile.*

And, as we see from out the severall Seat  
Of th' *ASIAN* Princes, self-surnamed *Great*  
(As the great *Cham*, great *Turk*, great *Russian*,  
And if less *Great*, more glorious *Persian*).

*Araxis*.

*Araxis, Chofel, Volga,* and many moe  
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Floods, do flowe,  
Falling at once into the *Caspian Lake*,  
With all their streames his streames so proud to make:  
So, all the Vertues of the most and best  
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes brest:  
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counsailling,  
Stout in Exploiting, Iust in Governing;  
Vn-pust in Sun-shine, vn-appall'd in Storms  
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)  
And therefore brauely he repels the rage  
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)  
And (ay vn-daunted) in his God's behalf  
Hazards at once his Scepter and himself.

*The true pattern  
of an excellent  
Prince.*

For, though (for Neighbours) round about him raign  
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain):  
Though Godlings, heer of wood, and there of stone,  
A Brazen heer, and there a Golden one,  
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,  
On every side would draw his minde astray:  
Though *Assur's* Prince had with his Legions fell  
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Israel*  
Quench't the small Faith that was; and vtterly  
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,  
So far, that even the tallest Cedar-Tree  
In *Libanon* they never since could see:

Yet, *EZECHIAH* serues not Time; nor Fears  
The Tyrants fury: nether roars with Bears,  
Nor howls with Wolues, nor ever turns away:  
But, godly-wise, well-knowing, that Delay  
Giues leave to Ill; and Danger still doth wait  
On lingering, in Matters of such waight;  
He first of all sets-vp th' Almighty's Throne,  
And vnder that, then he erects his owne.  
Th' establisshing of Gods pure Law again,  
Is as the Preface of his happy Raign:  
The Temple purg'd, th' High-places down he pashes,  
Fells th' hallowed Groves, burns th' Iol-Gods to ashes.

*His Constancy  
in the seruice of  
God, and Zealous  
Reformation of  
all Abuses in  
the same.*



Which his owne Father serv'd; and Zeal-full, brake  
The Brazen Serpent, *Moses* yet it did make.

For, though it were a very Type of *CHRIST*,  
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,  
And not by Man (whose bold-blinde Fancie's pride  
Deforms God's Service, strays on either side,  
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,  
Presumes to school the *Sacred Spirit* again,  
Controules the Word, and (in a word) is not  
In his owne fashion to serve God, or not)  
Though the Prescript of *Ancient use* defend it,  
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it  
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,  
Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)  
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,  
When to occasion of Offence it came;  
But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will,  
Takes that away which was not selfly ill:  
Much less permits he (thorough all his Land)  
One rag, one relique, or one signe to stand  
Of *Idolism*, or idle superstition  
Blindely brought-in, without the Word's Commission.

This zealous Hate of all Abomination,  
This royall Work of thorough Reformation,  
This worthy Action wants not Recompense:  
God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,  
Who honours them that truly honour him,  
To *EZECHIAH* not so much doth seem  
His sure Defence, and his Confederate:  
His Quarrel's His, He hates whom him do hate,  
His Fame He bears about (both far and nigh)  
On the wide wings of Immortality:  
To Gath He guideth his victorious Troup,  
He makes proud Gaza to his Standards stoup,  
Strong *Ajcalon* he razeth to the ground:  
And punishing a People wholly drown'd  
In *Idolism*, and all rebellious Sins,  
Adds to his Land the Land of *Philistines*.

Yea, furthermore, 'tis He that him withdraws  
From out the bloody and ambitious paws  
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend  
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past end;  
Whole swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,  
Made All to quake (even at his name) for fear.

Already were the *Cælo-Syrian* Towers  
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Powers:  
And, of all Cities where th' *Isacians* reign'd,  
Only the great *Ieru[salem]* remain'd;  
When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,  
Thus braues the *Hebrues* and vpbraids their Prince  
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full Threats to snib)  
Thus saith th' almighty, great *Zenacherib*:  
O *Salem's* Kingling, wherefore art thou shut  
In these weak walls? is thine affiance put  
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop!  
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!  
*Egypt*'s a staff of Reed, which broken soon,  
Runs through the hand of him that leans ther-on.  
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God:  
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,  
Whom to his face thou daily hast defid,  
Depriv'd of Altars, robd on every side  
Of his High Places, hallowed Groves, and all  
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call):  
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite  
From every place, and with profane despight  
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)  
Keepst him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark:  
Will He (can He) take *Sion's* part and Thine;  
And with his Foes will He vnnustly ioyne?  
No (wretched) knowe, I haue His Warrant too  
(Expres Commission) what I haue to doo:  
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand  
Against the powr of my victorious hands:  
I execute the counsailes of the Lord:  
I prosecute his Vengeance on th' abhorr'd

*Rayling Rabsakeh, in the  
name of his Master  
Zenacherib  
brauing and  
blaspheming  
against God  
and good king  
Ezekiah.*

Profaners



Profaners of his Temples : and, if He  
Have any Powr, 'tis all conferr'd to me.  
Yield therefore, *Ezechia*, yield ; and waigh  
Who I am ; who Thou art : and by delay  
Blowe not the Fier which shall consume thee quite,  
And vtterly counfound the *Israelite*.

Alas ! poor People, I lament your hap :  
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you vp  
With addle hope, and idle confidence  
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.  
Which of the Gods, against my Powr could stand,  
Or save their Citties from my mightier hand ?  
Where's *Hamath's* God ? Where's *Arpad's* God become ?  
Where *Sepheruaim's* God ? and where (in summe  
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Ivab* too ?  
Haue I not Conquer'd all ? So will I doo  
You and your God ; and I will lead you all  
Into *Affyria*, in perpetuall Thrall :  
I'll haue your *Manna*, and your *Aron's* Rod,  
I'll haue the *Ark* of your Almighty God,  
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,  
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more :  
And your great God shall in the Roule be read  
Among the Gods that I haue Conquered :  
I'll haue it so, it must, it shall be thus,  
And worse then so, except you yeeld to vs.

Scarce had he don, when *Ezechias*, gor'd  
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,  
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,  
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.

O King of All, but Ours, especially ;  
Ah ! sleepest thou Lord ? What boots it, that thine ey  
Perceth to Hell, and even from Heauen beholds  
The dumbest Thoughts in our heartes in-most folds,  
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Challenger,  
Nor hearst the Barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur ?  
Not against vs so much his Threats are meant,  
As against Thee: his Blasphemies are bent

Prayer,  
The Refuge of  
the Godly.

Against

Against Thy Greatnes; whom he (proudly-rude)  
Yoaks with the Godlings which he hath subdew'd.  
Tis true indeed, hee is a mighty Prince,  
Whose numbrous Arms, with furious insolence,  
Haue ouer-born as many as with- flood,  
Made many a Province even to swim in blood,  
Burnt many a Temple; and (insatiate still)  
Of neighbour Gods haue wholly had their will.  
But, O! What Gods are those? Gods void of Beeing  
(Saue, by their hands that serue them) Gods vn-seeing,  
New, vp-start Gods, of yester-dayes devise,  
To Men indebted, for their Deities:

Gods made with hands, Gods without life, or breath;  
Gods, which the Rust, Fier, Hammer conquereth.

But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,  
Th' All-seeing G O D, the Everlasting O N E :  
And, who so dares him gainst thy Powr oppose,  
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blowes,  
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,  
Or Clouds-prop *Arbos* from his massie Root :  
Who but mis-speaks of thee, he spets at Heav'n,  
And his owne spittle in his face is driven.

Lord, shew thee such: take on thee the Defence  
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence :  
Cleer thine owne name, of blame : let him not thus  
Tryumph of Thee, in tryumphing of vs :  
But, let ther (Lord) vnto thy Church appear  
Iust Cause of Ioy, and to thy Foes of fear.

God hears his Cry, and (from th' Empyreal Round)  
He wrathfull sends a winged Champion down ;  
Who, richly arm'd in more than humane Arms,  
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms  
Thrice-three-score thousand, and five thousand more,  
Feld round about ; beside, behinde, before.

Heer, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn,  
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn :  
Not much vnlike vnto a fier in stubble,  
Which, so daie spreading, still the flame doth double,

And

*Miraculous  
slaughter of the  
Assyrians.*

*Simile.*



And with quick succour of som Southren blasts  
Crick-crackling quickly all the Country wastes.

Heer the stiff Storm, that from his mouth he blowes,  
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes:  
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Flood  
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood;  
Th' Yew overturns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,  
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Ash ore-whelm;  
And from the top, down to the Vale belowe,  
The Mount's dis-mantled and even shamed, so.

*Simile*

Heer, with a Sword (such as that sacred blade  
For the bright Guard of Eden's entry made)  
He hacks, he hews; and sometimes with one blowe  
A Regiment hee all at once doth mowe:

*Simile.*

And, as a Cannon's thundrie roaring Ball,  
Battering one Turret, shakes the next withall,  
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)  
Kils oldest Souldiers with his very winde:  
The whiffing Flashes of this Sword so quick,  
Strikes dead a many, which it did not strike.

Heer, with his hands he strangles all at-once  
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings dis-throans!  
O Army-shaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!  
World-tossing Tempest! All-consuming Brands!  
O let som other (with more sacred fier,  
Than I, inflam'd) into my Muse inspire  
The wondrous manner of this Overthrowe,  
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little knowes:  
I but admire it in confused sort,  
Conceiue I cannot; and, much less, report.

Come-on *Zenachberib*: where's now thine Hoast?  
Where are thy Champions? Thou didst lately boast,  
Th' hadst in thy Camp as many Soldiers,  
As Sea hath Fishes, or the Heav'ns haue Stars:  
Now, th' art alone: and yet, not all alone;  
Fear and Despair, and Fury wait vpon  
Thy shame-full Flight: but, bloody Butcher, stay:  
Stay, noylom Plague, fly not so fast away,

Fear

Fear not Heav'ns Fauchin; that foul brest of thine  
Shall not be honor'd with such wounds divine:  
Nor shalt thou yet in timely bed decease;  
No: Tyrants vse not to Depart in Peace:  
As bloud they thirsted, they are drown'd in blood;  
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.

For (O iust Iudgement!) lo, thy Sons (yer-long)  
At *Nisroch's* Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong:  
Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs off fouler Bird)  
Kill their owne Father, sheath their either sword  
In thine owne throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,  
Mix thine owne bloud among thy Sacrifices.

This Miracle is shortly seconded  
By one as famous and as strange, indeed.  
It pleas'd the Lord with heavy hand to smight  
King *Ezechiah*; who in dolefull plight  
Vpon his bed lies vexed grievously,  
Sick of an Ulcer past all remedy.  
Art fails the Leach, and issue faileth Art,  
Each of the Courtiers sadly wailes a-part  
His losse and Lord: Death, in a mourn-ful sort,  
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court:  
And, in the City, seems in every Hall  
T' haue light a Taper for his Funerall.

Then *Amos*\* Son, his bed approaching, pours  
From plentious lips these sweet and golden shows;  
But that I knowe, you knowe the Lawes Diuine,  
But that your Faith so every-where doth shine  
But that your Courage so confirm'd I see;  
I should, my Liege, I should not speake so free:  
I would not tell you, that incontinent  
You must prepare to make your Testament:  
That your Disease shall haue the vpper hand:  
And Death already at your Door doth stand.

What? fears my Lord? Knowe you not heer beneath  
We alwayes sayl towards the Port of Death;  
Where, who first anch'reth, first is glorified?  
That't is Decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,

*Zenacherib  
slain by his owne  
sonnes.*

*Ezekiah's sick-  
nesse.*

*\* The Prophet  
Isaiah.*

*A comfortable  
Visitation of the  
sicke.*

That



That (of necessity) the farall Cup,  
 Once, all of vs must (in our turn) drink vp?  
 That Death's no pain, but of all pains the end,  
 The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to ascend?  
 That Death's the death of all our storms and strife,  
 And sweet beginning of immortall Life?  
 For, by one death a thousands death's we slay:  
 Thear-by, we rise from body-Toomb of Clay.  
 Thear-by, our Soules feast with celestiall food,  
 Thear-by, we com to th' heav'nly Brother-hood,  
 Thear-by, w'are chang'd to Angels of the Light,  
 And, face to face, behold Godsbeuties bright.

The Prophet ceast: and soon th' *Isaacian* Prince,  
 Deep apprehending Death's drad form and sense,  
 Vnto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:  
 And, sorow-torn, thus (to himself) he cries:

*A Prayer for a  
 sick person, mu-  
 tatis mutandis*

Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)  
 From thy iust *Iustice* to thy *Mercy* milde:  
 Why will thy strength destroy a silly-one,  
 Weakned and wasted even to skin and bone;  
 One that adores thee with sincere affection,  
 The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?  
 O! shall the Good thy servant had begun  
 For *Sion*, rest now by his death vndon?  
 O! shall a Pagan After-king restore  
 The Groues and Idols I haue raz'd before?  
 Shall I dye Childe-les? Shall thine Heritage  
 In vain expect that glorious golden Age.  
 Vnder thy *CHRIST*? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:  
 O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord  
 Som space of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice  
 Of Infidels at my poor death reioyce.

*The Kings praier  
 heard, and his  
 life prolonged  
 15 years.*

Then said the Seer; Be of good cheer, my Liege:  
 Thy sighes and tears and prayers so besiege  
 The throne of Pitty, that, as pierç't with-all,  
 Thy smiling Health God yieldeth to re-call,  
 Wills to his Temple (three dayes hence) thou mount,  
 Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,

Makes

Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,  
This *Dial*'s shadow shal heer back-ward go.

His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull Effect:

For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct  
(Life's-guider, Daye's-divider, Sun's-Conforter,  
Shadow's dull shifter, and Time's dumb Reporter)

Puts-vp-again his passed Houres (perforce)  
And back-ward goes against his wonted course.

'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple Morn  
Seems that long day to brandish and adorn:

*Sol* goes, and comes; and, yer that in the Deep  
Of *Atlas* shade he lay him down to sleep,

His bright, Light-winged, Gold-shod wheels do cut  
Threerimes together in the self-same rut.

Lord! what are we! or, what is our deseruing!

That, to confirm our Faith (so prone to swarving)

Thou daign'st to shake Heav'n's solid Orbs so bright;

Th' Order of Nature to dis-order quight?

To make the Sun'r Teem with a swift-slowe paset,

Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?

That, to dispell the Night so blindely-black,

Which siels our Soules, thou mak'st the shade go back

On *Abaz Dial*? And, as Self-vn-stable,

Seem'st to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,

Raze thine owne Dooms (toft in vn-steddy storm)

And, to reforme vs, thine owne speech reform;

To giue thy Self the Ly: and (in a Word)

As Self-blam'd, softly to put-vp thy Sword?

Thrice-glorious God! thrice-great! thrice-gratious!

Heer-in (O Lord) thou seem'st to deal with vs,

As a wise Father, who with tender hand

Severely shaking the correcting Wand,

With voice and gesture seems his Son to threat:

Whom yet indeed he doth not mean to beat;

But, by this curb of fained Rigor, aims

To aw his Son: and so him oft reclaim.

This Prince no sooner home to Heav'n returns,

But *Israel* back to his vomit turns;

*The Sunn goes  
backe.*

*Simile.*

Him



Him re-bemires : and like a head-strong Colt,  
Runs headlong down into a strange Revolt.  
And, though *Iofias*, Heav'n-deer Prince (who yong  
Coms wisely-olde, to liue the older long)  
Had re-advanc'd the sacred Lawes divine,  
Propt *Sion's* Wall (all ready to decline)  
With his owne back; and, in his happy Raign,  
The Truth re-flour'n, as in her Prime again:  
Yet *Jacob's* Heirs striue to resemble still  
A stiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,  
Meets in the way som stub, for rub, that stops  
The speed a space; but instantly it hops,  
It ouer-iumps; and stayes not, though it stumble,  
Till to the bottom vp-side-down it tumble!

*Simile.*

*Nabuchadne-  
zar besiegeth  
Ierusalem.*

With puissant Hoast proud *Nebuchadnezzar*  
Now threatned *Iuda* with the worst of War:  
His Camp coms marching to *Ierusalem*,  
And her olde Walls in a new Wall doth hem.  
The busie Builders of this newer Fold,  
In one hand, Swords, in th' other Trowels hold,  
Nor selder strike with blades than hammersthere;  
With firmer foot the Sieged's shock to bear,  
Who seem a swarm of Hornets buzzing out  
Among their Foes, and humming round about  
To spet their spight against their Enemies,  
With poysonie Darts, in noses, brows and eyes.

Cold *Capricorn* hath pay'd all *Iuda* twice  
With brittle plates of crystal-crust'd Ice,  
Twice glased *Jordan*; and the Sappy-blood  
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwigd the Wood,  
Since the first Siege: What? sayd the yonger fort,  
Shall we growe old, about a feeble Fort?  
Shall we (not Martial, but more Maçon-skild)  
Shall we not batter Towrs, but rather build?  
And while the *Hebrue* in his sumptuous Chamber  
Disports himself, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,  
Shall We, swelting for Heat, shivering for Cold,  
Heer, far from home, lie in a stinking Hold?

Shall

# The Decay.

641

Shall time destroy vs? shall our proper sloath  
Annoy vs more than th' *Hebrues* valour doth?  
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,  
Through length of Siege; but let vs to th' Assault.  
Let's win't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is  
Impossible to *Chaldean* courages.

Contented, said the King: braue Bloodsaway,  
Goe seek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.

Now, in their breasts, braue *Honor's* Thirst began:

Methinks, I see stout *Nabuzaradan*

*Nabuzaradan.*

Already trooping the most resolute  
Of every Band, this plot to prosecute.

Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,

Bears to the Wall his Way vpon his back:

But, the braue Prince cleaves quicker then the rest

His slender Firr-poles, as more prowes-full prest.

A like they mount, affronting Death together;

*A Scalade.*

But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:

This Ladder, slippery plac't, doth slide from vnder:

That, over-sloap, snaps in the midst asunder;

And soldiers, falling, one another kill

(As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill,

*Simile.*

Torn with some Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,

Shivers it self on stones it vnder-grindes):

Som, rashly climb'd (not wont to climb so high)

With giddy brains, swim headlong down the Skye:

Som, over-whelmd vnder a Mill-stone-storm,

Lose, with their life, their living bodies form.

Yet mounts the Captain, and his spacious Targe

Bears-off a Mountain and a Forest large

Of Stones and Darts, that fly about his ears;

His teeth do gnash, he threatens, he sweats, and swears:

As steady thear, as on the ground, he goes;

And thear, though weary, he affronts his Foes,

Alone, and halfly-hanging in the ayr,

Against whole Squadrons standing firmly fair:

Vpright he rears him, and his Helmet braue

(Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)

V v

Reflecting



Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,  
 Affrights th' whole Citty with the shade of it.  
 Then as half Victor, and about to venter  
 Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;  
 With his bright Gantlet's scaly fingers bent  
 Grasping the coping of the battlement,  
 His hold doth fail, the stones, vn-fastned, fall  
 Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) he with-all:  
 Yet, he escapes, and gets again to shoar;  
 Thanks to his strength: but, to his courage more.

*Nergal.*

Now heer (me thinks I hear proud *Nergal* raue:  
 In War (quoth he) Master or Match to haue,  
 By *Mars* I scorn; yea, *Mars* himself in Arms;  
 And all the Gods, with all their brauing Storms.  
 O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder, threat,  
 Gods, do your worst; with all your batteries beat:  
 If I begin, in spite of all your powrs,  
 I'll scale your Walls, I'll take your Crystall Towrs.  
 Thus spewd the Curr; and (as he spake) withal  
 Climbs-vp the steepest of a dreadful Wall,  
 With his bare-feet on roughest places sprawling,  
 With hook-crookt hands vpon the smoothest crawling.

*Simile.*

As a fell Serpent, which som Shepheard-lad  
 On a steep Rock incounters gladly-sad,  
 Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,  
 With wriggling pafe doth still approach his Foe,  
 And with a Hiss, a Frisk, and flashing ey,  
 Makes sodainly his faint Afsailer fly:  
 Even so the Duke, with his fierce countenance,  
 His thundring-voice, his helms bright radiance,  
 Drives *Pashur* from the Walls and *Incab* too  
 (A iolly Prater, but a lade to doo;  
 Brauer in Counsaile then in Combat, far)  
 With *Sephtiah*, tinder of this War;  
 And *Malchy*, he that doth in Prison keep  
 Vnder the ground (a hundred cubits deep)  
 Good *Jeremie*, an instrument, alone  
 Inspir'd with breath of th' ever-living ONE.

# The Decay.

643

Let's fly, cries *Pashur* : fly this Infidell,  
Rather this Fiend, the which no waight can fell.  
What force can front, or who incounter can  
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?

While *Nergal* speeds his Victory too-fast,  
His hooks dis-pointed disappoint his haste;  
Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize  
Which (out of doubt) he did his owne surmize.  
He swears end tears : ( what should ? what could he more ) ?  
He cannot vp, nor will he down, therefore.  
Vnfortunate ! and vainly-valiant !

He's fain to stand like the *Funambulant*  
Who seems to tread the air, and fall he must,  
Save his Self's waight him counter-poyseth iust ;  
And saue the Lead, that in each hand he bears,  
Doth make him light : the gaping Vulgar fears,  
Amaz'd to see him ; weening nothing stranger  
Than Art to master Nature, lucre danger.  
At last, though loath ( full of despight and rage )  
He slideth down into a horrid hedge,  
Cursing and banning all the Gods ; more mad  
For the disgrace, than for the hurt he had.

Els-where the while ( as imitating right )  
The Kinde-blinde Beast, in russet Velvet dight )  
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,

*Simile.*  
Mines & Counter-mines.

*Samgarnebo* seeks vnder ground his way.  
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Designes,  
With-in the Town against him counter-mines  
Courageously, and still proceedeth on,  
Till ( resolute ) he bring both Works to one ;  
Till one strict Berrie, till one winding Cave  
Becom the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.

As the self-swelling Badgerd, at the bay  
With boldest Hounds ( inured to that Fray )  
First at the entry of his Burrow fights,  
Then in his Earth ; and either other bites :  
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cries,  
The angry Beast to his best chamber flies,

*Simile.*



And (angled there) sits grimly inter-gerning,  
And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning;  
So fare these Miners; whom I pittie must,  
That their bright Valour should so darkly ioust.

While hotly thus they skirmish in the Vault,  
Quick *Ebedmelech* closely hither brought  
A Dry-Fat sheath'd in latton plates with-out,  
With-in with Feathers fill'd, and round about  
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass)  
Save at one end, where nothing out should passe;  
Which (having first his *Jewish* Troops retir'd)  
Iust in the mouth of th' enter-Mine he fir'd:  
The smoak whereof with odious stink doth make  
The *Pagans* soon their hollow Fort forsake:  
As from the Berries in the Winter's night  
The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).

*Simile.*

Now *Rabsbakeb* (as busie) other-where  
A rowling Towr against the Town doth rear,  
And on the top (or highest stage) of it  
A flying Bridge, to reach the Courtin fir,  
With pullies, poles, and planked Battlements  
On every story, for his Men's defence.  
On th' other side, the Towns-men are not slowe  
With counter-plots to counter-push their Foe:  
Now, at the wooden side, then at the front,  
Then at the Engins of the *Persian* Mount,

\* Instruments of  
Warr wherein  
wild fire is put.

With Brakes and Slings, and \* *Phalariks* they play,  
To fier their Fortress and their Men to slay:  
But yet, a Cord-Mat (stiffly stretch about)  
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.

While thus they deale, *Sephtiah*, desperat,  
Him secretly out of the City gat,  
And with a Pole of rozen weeping Fir, a gillow  
So furiously he doth himself bestir,  
That with the same the walking Fort he fiers:  
The cruel flame so to the top aspires,  
That (maugre Blood, shed from above in laughter,  
And, from below, continuall spouting Water)

## The Decay.

645

It parts the Fray: stage after stage it catches,  
And th' half-broyld Soldiers headlong down it fetches.

The King (still constant against all extreames)  
To press them neerer yet, with mighty beams  
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,  
And couers it, with three-fold shelter, all;  
The Timber (first) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,  
The Hides with Woll-sacks (which all Shot derides).  
As th' Aier exhaled by the fiery breath  
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,  
Or on the tresses of a tufted Plain,

*Simile.*

Pours-down at-once both Fier and Hail and Rain:  
So all at-once the *Isaacian* Soldiers threw  
Floods, Flames, and Mountains on these Engines new;  
But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels,  
The Mounts the Wooll; the drowning Floods, the Fels.

Thear-vnder (safe) the Ram with iron horn,  
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,  
The boisterous Trepane, and steel Pick-ax play  
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.  
Heer, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall  
On reeling props hangs, ready ev'n to fall:  
There, a vast-Engine thundereth vp-side-down  
The feeble Courtin of the sacred Town.

*Simile.*

If you have been, where you have seen som-whiles,  
How with the Ram they drive-in mighty Piles  
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay  
The Sand-cast Current of the raging Sea;  
Swift-ebbing streams bear to the Sea the fownd,  
Eccho agisteth, and with shrill rebound  
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)  
The Coast about trembles for fear and wonder;  
Then have you heard and seen the Engins beating  
On *Sion's* Walls, and her foundations threatning.

In fine, the *Chaldeis* take *Ierusalem*,  
And reave for ever *Iuries* Diadem.  
The smoaky burning of her Turrets steep  
Seems even to make the Sunn's bright ey to weep:



And wretched *Salem*, buried (as it were)  
 Vnder a heap of her owne Children dear,  
 For lack of Friends to keep her Obsequies,  
 Constraineth sighs (even) from her Enemies.  
 Her massie Ruins and her Cinders shewe  
 Her Wealth and Greatnes, yer her overthrowe.  
 A sodain horror seizeth every eye  
 That views the same: and every Passer-by  
 (Yea, were he *Gese*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)  
 Must needs for pittie of so sad a Sight,  
 Bestowe som tears, som swelling sighs, or grones  
 Vpon these batter'd sculs, these scatter'd stones.  
 In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich)  
 Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-les Oules doo screech:  
 The sacred *TEMPLE*, held (of late) alone  
 Wonder of Wonders, now a heap of stone:  
 The House of God (*the Holiest-Holy-Place*)  
 Is now the House of Vermin vile and base:  
 The Vessels, destin'd vnto sacred vse,  
 Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuse:  
 None scape the wounds, if any scape with life:  
 The Father's rest of Son, the Man of Wise:  
*Jacob's* exil'd, *Inda's* no more in *Iury*,  
 But (wretched) sighes vnder the *Chaldean* fury.

*Hosea.*

Their King in chains, with shame and sorrow thrill'd,  
 Before his face sees all the fairest pill'd;  
 Yea, his owne Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)  
 (Rich Vines and Oliues of his lawfull Race)  
 Whose loue and beauty did his age delight,  
 Shar'd to the Soldiers, ravisht in his sight:  
 O, Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry  
 (About his neck still hanging tenderly)  
 Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they vs?  
 O, must we serue their base and beastly Lusts?  
 Shall they dissolue our Virgin-zones? Shall they  
 (Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Mayden-May*,  
 Our spot-les Flowr, so carefully preserv'd  
 For som great Prince, that mought haue vs deserv'd

O Honey-dropping Hills we yerst frequented,  
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,  
Delicious Gardens of deer *Israel*;  
Hills, Gardens, Vales, we bid you all fare-well:  
We (will-we-nill-we) hurried hence, as slaues,  
Must now, for *Cedron*, sip of *Tygris* waues;  
And (weaned from our natiue Earth and Air)  
For Hackney-Iades be sold in every Fayr;  
And (O hearts-horror!) see the shame-les Foe,  
Forcing our Honors, triumph in our woe.

All-tundring Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!  
Which (mercy-les) do S I O N's Wrack conspire,  
Why spare you vs, more cruell (cry'd the Wives)  
In leaving ours, then reaving other's lives?  
Your Pitié's pity-les, your Pardon Torture:  
For, quick dispatch had made our Sorrows shorter;  
But your seem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,  
Makes vs, aliue, to die a thousand Deaths.  
For, O deer Husband, deereſt Lord, can we,  
Can we survive, absented quite from Thee,  
And slaues to those whose Talk is nothing els  
But thy Disgrace, thy Gyves, and *Israels*?  
Can we (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed  
(With cunning-coſt rare-richly furnished)  
For th'vgly Cabbin and the louzie Couch  
Of ſom baſe Buffon, or ſom beaſtly Slouch?  
Can we, alas! can wretched we (I ſay)  
We, whose Commands whole Kingdoms did obay,  
We, at whose beck even Princes knees did bend,  
We, on whose Train there dayly did attend  
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maids of Honour*  
(Kneeling about vs in the humbleſt manner)  
To dress vs neat, and duly every Morn  
In Silk and Gold our Bodies to adorn;  
Dress others now? work, on disgrace-full frame  
(Weeping the while) our S I O N's wo-full flame?  
Dragging like Moys? drudge in their Mills? and hold  
Brooms in our hands, for Sceptre-Rods of gold?



Com, Parrats, com, y' haue prated, now enough  
(The Pagans cry in their insulting ruff)

On *Chalde* shoars you shal go sigh your fill,  
You must with vs to *Babel*: there at will  
You may bewail: there, this shal be your plight,  
Our Mayds by day, our Bed-fellows by night.  
And, as they spake, the shame-les lust-full crew  
With furious force the tender Ladies drew  
Even from between th' arms of the woe-full King,  
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;  
And little lackt the act of most despight,  
Ev'n in their Father's and their Husbands sight,  
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vaine accuse,  
In vain he raves, in vain he roars and rews:  
Even as a Lion, prisoned in his grate,  
Whose ready dinner is bereft of late,  
Roars hideously; but his fell Fury-storm  
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.

The proud fell *Pagans* doo yet farther pass:  
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face  
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)  
They massacre his miserable seed.

O! said the Prince, can you less pitious be  
To these Self-yeelders (prostrate at your knee)  
Than sternly-valiant to the stubborn-stout  
That 'gainst our rage courageously stood-out?  
Alas! what haue they don? what could they doo.  
To vrge reuenge and kindle wrath in you?  
Poor silly Babes vnder the Nources wing,  
Haue they conspir'd against the *Chaldean* King?  
Haue these sweet Infants that yet cannot speak,  
Brook faith with you? Haue these, so yong and weak,  
Yet in their Cradle, in their Clouts, bewayling  
Their Woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, vn fayling)  
Dis-ray'd your Ranks? Haue these that yet doo craul  
Vpon all fowre, and cannot stand, at all,  
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,  
Frustr'd your Rams, fiered your flying Towrs?

And,

And, bravely sallying in your face (almost)  
Hew'n-out their passage thorough all your Hoast:

O! no, *Chaldeans*, only I did all:  
I did complot the King of *Babels* fall:

I foyld your Troups: I filld your sacred Flood  
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your blood.

Turn therefore, turn your bloody Blades on-me;  
O! let these harm-les Little-ones goe free;

And stain not with the blood of Innocents  
Th'immortall *Tropheis* of your high Attents.

So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake  
Vnder your feet: so ever may you make

South, East, and West your owne: on every Coast

So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoast:

So, to your Wiues be you thrice welcom home,

And so God blese your lawfull-loved womb

With Self-like Babes, your substance with increase,

Your selues (at home) with hoary haire in Peace.

But, as a Rock, gainst which the Heav'ns do thunder,

Th' Air roars about, the Ocean rageth vnder,

Yields not a iot: no more this savage Crew;

But rather, muse to find-out Tortures new.

Heer, in (his sight) these cruell *Lestrigons*

Between them take the eldest of his Sons,

With keenest swords his trembling flesh they heaw,

One gobbet heer, another thear they streaw.

And from the veins of dead-lyve limbs (alas!)  
The spirit-full blood spins in his Fathers's face.

Thear, by the heels his second Son they take,

And dash his head against a Chimnies back:

The scull is pasht in peeces, like a Crock,

Ore arthen Stean, against a stony Rock:

The scatterd batterd Brains, about besmeard,

Som hang (O horror!) in the Fathers beard.

Last, on himself their savage fury flies,

And with sharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:

The Sun he loses, and an end-les night

Beclouds for euer his twin-balled light:

*Simile.*

He



He sees no more, but feels the woes he bears;  
 And now for cryſtall, weeps he crimſin tears.  
 For, ſo God would (and juſtly too, no doubt)  
 That he which had in *Juda* clean put-out  
 Th' immortal Lamp of all religious light,  
 Should have his eyes put-out, ſhould loſe his ſight;  
 And that his body ſhould be outward blinde,  
 As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.

O Butchers (ſaid he) ſatiate your Thirſt,  
 Swill, ſwill your fill of Blood, vntill you burſt:  
 O! broach it not with bodkin, but with knife;  
 O! reave me not my bodie's light, but life:  
 Give me the ſight not of the Earth, but Skies:  
 Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.  
 Why did you not this barbarous deed diſpatch,  
 Yer I had ſeen me an vnſceptred Wretch,  
 My Citties ſackt, my wealthy ſubjects pild,  
 My Daughters rauisht, and my Sonns all kild?  
 Or elſe, why ſtayd you not till I had ſeen  
 Your (Beaſt-like) Maſter grazing on the Green:  
 The *Medes* conſpiring to ſupplant your Throne:  
 And *Babel's* glory vtter ouerthrowne?  
 Then had my ſoule with Fellow-Falls bin eas'd,  
 And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.

O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monſters, ſee,  
 See heer my Caſe; and ſee your ſelues in me.  
 Beware Contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,  
 Who thunder-down the high-aſpiring Towns;  
 But mildly pardon, and permit ſecure  
 Poor Cottages that lie belowe obſcure:  
 Who Pride abhor; who liſt vs vp ſo high,  
 To let vs fall with greater infamy.  
 Th' Almighty ſports him with our Crowns and vs;  
 Our glorie ſtands ſo ſickle-founded thus  
 On ſlippery wheels, alreadie rowling down:  
 He gives vs not, but only ſhewes the Crown:  
 Our Wealth, our Pleaſure, and our Honor too  
 (Whereat the Vulgar make ſo much a-doo)

## The Decay.

651

Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be spoken,  
Seems as a glass, bright-shining, but soon broken.

Thrice-happy He, whom with his sacred arm,  
Th' Eternal props against all Haps of Harm:  
Who hangs vpon his prouidence alone,  
And more prefers G O D's Kingdom than his owne.

So happy be great BRITANNE Kings (I pray)  
Our Soueraigne IAMES, and all his Seed, for ay;  
Our hope-full HENRY, and a hundred more  
Good, faithfull STUARTS (in successe rowe)  
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wise,  
Sincere to Vertue, and seuer to Vice;  
That not alone These dayes of Ours may shine  
In Zeal-full Knowledge of the TRUTH divine,  
And We (illightned with her sacred rayes)  
May walk directly in the Saving wayes  
Of faith-full Service to the ONE true Deitie,  
And mutuall Practice of all Christian Pietie;  
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (till  
Time be no more) may be conducted still  
By the same Cloud by day, and Fier by night  
(Through this vast Desart of the World's despight)  
Towards their Home, the heav'nly CANAAN,  
Prepared for us y<sup>e</sup>r the World began:  
That they with vs, and we (complete) with them,  
May meet triumphant in IERUSALEM;  
With-in whose Pearly Gates and Iasper Walls  
(Where, th' Holy LAMB keeps his high Nuptialls,  
Where needs no shining of the Sun, or Moon;  
For, God's owne face makes there perpetuall Noon:  
Where shall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes;  
For, God shall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)  
Shall enter nothing filthy or unclean;  
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomite obscene,  
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,  
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,  
No Wicked-liner, neither wilfull Lier:  
These are without, in Tophet's end-les Fier.

Yet,



*Yet, such as these (or some of these, at least)*  
*We all haue been : in some what all haue mist*  
*(And, had we broken but one Precept sole,*  
*The Law reputes vs guilty of the whole) :*  
*But, we are washed, in the Sacred-Flood ;*  
*But, we are purged, with the Sprinkled-Blood ;*  
*But, by the Spirit, we now are sanctify'd ;*  
*And through the Faith in I E S U S, iustify'd.*  
*Therefore no more let vs our selues defile,*  
*No more return vnto our Vomit vile,*  
*No more profane vs with Concupiscence,*  
*Nor spot the garment of our Innocence :*  
*But, constant in our Hope, feruent in Love*  
*(As euen al-ready conuersant Aboue)*  
*Proceed we cheerely in our Pilgrimage*  
*Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,*  
*Towards That City of heart-bound-les Bliss*  
*Which CHRIST hath purchast with his Blood, for His :*  
*To whom, with FATHER, and the SPIRIT, therefore*  
*Be Glory, Praise, and Thanks, for- evermore.*

*Amen Amen*

*Amen.*

---

*FINIS.*

---

*PIERAC. Quad. 5.*

*Say not, my hand This Work to E N D hath brought :*  
*Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to :*  
*Say rather thus ; This, G O D by me hath wrought :*  
*G O D's Author of the little Good I doo :*

---

D.O.M.S.

GVLIELMO SALVSTIO  
 POETARVM FACILE PRINCIPI,  
 SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO  
 MIRABILIVM ASSERTORI,  
 PRÆCONI VIRTVTIS DVLCI  
 DOCTOQ.

CVIVS MONVMENTA DOCUMENTA

POSTERIS FVTVRA SVNT:

QVI MVSAS BREPTAS PROPANÆ  
 LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBVS  
 REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBVS  
 ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBVS

IMBEVIT,

VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALIA  
 BVSEXVVIIS SPOLIATO,

IMMORTALITATIS

COMPOTI,

A. M. M. P. R.

**H**ls, fateor, nemo exuuijs inscribere honorem,  
 Auspater, deus debuit ipse chori:

Gratia sed quoniam taciti propè nulla doloris,

Nen videar moestas non maduisse genas,

Audiat ecce gementis etiam me turbagementem:

Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.

Et titulus saltem esto, BONA SVPER AETHERA FAMA.

NOTVS, EGRET NVLLO, QVI IACET HIC, TITVLO.

Iac. Lectius.



TO MY EVER-MOST  
 honoured Mistres, M<sup>rs</sup> Essex, wife  
 to the right worthy William Essex of Lamborn,  
 Esquier; and eldest Daughter of the right valiant,  
 and Nobly-descended, Sir Walter Hare-  
 court of Stanton-Hare-court Knight,  
 Baron of Ellen-Hall.

WIt's, Beautie's, Vertu's perfect Quintessence  
 (Yet grac't in loule with more Divine perfection)  
 Grace, with a glance of your mild Eye's reflection,  
 This humble Pledge of Zeal and Reuerence:  
 Which (as the Stork, for gratefull recompence,  
 Where she hath bred, one of her Birds bestoweth)  
 My thankfull Muse (who you like Duty oweth)  
 Heer consecrates to your deer excellence.  
 Deer ESSEX heer (to make your Faith apparant  
 Vnto the Faithfull, and confirm the same)  
 Embrace (I pray) the Faith of ABRAHAM  
 Offering his Isaac (on th' Almightyes warrant):  
 So shall th' Imputer of his Righteousness  
 Impute you yours; and your young Isaacs blefs.

Your Vertue's

ever-vowed Sertuant,

IOSEPH SILVESTER.

TO VERTVES PAT-  
terne, and Beauties Paragon, M<sup>ris</sup>

*Jone Essex : now wife to the right worthy  
William Anderson Esquier (second Son of the  
late Lord Anderson) and only Sister of the Hono-  
rably-descended William Essex of Lam-  
born, Esquire.*

**V**RANIA (noblest of the learned NINE)  
Coming from Heav'n, to call my Muse from Earth,  
From Loves loose Sonnets, and lasciuious Mirth;  
In sacred WEEKS to sing the Works divine:  
Of all the Nymphs extract from mortall Ligne,  
For sweet Companion picks you only forth  
(As best resembling her self's grace and worth)  
Deer Beauties best, Wits wonder, Vertue's sbrine.  
Sweet, heav'nly temper of a humane soule  
(Whose lovely smiles set coldest hearts a-fire;  
But, instantly, with modest brows controule  
Th' aspiring hope of any bold desire)  
Dain t' entertain in your milde gracefull manner  
This Heav'nly Mayd, the mirrour of your Honour.

Your Vertue's

*humble Votary,*

IOSVAN SILVESTER.



# VRANIA.

OR

## The Heauenly Muse.

<sup>1</sup>  
 Scarce had I th' *April* of mine Age begun,  
 When brave desire' immortalize my Name,  
 Did make me (oft) Rest and repast to shun,  
 In curious proiect of som learned *Frame*.

<sup>2</sup>  
 But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light  
 Vpon a crosse-way, stops in sodain doubt;  
 And, 'mid the sundry Lanes to finde the right,  
 More with his Wit than with his feet doth scout:

<sup>3</sup>  
 Among the many flowrie paths that lead  
 Vp to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*  
 Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,  
 I stood confus'd; and doubtfull which to follow.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Onewhile I sought, the *Greekish-Scene* to dress  
 In *French* Disguise: in loftier *Stile* anon  
 T'imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloody Gests,  
 Of *Thebes*, *Mycena*, and proud *Iliou*.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Anon, I sacred to th' *Aonian* Band  
 My Countries Story; and, condemning much  
 The common error, rather tooke in hand  
 To make the *Mein*, *French*, than the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

<sup>6</sup>  
 Anon, I meant with fawning pen to praise  
 Vn-worthy Prince; and so, with gold and glory,  
 T'inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,  
 Basely to make my *Muse* a Mercenarie.

7

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wagg-Son to sing  
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-sweet,  
That *Too-much Love* to the best wits doth bring;  
Theam, for my nature and mine age, too-meet.

8

While to and fro thus (tossed by *Ambition*)  
Yet vn-resolued of my Course, I rove;  
Lo, suddainly a sacred Apparition;  
Som Daughter (think I) of supernall *Ioue*.

9

Angelicall her gesture and her gait;  
Divinely-sweet her speech and countenance;  
Her *Nine-fold* Voice did choicely imitate  
Th' *Harmonious* Musick of *Heavens* nimble Dance,

10

Vpon her Head, a glorious *Diadem*,  
*Seaven-double-folded*, moving diuersly;  
And on each fold sparkled a pretious Gem,  
Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11

Thr first of *Lead*, the second *Tin* (me thought)  
Third *Steel*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was cast,  
The fift of pale *Electrum* seemed wrought;  
Sixt *Mercury*, of *Siluer* was the last.

12

An *azure Mantle* on her back she wore,  
With art-les Art, in orderly disorder;  
Flourisht, and fill'd with thousand *Lamps* and more,  
Her sacred Beautie to set-forth and further.

13

Heer flames the *Harp*, there shine the tender *Twins*,  
Heer *Charles his Wayn*, theretwinkling *Pleiades*.  
Heer the bright *Balance*, therethe siluer *Finns*,  
And thousand *Starrs* more then I can exprefs.

X x

I



14

I am VRANIA (then a-loud said she)  
Who humane-kinde about the *Poles* transport;  
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to see  
All th' enter-course of the *Celestiall Court*.

15

I quint-essence the Soule, and make the *Poet*  
(Passing himselfe) in a Divine Discourse  
To draw the deafest, by the ears vnto-it,  
To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course.

16

I grant, my learned Sisters warble fine,  
And ravish millions with their *Madrigalls*;  
Yet all, no less inferiour vnto mine;  
Than Pies to Syrens, Geese to Nightingalls.

17

Then take Me (*BARTAS*) to conduct thy Pen,  
Soar vpto Heav'n; Sing-me th' Almighty's prayse,  
And tuning now the *Iessean* Harp again,  
Gayn thee the *Garland* of eternall Bayes.

18

I cannot (grief-les) see my Sisters wrongs  
Made Bawds to *Louers*, in deceitfull faynings,  
Inforced sighes, fall'e tears, and filthy Songs,  
Lascivious shewes and counterfeit complaynings.

19

Alas! I cannot with dry eyes behold  
Our holy Songs sould and profaned thus:  
To grace the grace-les; praising (too-too bold)  
*Caligula*, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20

But, most I mourn to see rare *Verses* apply'd  
Against the Author of sweet *Composition*:  
I cannot brook to see Heav'ns King defy'd  
By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

21

Man's eyes are field-vp with *Cimmerian* mist:  
 And, if ought pretious in his Life he reach,  
 Through lundry hands, by the Heav'ns bounty is't:  
 But God, himself, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22

Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but *P O E S I E*  
 Is a meer *Heavenly gift*, and none can taste  
 The Deaws we drop from *Pindus* plentiously,  
 If *sacred Fire* have not his brest imbrac't.

23

Thence is't, that many great *Philosophers*,  
 Deep-learned *Clarks* ( in *Prose* moit eloquent )  
 Labour in vain to make a gracefull *Verse*,  
 Which many a Novice frames most excellent.

24

Thence is't, that yerft, the poor *Meonian* Bard,  
 Though Master, means, and his owne eyes he misses,  
 Of Olde and New is for his *Verse* preferd,  
 In'stout *Achilles*, and his wife *Ulysses*.

25

Thence is't, that *Ovid* cannot speak in *Prose*:  
 Thence is't, that *David* ( Sheapherd, turned Poet )  
 So soon dooth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compose  
 After our *Art*, before ( indeed ) they knowe-it.

26

Dive day and night in the *Castalian* Fount,  
 Dwell vpon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muse*,  
 Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,  
 Where the *Pierian* learned *Maydens* vse:

27

Read while thou wilt, read ouer every Book  
 In *Pergamus*, and in the famous *Citic*,  
 That her great name, of *Alexander* took;  
 Still ply thy Pen, practice thy language ( wittie ):

X x 2

Take



28

Take time inough, choose seat and season fit,  
To make good *Verse* at best aduantage place thee :  
Yet worthy fruit thou shalt not reap of it,  
For all thy toill, vnles *Minerva* grace thee.

29

For, out of Man, Man must him all advance,  
That time-proof *Poems* ever hopes to vtter ;  
And, exasped ( as in a *holy Trance* )  
Into our hands his *Sensur* part must put-her.

30

For, as a humane *Fury* makes a man  
Less than a man : so *Diuine-Fury* makes him  
More then himself ; and sacred *Phrenzie* than  
Above the heau'n's bright-flaming *Arch* stakes-him.

31

Thence, thence it is that diuine *Poets* bring  
So sweet, so learned, and so lasting *Numbers*,  
Where Heave'ns and Nature's secret works they sing,  
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall flumbers.

32

True *Poets*, right are like winde-Instruments,  
Which full, do sound ; emprise, their noise succeases,  
For, with their *Fury* lasts their Excellence ;  
Their *Muse* is silent, when their *Fury* ceases.

33

Sith therefore *Verses* haue from Heav'n their spring,  
O rarest spirits ! how dare you ( damned scorners )  
Profanely wrest, against Heau'n's glorious King,  
These sacred gifts given from your liues adorners ?

34

Shall your ingratefull Penns be alwayes waiting,  
As Seruants to the *Flesh*, and slaues to *Sin* ?  
Wil you your *Volumes* evermore, be freighting  
With *Dreams* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win ?

Still

35

Still will you fill the World with *Lone-sick* groans?  
 Still will you fawn on Fools, and flatter Euill?  
 Still will you parbreak loathsome passions?  
 Still will you make an Angell of a Diuell?

36

Still will you comment on this common Storie?  
 And (Spider-like) weave idle Webs of folly?  
 O! shall we neuer hear you sing the glory  
 Of God, the great, the good, the iust, the holy?

37

Is't not enough, that in Your soules, yee feel  
 Your *Paphian Fire*? but every Brothel-Lover,  
 T' inchaunt the wanton with his wanton stile,  
 Must (Strumpet-like) his lustfull flame discover?

38

Is't not enough, that you your selues do wallow  
 In foul delights? but that you must inrice  
 Your heed-les *Readers* your loose Race to follow;  
 And so, for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39

*Tunes, Notes, and Numbers* (whence we do transfer  
 Th' harmonious pow'r that makes our *Verse* so pleasing)  
 The sternest *Catoes* are of force to stir,  
 Mans noblest spirits with gentle *Fury* seizing.

40

And, as a Seal printeth in wax (almost)  
 Another Seal; A learned *Peet* graveth  
 So deep his passions in his *Readers* ghost,  
 That oft the Reader, th' Authors form receiveth.

41

For, *Verse's* vertue, slyding secretly  
 (By secret pipes) through th' *intellectuall Notions*;  
 Of all that's pourtraid artificially  
 Imprinteth there both good and evill motions

X x 3

Ther-



42

Therefore did *Plato*, from his *None-Such* banish  
 Base *Poëtafters*, that with vicious verse  
 Corrupted manners, making vertue vanish;  
 The wicked, worfe; and even the good peruerse.

43

Not those, that car'd to march their gracefull Phrazes  
 To grave-sweet matters: singing now the praise  
 Of iustest *Ioue*; anon from errors mazes  
 Keeping th' vn-steady, calling-back the strays.

44

O profane Wrighters! your lascivious Rime  
 Makes our best *Poëts* to be basely deemed;  
 As Iugglers, Iesters, and the scum of Time;  
 Yea, with the Vulgar less than these esteemed.

45

You make chaste *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;  
 Mount *Helicon*, a Stews: your ribaldrie  
 Makes prudent Parents (strict in their opnion)  
 To bar their Children reading *Poëtry*:

46

But, if you would (yet at the last) inure-ye  
 Your *Quidian* Idols in the dust to trample,  
 And rouze the *Genius* of your sacred-*Furie*,  
 To shewe the World som holy *Work*, example;

47

All would admire your Rimes, and doo you honour,  
 As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;  
 And *Maiefty* would make you waite vpon-her,  
 To manage *Cauſes* of the most import.

48

The chain of *Verse* was at the first inuented  
 To handle onely sacred myſteries  
 With more respect: and nothing else was chanted  
 For long time after in ſuch *Poëſies*.

49

So did my *David* on the trembling strings  
Of his diuine *Harponely* sound his *God*:  
So milde-soul'd *Moses*, to *Iehouah* sings  
*Jacobs* deliverance from th' *Egyptian's* Rod.

50

So *Debora* and *Indith*, in the Camp;  
So *Iob* and *Jeremy*, in cares oppress'd;  
In tune-ful *Verses* of a various stamp,  
Their ioyes and sighs diuinely-sweet expressed.

51

And therefore *Satan* (who transforms him slyly  
T'an Angel of the Light, the more t' abuse)  
In's Oracles and Idols speaking wily,  
Not common Prose, but curious *Verse* did vse.

52

So the fond *Made-Priests* of *Apollo* sung  
His Oracles in sweet *Hexameters*,  
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,  
To hap-les-hopefull, conquered-Conquerers:

53

So th' ancient voice in *Dodon* worshipp'd:  
So *Æsculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair  
And famous *Sibyls* spake and prophecied  
In *Verse*: in *Verse* the Priest did make his prayer.

54

So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Hesiodus*  
(Whereof the first charm'd stocks and stones, they say)  
In sacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit vs)  
Their diuine secrets of deep skill conuaign.

55

O! you that long so, for the *Laurel Crown*,  
Where's possible a richer Theam to take,  
Than his high praise, who makes the Heav'ns go round,  
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hel to quake?

X x 4

This



56

This *subiect* is a deep, broad, bound-les Ocean,  
Th' abundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* discourse;  
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;  
Of diuine Eloquence th' immortal source.

57

Base Argument, a base stile euer yields:  
But (of it self) a lofty *subiect* raises  
Graue stately words, and (of it self) it gilds  
It self; and crowns the Author's Pen with praises.

58

If then you would suruiue your selues so gladly,  
Follow not him, who burnt (to purchase fame).  
*D I A N A's* Temple: neither him that madly  
To get renoun, a *Brasen Buell* did frame.

59

Imploy no more th' *Elixir* of your spirit  
On *Cythera* and her winged Son.  
How better neuer to be named were-it,  
Then named (blamed) for a mischief don?

60

We, *Thrice three Sisters* of *Parnassus Hill*,  
Be *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* self is so,  
So is that sacred *Tree*-turn'd *Ladie* still,  
From whose pure Locks your stil-green *Laurels* growe.

61

Then, consecrate-me (rather) your Wits miracles,  
To sacred Stories: spend your Eloquence  
In singing loud those holy heav'nly *Oracles*,  
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quint-essence.

62

Let *CHRIST* (as *Man-God*) be your double Mount.  
Whereon to *Muse*, and, for the winged hoove  
Of *Pegasus*, to dig th' immortal Fount,  
Take th' *Holy-Ghost*, typ't in a *Siluer* Done.

Excelling

63

Excelling Works, preserve the Memorie  
Of those that make them: The *Mausolean Toomb*  
Makes *Artemisia, Scopas, Timorhy,*  
Live to this day, and still in time to com.

64

Name-les had *Hiram* been, but for his ayd  
Towards God's *Temple*, built in *Israel*:  
And, but for God's *Ark*, in dark silence layd  
Long since had been th' *Hebrew Bezaleel*.

65

Then, sith these great and goodly *Monuments*  
Can make their makers, after death abide;  
Although themselves have *Vanished* long since,  
By Age, and Rage, Fier, Arms and Storms destroy'd:

66

O think (I pray) how much-much greater glorie  
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality,  
In sacred strains shall sing th' *Almightie's Storie*,  
Sith from immortall things springs *Immortalitie*:

67

I knowe, you'l answer, that the *Ancient Fictions*  
Are (even) your *Song's soule*: and that every *Fable*  
Aye breeding other, makes by their commixtions,  
(To *Vulgar ears*) your *Verse* more admirable.

68

But, what may be more admirable found;  
Then *Faith's Effects*? or what doth more controule  
Witt's curious pride? or with more force confound  
The reach and reason of a humane soule?

69

I'd rather sing the *Towr of Babylon*,  
Than those three *Mountaines*, that in frantik mood  
The *Giants* pyl'd to pull *Iove* from his throne:  
And *Noah's* rather than *Dencalion's Flood*.

Ild:



70

I'd rather sing the sodain *scape-depriving*  
Of *Assur's* Monarch, than the *Arcadian* King;  
And the *Berbanian Lazarus*, reviving,  
Than valiant *Theſeus* Son's re-fodering.

71

Th' one, only doth delight their ears, that hear it;  
The other tends to profit in ſome meaſure:  
But, only He the *Lauzel Crown* doth merit,  
Who wiſely mingles profit with his Pleaſure.

72

As ſweeteſt walks are by the waters ſide,  
And ſafeſt ſwimming neer the flowry ſhore;  
So, prudent writers never do diuide  
Knowledge from Mirth, Mirth from inſtruction's ſcore.

73

Such ſhall you be, if ſuch a taſke you take,  
For, teaching others, you your ſelves ſhall learn-all  
Rules of good life: and happy ſo ſhall make,  
As is your ſubieſt, your owne Songs eternall.

74

Abandon then thoſe *Olde-wines-Tales* and *Toyes*;  
Leave the *Blinde Lad*, who but the blinde abuſes;  
And only, addle, idle hearts annoyes.  
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muſes*.

75

But (O!) in vain, in vain (Alas!) I plain-me;  
Som (ſubtle *Aſpicks*) to eſchew my Charming;  
Stop their dull ears; ſom (*Epicures*) diſdain-me  
And my aduice; and ſcoff my zealous warning.

76

Som, for a ſeaſon liſten to my Lawes;  
But ſoon *Rſlapſe*, through the Worlds forceries;  
And this diſcourſe (which but the Vertuous draws)  
Enters at one ear, out at the other flies.

Alas!

77 18

Alas I see scarce one (nay, none at all)  
That courts not *Venus*; or corrupts not more  
His golden *Honey*, with profaner *Gall*:  
Although this Age of happy Wits have store.

78 28

But thou (my Darling) whom before thy birth,  
The Sacred *Nine* that lip th' immortal spring  
Of *Pegasus*, predestin'd to set forth  
Th' Almighty's glory, and his prayse to sing:

79 28

Although their Subject seem a barren Soyl,  
Which finest Wits have left for fallow fields;  
Yet, do thou never from this task recoil:  
For, what is rarest, greatest glory yields.

80

Faint not (my *Salust*) though fell *Envy* bark  
At the bright *Rising* of thy fair *Renown*;  
Fear not her malice; for, thy living *Work*,  
(In spight of spight) shall not be troden down.

81

That *Fames*-foe Monster, is much like a *Curr*,  
That fiercely barks at every new-com Guest;  
But, once-acquainted, after doth not sturr,  
Saving at strangers; fawning on the rest.

82

Or like a thick, dark, pitchie Clowd of smoak,  
That round-about, a kindling Fier suppresses  
With waving smother, the new Flame to choak:  
But, as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreases.

83

Wherefore (my deer) that sacred *Path* pursue,  
Where none but Heav'n-blest happy spirits can pase:  
And heer I swear, that shortly for thy due,  
Among best Wits thou shalt have worthy place.

Wich



84

With these sweet accents, grac't in v'tterance)  
 VRANIA, holding in her Maiden-hand  
 A glorious Crown, rapt up (in sacred Trance)  
 My prostrate soule, prest to her high Command.

85

Since when, along that Line my heart hath fired;  
 Since when, along that Winde my sayls hath spread:  
 Oh happy I might I touch that Crown (desired)  
 But with my hand, not put it on my head.

86

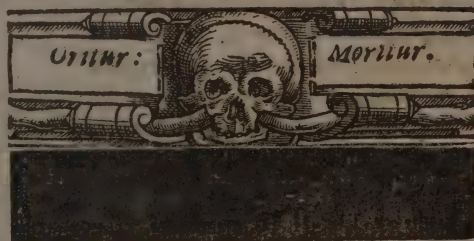
Now out of zeal to your deer Name and You  
 (Deer noble Name, that I must aye affect:  
 And whose Disasters I must euer rue)  
 This MONUMENT of Honour I erect  
 To you (sweet ESSEX) as your Vertues due,  
 For an eternall token of Respect:  
 Where, your great worth, and my good-will shall stand  
 In rowld for ever, with VRANIA's hand.

FINIS.



of  
 FAITH,  
 formerly  
 DEDICATED,  
 and now again,  
 for euer  
 Consecrated to the  
 gratefull Memorie of  
 the first kinde Fosterer of  
 our tender Muses, my neuer-  
 sufficiently-Honored deer Vncle  
 W. P L V M B, Esq.

For whose deer Bones we would a Toomb aduance  
 Of Golde, and Silver, and C O R I N T H I A N Brasse,  
 With Iuorie Pillars mixt with Iette and Rance,  
 Rarer and richer than th'olde C A R I A N's was;



His Vertues shining bright  
 And round about it writh

And finally deck the same  
 With Stories of his Fame

But, sith the most of our poore Meanes (alas!)  
 Not the least part of that Rich Pride affoords;  
 For want of Wealth, we build a Toomb of Words:

\* \* Which (though it cost less) shall out-last \* \*  
 \* \* The proud cloud threatening Battlements, \* \*  
 \* \* Th' aspiring Spires by N I L V's plac't, \* \*  
 \* \* And Hell-deep-founded Monuments \* \*

For greedy waste of Hours, that al things els deuours,  
 Spares the sweet Maydes of sacred H E L I C O N:  
 And those 'fayre Ladyes, to their Friends alone,  
 This pretious Gift doo give, Still (after Death) to Live.



# THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

To Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac:  
W. Salustius du BARTAS.

I Hate those Satyres, that the best still bite:  
I hate the shamelesse Penns that sooth the vitious:  
For, these be flatterers, and those malicious:  
But, wise is he can hit the Meau aright.  
I pinch not oft, nor doo I often praise:  
Yet, must I needs praise the praise-worthie still:  
I cannot hold my free and forward quill  
From those whom Heauen adorns with special rayes.

Now, all that God doth by retail bestowe  
On perfectt men, to thee in grosse he giues:  
Therefore my Muse thy praise so often drines,  
For duties sake, but not to flatter so.

Our Age's wonder I when thy tongue (refin'd  
By use and Art) in our King's name dilates,  
With Counsailes, Germane or furr'd Polish States,  
The sweet-tongu'd Cyneas thou doost make vs minde.

In Princy counsell, when our miseries  
Thou doost be-moan most Nector-like thou art:  
And when, in Paris Parliament, thy part  
Of Lawes thou plead'st, thou seem'st to Sczuolize.

Thy Latin Prose dooth match smooth Salusts stile:  
And when thy Pen distils the Nectar sweet  
Of Helicon (where all the Muses meet)  
Me thinks I read sweet Virgil all the while.

In honor, of these gifts, this gift I bring,  
Small for my paines, great for the Argument:  
But if the Heav'ns had richer treasure lent,  
Thy New-years-gift should be som better thing.

OF

bra

*The Triumph of Faith.*





# THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

## Canto I.

<sup>1</sup>  
NEer th' hour that *Erycin' Aurora* calls,  
And she the Sun, sad *Morpheus* entring in  
Through's hornie gate, to shew me did begin  
A sacred Virgin's stately TRIUMPHALS.

<sup>2</sup>  
Then *Faith* (for so she hight) bids with celerity,  
Of Pen and Paper that I make provision  
To wright the summ of this celestiaall Vision,  
To be recorded vnto all Posterity.

<sup>3</sup>  
I knowe my task to be impossible:  
I knowe, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blind,  
His eares quite deaf: cleane voide of sense his minde:  
But, hardest things *Faith* makes most possible.

<sup>4</sup>  
Eternall Sun, O scatter with thy Light  
All mistie clouds, that make mee not to see  
Thy health-full face; and giue true *Faith* to mee,  
Since *Faith* (sans *Faith*) cannot be knowne aright.

<sup>5</sup>  
FAITH sits triumphant on a Carr of gold,  
Of *Tubals* making, where blew Saphires shine,  
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,  
And if ought els the World more costly hold.

<sup>6</sup>  
Her glorious Charret's rowling wheels are like  
The holy wheels the great *Ezekiel* saw;  
For, one self spirit, self winde, and will doth draw  
Their restless courses, equall, both a-like.

7

The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:  
The Bird, that fixtly can oppose his eyes  
Against the greatest light in all the skies;  
High through the ayr, drawes this rich Coach about.

8

*Faith* flaunts it not in silver, silk, nor gold,  
Nor pretious scarlet of the *Tyrian* Die,  
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;  
But, as she is, she doth her self vnfold.

9

Her body (that all bodies doth disgrace)  
Like *Iuno's* Bird, is full of watchfull eyes  
Whose holy glances pearce the lofty skies,  
Pearce Air, and Heav'n, and see God face to face.

10

Sh' hath many sweet and flowing tongues to prayse  
The Lord of Hosts: sh' hath strong and mighty wings  
(Passing the swiftness of all earthly things  
That in a moment vpto Heav'n her rayse.

11

Her glorious head is compass't with a Crown,  
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Lawrell bough,  
Nor Parsly Wreath, which *Grecians* did allow  
Th' *Olympian* games, for signals of renown:

12

But, of fresh Roses pluckt from Honours Tree,  
That never shrink for Winters chilling frost,  
Nor wither not, when *Titan* parcheth most:  
For, by the Lord they ever watred be.

13

Now, stain-les *Truth* for Standards doth display  
Two Testaments: next, *Courage* marshals right  
Th' vndaunted Troops that are prepar'd to fight  
Vnder her Colours, into battail-ray.

Y y

14 Then



14

Then *Constancy* bears a two-edged Blade,  
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield,  
Whose brightnes hath infor'g't more Monsters yield,  
Then that which of grim *Gorgon's* head was made.

15

Next, *Charity*, that kindly doth prefer  
Her neighbours good before her owne vility:  
*Repentance*, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,  
Doo flank the wings of *Faith's* triumphant Carr.

16

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.  
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,  
Nor fire want heat: so (if we mark-aright)  
*Faith* cannot want these Hand-mayds in her train.

17

Before this Coach, there is a Beldam gon,  
That seems (at first) fairer then *Helen* was:  
But, neerer view'd, she is more foul (alas! )  
Then fell *Megea*, *Alecto*, & *Tesiphon*,

18

She never goes (like *Faith*) with open face;  
But seeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,  
For cloke on cloke, to keep the light away,  
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul disgrace.

19

Sh'hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which she boldly chats,  
Blaspheming Heav'n with filthy vanities;  
Sh'hath eyes, like *Faith*: but yet (alas!) those eyes  
See clear by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

20

Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which she soars on hie,  
Like *Icarus*, she proudly mounts aloft;  
Forgetting that her feathers are so soft,  
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings do frie.

She

21

She (whom, sans reason, men haue Reason hight)  
Since first, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;  
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth dispos'd;  
Hath with milde Faith maintain'd continuall fight;

22

Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,  
That nothing less becoms their Royall State;  
Than vnder Faith their Scepters to abate:  
Than to indure her gentle-ruling reans.

23

Another-while, she puffs with poysony pride  
(Whom their Disciples onely Doctors deem)  
Such as (I grant) haue spent much oyl, and time,  
To draw mens soules from the true way, too-wide.

24

Yet still, the Lord (who still vpholds the iust)  
Hath still the cause of holy Faith mainrain'd;  
Hath still so well her holy side sustayn'd,  
That still her foes lie groveling in the dust.

25

A thousand Princes, bound in fetters fast;  
Before her march, that her milde Yoake disdeign'd;  
That all the Earth with blood of Saints disceyn'd,  
And Christ his Church with Fire and Sword did waste.

26

He that (the first) in this worlds Pupillage,  
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloudy crew;  
Then th'hardned Tyrant that did dare pursue  
Through the Red-Sea Gods chosen Heritage.

Pharaoh.

27

Then saw I him, that Zachary did stone;  
Athalia, Abab, wicked Abian;  
Occazias, Amon, Ahas, and Ioram;  
Then all that sate on the Samariqn Throno.

Y y 3.

28.F



28

*Nebuchadnezzar* I saw *Senacherib*, and Him whose Grace  
Was turn'd to grafs, proud *Hammon*, and with-all  
Braue *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall  
*Balsazar*. Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* should passe.

29

*Antiochus illu-* *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and he that set  
*stius*. His hatefull idoll in the holy Place,  
Which five *Iew*-brethren bravely did deface:  
These all, too-late, in sad repentance frer.

30

*Herod*. The Tyrant too, that (at our Saviours birth)  
In Cradles kill'd so many Innocents:  
And that vile Iudge, whose scared conscience  
*Pilat*. Condemn'd the guilt-les Iudge of all the earth.

31

*Nero* That viperous Monster (of Man-kinde the shame)  
Who, Mother, Wives, Bretheren, and Sisters slue,  
Then from a lofty Towr did laugh to view  
Rome's glittering Spires all on a burning flame,

32

With *Seuenth Senerus* came accompanied:  
*Iule*, *Maximin*, with fell *Maximian*,  
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,  
That (God-les) would like God be honoured.

33

Then saw I him, that served *Sapores*  
*Valerian*. For foot-stool base: I saw *Valerian*,  
*Decius*, *Lycinus*, and *Hustilian*,  
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to these.

34

I saw great *Traian*, learn'd *Aurelius*,  
And learned *Dioclesian*: all which three  
Among wise *Cesars* might well prayes be,  
Had they not been 'gainst Christians barbarous.

35

*Iustin, Theodorus, Constantinus Sonne,  
Heraclius, Valence, Constance, Manuel,  
And that Bizantian Prince, that did mis-tell  
A four-fold Essence in the only ONE.*

*Anastasi.**Zuicuer.*

36

*Then ( Goths and Vandals ( Gens'ric, Trasmond )  
Honorius, Theodorus, Totilas,  
Alaricus, and Rhotaris ( alas ! )  
Who Rome, and Africk with Saints blood have drown'd.*

37

*But who is this that laden so with chains,  
By thousand hang-men racked with despight,  
By thousand Furies tortur'd day and night,  
For God-les deeds receiues so righteous pains?*

38

*Tis Mahomet, who more by Manors Art,  
Than's Alcaron ( Bird of a Friers nest )  
Hath all subbu'd the wealthy golden East,  
And won with-all the triple world's best part.*

*Sergius a Ne-  
storian Monk  
help Mahomet  
to make his Al-  
caron.*

39

*I see Prince Saladine, of match-les force,  
But th' Alcaron too-deeply favouring:  
Haly the Caliphe, and the wanton King  
That did our Maids on Edes's Altars force.*

40

*With wrath and woe, old Ottoman oppress,  
Too-late repentance in his face presents;  
And Mahomet, the second, much laments  
That he the Greekish Emperie suppress.*

41

*So the proud scorn of ( scourge-Turk ) Tamberlaine,  
That in an iron Cage was couped straight;  
And he that first presum'd to passe the Streight,  
Which Europ's boundes divides from th' Asian.*

*Baiazeth.*

Y y 3

Then



42

*Mahomet* 3 Then he that quittance did with *Scythia* cry  
And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;  
And *Amurath*, that did repell amain  
*Vincenlaus*, that first had made him fly.

43

*Orcan* (the *Phrygian's* fear) and *Calipine*,  
Who foil'd *Sigismond's* hoast, his Father fear'd;  
And *Baiazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd  
By *Germain Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44

*Selim* 1 He that his Sire and Brother put to death,  
Is with a Cable kill'd; his Son, that quail'd  
*Solyman*. Th' *Hungarian King*, and *Rhodes*, and *Buda* fail'd,  
With trembling fear now quakes like *Aspen leaf*.

45

*Selim*. And neer this *Solyman* ther doth remain  
An empty room for him that yet survives,  
Who (by our Kings strange iars) so richly thrives,  
That (proud) he threats both *Germany* and *Spain*.

46

O wretched *Christians*! while your civill rage  
Gainst your owne hearts doth arme your proper hands,  
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands,  
And safely spoyle the Lords choise heritage?

47

The discord growen 'twixt the *Bulgarian King*,  
And th' Eastern *Cesar*, even the Bridge it was  
For hate-*Christ Turks* the *Hellespont* to pass,  
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan Scepter* bring.

48

The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost,  
And (O!) I fear lest *Christians* home-bred frayes  
(Deiecting quite *Christ's* name, and all his prayse)  
Bring *Turks* to land in farthest *Western coast*.

49

Forget then (Christians) your vn-christian iarrs  
 (Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)  
 Ioyn harts & hands, and all ioynt weapons draw  
 In Faith's defence to fight *Iehoua's* warrs.

50

In *Asia* and *Egypt* make your Forces knowen:  
 Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,  
*Tyre*, *Sidon*, *Ioppa*, and King *Davids* Throne,  
 And *Famagosta* lost a yeer ago.

## Canto II.

Dahabab Egypt

1

Though bloody Tyrants had in every age,  
*Busiris* Altars, Bulls of *Phalaris*,  
*Gemonia* Ladders, making Land and Seas,  
 And fire, and air, racks of their beaſtly rage:

2

Yet could they neuer wound the Church ſo much,  
 As haue the Writings of the worldly Wiſe,  
 Which on mens ſoules doo ſelly tyrannize;  
 The tortures, onely did the bodiestouch:

4

Theſe *Sages* puſt with ſelf-conceited pride,  
 Dare to controule th' Almightyes match-leſs work,  
 Where myſtik Secrets from our ſenſes lurk,  
 The ſearch wherof the Lord hath vs deni'd.

3

And, though the ſpred of our too-ſecble wings,  
 Scant rayle vs from the ground, they mount aloft  
 Even vp to Heav'n, where they do meaſure oft  
 (By their Wits compaſs.) God's eternal things.

Y y 4

Their



5

Their knowledge is but meerly ignorance,  
They lose the truth in seeking it too much :  
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,  
And to the humble doth her self advance.

6

Truth alwayes dwels within the holy Tables  
Of God's liue Word ; not in our wanton brain,  
Which dayly coyning som strange Error vain,  
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

7

Long time their reasons were with Reason rise,  
To wrack the Church, and Faith to ruinate :  
But, now I see they doo detest too late,  
Their former errors and their former life.

8

<sup>1</sup>  
The ancient Sa-  
ges of the world

In formost rank, march all *Gymno-sophists*  
Follow'd by all the cunning *Persian Mages*  
The old *French Druids*, learned *Calde-Sages*,  
And flower of all the *Brachoman-sophists*.

9

<sup>2</sup>  
Philosophers,  
Greek & Latins

*Pythagoras*, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,  
*Parmenides*, merrie *Democritus*,  
*Empedocles*, and sad *Heraclitus*,  
*Archytas*, *Naucides*, *Nausiphanes*.

10

Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin Sect*  
Tearing their Tresses, melting into tears,  
Beating their breasts, detest those Dreams of theirs :  
And so the greatest of the *Greeks* Elect.

11

*Anaximander*, *Anaximenes*,  
*Mylefian Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,  
Gnawen with continuall care, cry out (alas)  
On their owne Errors, and so *Socrates*.

Clean-

12

*Cleantes*, and *Chrysippus* next to these,  
With *Zeno* (*Stoicks*) that haue often stray'd:  
And next the *Cyniks* (all as ill-appay'd)  
*Diogenes*, *Crates*, *Antisthenes*.

13

There, the grand Patrons of each *Academ*,  
*Plato*, *Speusippus*, and *Zenocrates*,  
*Clytomachus*, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;  
And he that labours to conciliate them.

14

There mourns in vain *Pirrhon* (Son of *Plistarchus*)  
That (fond) beleues not what his eares do hear,  
Eyes see, nose smells, tongue tastes, and hands do bear:  
Then *Timon*, *Hecate*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15

There, the *Stagirian* (that with learned vain,  
In's Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)  
Sorriet' haue led so many soules awry,  
With *Strato* and *Theophrastus* doth complain.

*Aristotle.*

16

There carnall *Epicurus* wayls with tears,  
And *Metodorus*: next to whom there came  
Both *Aristippi*, *Aretas*, and that same  
Vile wretch that coyn'd a worser sect than theirs:

17

I meane that Monster *Theodorus* hight,  
Who shame-les sayes, There is no God at all:  
And that the wise may (when occasions fall)  
Be Lye, Traytor, Theef, and Sodomite.

18

Alas! how true the Proverb provestoo plain,  
Saying, *Bad weeds grow enery-where a-pace*:  
But, holisom hearbs scant spring in any place  
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

○



19 O Gracians Bane, thy mortifying mores  
To growe in Rome the swelling Seas haue crost;  
From Rome too soon over the Alps haue past  
As far as France, and all her neighbour shoars,

20 Thy deadly Plant now budson Iustice Throne,  
In Christian Camps, and Courts of Christian Kings,  
In Church and Chair, and every-where so springs,  
That with thy thistles all is over-grown.

21 But, now return we to our task again:  
All these Wise-men, of God haue false defin'd,  
Of Cheefest-good, Soules, or wrong place assign'd,  
Where (dead) we feel, or end les peace or pain.

2. Deceitfull  
Sophists and A-  
postataes, op<sup>e</sup> E-  
nemies of Chri<sup>t</sup>.

22 Those that since Christ (true Sun of righteousnes)  
On our Horizon brought the dayes broad light,  
Haue led men's soules in dark eternall night,  
Feel torments worthy of their wickednes.

23  
Next Symmachus, Porphyrius marches first:  
Lucian, and Celsus then, whose hardned heart  
The Gospell (known) did labour to subvert,  
And Iulian also, of all Casars worst:

24  
Who, knowing well that tortures were but vain  
To force the Saints from the right Faith to straie;  
(By sugred stile) studies another way,  
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25  
4. Cabalists, and Talmudists, Rabbies.  
Next, I perceive the Circumcised Crew  
Of Cabalists, and burly Talmudists,  
Troubling the Church with their mysterious Mists,  
Who wel-nigh dead gainst CHRIST do spet and spew:

26  
Much like to Snakes, that wagge their sting-les sting,  
When as (their heads and bodies being slain)  
They threat their Foes with force-les fury vain,  
And to their Graues their Thirst of vengeance bring.

Now

27

Now com the Doctors of the *Alcaron*,  
Who mingling poyson, by their subtile glofe,  
The World's blinde eyes with darker Clouds inclose;  
They shew their sorrow by their saddest mone.

5. Turkish Doctors.

28

But, who are these that wear *Faith's* Livery,  
And bear the badge of *Faith's* best Souldiars;  
And yet are laden with such bolts and bars;  
And so despised of *Faith's* company?

6. Heretiks old and new.

29

These (if I err not) are the *Heretikes*,  
Who (pusht by proud and curious spirits) do blend  
Both Heav'n and Earth, and busily contend  
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creeks.

30

Now, as soft windes, with straight constrained breath,  
(Through chinks and crannies stealing privily)  
Hurt more our health, than boistrous blasts that fly  
And roule (abroad) the stones vpon a heath;

31

And, as the Foe that shakes the Citie's walls  
With thundring shot, is not so dangerous,  
As a lewd Burges's false and mutinous,  
That in the Town stirs vp domestik brauls:

32

So, *Pagans, Turks, Jews*, doo not damnifie  
The Faith, like these: their open violence  
May be avoyded: but false fair-pretence  
Is hardly scaped with much icopardie.

33

They make (like vs) a fair religious shewe:  
They haue (like vs) one Church, one FAITH, one Lord:  
They read (like vs) one Bible, and one Word:  
So fly they are, Gods Church to over-throwe.

In



34

Inforemost rank, heer go the *Sadduces*,  
That do deny Angels, and Resurrection;  
Both Spirits of grace, and also of reiection:  
Then th' *Esseans* foul, and Formal *Pharises*.

35

Simon Magus, Next, that deceiver, that devised first  
Nicolaus, Church-chaffering: and after him insues  
*Author of the* That mariage-Foe, who brutishly renews  
*Selt of the Ni-* *Pluto's* ( not *Plato's* ) Common-law accurst.  
*colaites.*

36

*Cerintus* next, all bruis'd, and bleeding fresh,  
Of Beam-pasht wounds that brain'd him suddainly,  
When in the Baths ( profane ) he did denie  
Christ's holy God-head, hidden in our flesh.

37

For having likewise warr'd against the same  
God-head of th'onely *Man-God*; *Ebion*,  
*Paul*, *Samyas*, *Photin*, *Carp'crate*, *Artemon*,  
Shewe by their lookes their sorrow and their shame.

38

There mourns that *Manes*, who did fondly faine  
Two divers Gods, Authors of Good and Ill;  
There *Valentin* the air with cries doth fill,  
Who did deny that bodies Rise again.

39

*Cerdon* ( great Patron of the Stoicall )  
*Marcion*, *Menander* pitious Moan do make:  
There sighes *Apelles*, saying Christ did take  
Not ( simply ) flesh, but flesh fantastickall.

40

There goes *Basilides*, who canoniz'd  
*Circenean Simon*, in our SAVIOUR'S steed;  
*Montanus* there ( a frantik head indeed )  
Who guiltless Children kill'd and sacrific'd.

There,

41

There, *Tatians*, *Encratits*, *Severions*,  
*Sabellians* too, which (seeking th' vnity,  
In Gods great Essence) lost the Trinity;  
Abhord too-late their fond conclusions.

42

There, th' *Alexandrian* Priest, that yerst did voyd  
His entrails at the stool, whose Heresie  
(Witching wel-neer th' Earths Vniversity)  
With Sword and Schism the World so much annoy'd,

*Arrins.*

43

Sadly beholds sad-marching *Macedonius*  
And *Eunomus*, who at the first had sowne  
His poysony seeds; but after, of their owne  
They gathered two other Sects erronious

44

*Bizantian Nestor*, and (our owne) *Pelagius*,  
*Libian Donatus*, *Luciferians*,  
*Euticheans* fond, and fond *Priscillians*,  
All frown and fret, for inward grief outrageous.

45

Shall I conceal *Sernetus*, and the train  
Of those *Deists* that in *Sarmatia* swarms:  
And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantik arms,  
Founds hundred sorts of Anabaptists vain?

46

Both *Syrtes* sands I might as eas'ly number,  
As number those, whose sweet enchanting Wits  
With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,  
Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions cumber.

47

For, Satan now him so insinuates  
In faithless hearts, that ween themselves be wise,  
That so foul Error can he not devise,  
But shall be backt by strong associates.

48 I



48

I see the Beast, that bears the purple Whore  
 7. *Antichrist & the Schismatics.* (Great Anti-christy surping powr divine)  
 Set on Seaven Hills; who with her whordom's wine  
 Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

49

And (last of all) I see the *Schismatics*,  
 Which (renting Christ's vnseamed coat in twain)  
 Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;  
 Following too neer the steps of *Hereticks*.

---

Canto III.

---

1

Great Sire's great Son! O liue, God's liuely face,  
 Wisdom conceiued of the onely Wife:  
 To vs giuen Giver: First and Last: born twise;  
 Once, in full Time; once, out of all Times space.

2

Beam of that Sun which fills the world with Light:  
 Life of our life, our death's death, Stinger's sting:  
 Our perfect, wise, iust, holy, valiant King,  
 Word, that no word can full expresse aright:

3

O Lord, draw, draw me, draw me from this throng,  
 Whose feet and hands are bold to war with thee;  
 For, with dry eyes I can them never see,  
 Nor without grief recite them in my Song:

4

Ah! I am out; now (my deer God) I goe:  
 From *Babel* to *Ierusalem*, the Land  
 Of Life, Saints house, and holy Ark, to stand  
 Against all Seas, and all rough storms that blowe,

5 Lo

5  
Lo herethese Champions that haue (brauely-bold)  
Withstood proud Tyrants, stoutly consecring  
Their liues and soules to God, in suffering:  
Whose names are all in Life's fair Book in-roll'd.

6  
All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let vs once embrace:  
O valiant Knights! let me your hands and brows  
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo's* boughs:  
Let present honours former shames deface.

7  
Com, sacred Kings; O holy Princes com:  
Com to this Triumph, Lords, whose valiant hands  
Haue Satan's kingdom sought to bring in bands  
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefest room.

8  
He, that (the first) *Isaac* infranchized;  
Leads by the hand that Duke, whose faithfull word  
Stopt *Phœbus* Coursers, and whose conquering Sword  
Subdu'd the *Land* the Lord had Promised.

*Moses.*  
*Iosua.*

9  
He that, but armed with an *Asses* bone,  
Slew thousand Foes, *Sangar*, *Orthoniel*,  
*Ahod*, and *Ieptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,  
And (th' Heathen's scourge) triumphant *Gedcon*.

*Samson.*

10  
That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror,  
Sweet Psalmograph: *Asa*, that Idols brake:  
He that made all the Idol-altars quake;  
And (after) did the Paschal Lamb restore.

*David.*

*Iosias.*

11  
*Iehosaphat*, *Ioathan*, *Azarias*,  
And he, whose life the Lord did dis-abbridge,  
Whom Heav'nly arms, from *Assur* did vnliedged,  
The most religious, match-less *Ezechias*.

12 Wife



12

Wife *Mardochee*; and the five *Maccabees*;  
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,  
Receiue their guerdon from the great Eternall,  
And vp again their stooping standards raise.

13

Before these Warriours, and the Royall band,  
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,  
And holy Doctrine, did the Diuell dare;  
Foyling the force of his infernall hand.

14

*Enos*, by whom this World's great Archi-rect  
Was call'd vpon, leadeth (religious):  
That holy Father God took vp from vs:  
And him whose ship did saue the world Elect.

*Enoch.**Noah.*

15

Then *Sem* and *Iapheth*, and great *Abraham*,  
The Faithfull's Father; and his faithfull Son,  
And then his Nephew that saw Angels run  
Both vp and down from Heav'n to th' earthly frame.

*Jacob.*

16

*Aron*, *Eleazar*, *Phinees* full of zeal,  
Good *Ioyada*, and hundred priests select,  
That were by Heav'n, by zeal, and Church elect,  
To keep the law, the Lord did once reveal.

17

His Father, who was sent to sweep the way  
Of sweet *Messias*; then, the man suppos'd  
To be His Sire, then He that him inclos'd  
In's ioyfull arms, and sung a Swan-like Lay.

*Zacharias.**Joseph.**Simeon.*

18

Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,  
(*Paul's* famous Friends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes)  
And he that did, by *Sol's* Eclips, suppose  
Som greater Sun to be Eclips't than he.

19 Then

19

Then (this brave *Triumph* to adorn the more)  
All on a rowe a hundred Prophets com,  
Which haue so sure fore-told the thingsto-com,  
As if (indeed) they had been don before.

20

There first coms he, that in the Coach of fire  
By Gods strong Spirit was rapt aboue the Air:  
And then his Seruant, that was made his heir  
Of cloak and knowledge, as he did desire.

*Elias.**Elizus.*

21

Hethat reproov'd old *Ishay's* Sceptred Son,  
For double fault; *Amos, Ezechiel*  
*Joel, Semyah, Abdiah, Daniel,*  
And he that three dayes in the Sea did won.

*Nathan.**Ionas.*

22

With these, I see the Sonn of *Barachie,*  
Both *Michais, Baruc, Iehu, Jeremias,*  
*Agg', Abacuc, Nabum, and Sophonias.*  
*Abias, Hise, Esdras, Malachie.*

*Zachariah.*

23

The glorious troop, that march before this troop,  
Are Martyrs all, who (full of constant zeal)  
Their faith infract with their owne blouds did seal,  
And never did to any Tyrant stoop.

24

Their blessed bloud is like the morning dewe,  
To make more fertil all the Churches field:  
These are the weapons that inforce to yield  
The furious foe (examples not a few).

25

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December,*  
For one old Trunk, many new twigs returns,  
Which Nature kindly with sweet fruit adorns:  
So, one sole Martyr many doth ingender.

Z z

First



26

Esay.  
Iohn Baptis.

First *Abel* goes, then *Ioyad's* zealous Son  
That neer the Altar (constant) yielded breath;  
The next goes he *Manasses* put to death;  
Then he whose head th' incestuous Dancer won.

27

Next *Salome* and her Sons, who rather chose  
To cross the King than God, strengthening each other  
Even in their death; Sons worthy such a Mother,  
And Mother worthy of such Sons as those.

28

That *Proto-Martyr*, the yong faithfull *Steven*,  
Whom th' hatefull *Jews* with hellish rage did stone;  
Who, dying, saw Christ Iesus on his Throne,  
Leads those that for like cause their lives have given.

29

Som, smear'd with hony, for the Flies were feasts:  
Som, men did eate, som were on Gridirons broyl'd:  
Som, nayl'd on Crosses, som in Caldrons boyl'd.  
And som were throwen to most devouring beasts.

30

After the Champions of this humble Troop,  
I see fair *Sara*, *Rebecca*, *Rachel*:  
Then *Debora*, stout *Indeb*, and *Isabel*;  
Who (Faith's Viragoes) their proud Foes did stoop.

31

Hester,

Susanna,

Then she that (rais'd to Royall state and stile)  
Preserv'd her people, in a rank she goes  
With *Naomi*, *Ruth*, and the Dame that chose  
Rather to die, than Nuptiall bed defile.

32

From these, mine eie no sooner trauerseth,  
But I discern three Ladies zealous-led,  
That sought their liuing Lord among the dead:  
Then *Anna*, *Martha*, and *Elizabeth*.

But

33

But, my weake eyes cannot indure to gaze  
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-Maid*,  
Who Sire-les bore her Sire, yet ever-maid;  
Of Faith and Loue th' inimitable maze.

*The Virgin  
Mary.*

34

This, this (my *Muse*) this is th' *Aurora* cleer  
Which brought the Sun to light the world vnkinde,  
A Virgin pure in body and in minde,  
Christ's Mother, Sister, Spouse, and Daughter deer.

35

God's holy Temple, and the happy stair,  
Wher-by the Heav'ns came down to dwell with Earth,  
Rich-fraighted Ship, Vessell of rarest worth,  
Where *Phœbus* hid his beames most bright and fair.

---

### Canto III.

---

1

I Thoughtt' haue been now at my Races end,  
I haue (though vnworthy) born away the prise:  
But I fall short, my task doth longer rise;  
For, half the *Trophè* is yet hardly penn'd.

2

Before *Faith's* Coach, born in convenient hight,  
Are curious Tables draw'n by cunning hand,  
Where (after guise of warlik Romans) stand  
The Victories of never-conquer'd *Faith*.

3

Heer, *Iericho's* cloud-kissing Towns doo fall,  
Batter'd alone by *Faith's* great ordinance:  
A coumpt-les hoast of craking Idolants,  
By *Esaie's* Faith, is heer confounded all.

*Iosua, 6. 20.*

*2. King. 18. 13*

*2. Chron. 32. 20*

By *Esa. 37. 21*

Z Z Z



4

Exod. 7. 8. 9.  
Dan. 6. 12

By Faith, meek *Moses* with a zeal-full ire  
Arms smallest Worms, th' *Egyptian* King to vex;  
*Daniel*, by Faith, fierce Lyons fury checks,  
And quenches Dragons hot impoysoning fire.

5

Act. 28. 5

Jonas. 2. 2.

Heer, *Paul*, by Faith, fears not ( in *Mitylene* )  
The deadly sting of th' vgly Viper-worm :  
Heer, myching *Jonas* ( sunk in suddain Storm )  
Of his Deliverance finds a fish the mean.

6

Then, in another Table, that was fram'd  
By Art, exceeding Art ; I did espie  
Pale Death, blithe Health, and frail Infirmary,  
That had by Faith a thousand times been tam'd.

7

Num. 12. 10

2. King. 6. 14. 17

*Moses*, by Faith doth *Myriam* leperize :  
By Faith, *Elisba* ( curing *Naaman*  
The Syrian Prince ) strikes instantly his man:  
With his Disease, for Bribing Covetize.

8

2. King. 13. 4. 6

A man of God, by Faith, first strangely dri'd,  
Then heal'd again, that King's vnholly hand,  
Who made ten Tribes of God's ( then ) chosen Land  
From God, and from their lawfull Prince to slide.

9

Act. 13. 11

Act. 5. 5. 16

By Faith, Saint *Paul* stark-blinded *Elymas* :  
By Faith, Saint *Peter* ( full of iust disdain )  
With suddain death did smite those periur'd twain.  
That durst dissemble with the Spirit of Grace.

10

Tob. 11. 11

Act. 3. 6. &amp; 14

10.

By Faith young *Toby* kindly doth restore.  
His Father's sight ; by sacred Faith likewise  
Two crooked Cripples are made straight to rise ;  
In *Lisra* th' one, th' other at Temple dore.

By

11

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure  
Of grievous *Flix*, that him afflicted sore:  
By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewise did restore  
A *Palsie*-sick that eight yeers did indure.

*Act. 21. 8**Act. 9. 34*

12

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutichus* re-lyue:  
By Faith, *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptice*;  
*Elisha* rayed the young *Sunamite*:  
At *Ioppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive.

*Act. 20. 10**1. King. 17. 21**2. King. 4. 33*

13

Then in another Picture I did view  
The foure first bodies of this massie Globe;  
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,  
Py'd mantled *Iuno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

*Act. 9. 40*The foure  
Elements.

14

*Elisba's* Faith brought, from the lofty Skies,  
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainst the *Syrian* hoast;  
*Elias* Faith (scorning the *Baal*-Priests boast)  
Fier'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

*2. King. 6. 17**1. King. 18. 38*

15

By Faith, three *Hebrues*, cast in seaven-fold flame  
By a proud Prince, escape the raging Fire  
(Their very garments sent-le's and entire)  
While their Tormentors perish in the same.

*Dan. 3. 27.*

16

*Moses*, by Faith, makes fire from Heav'n to fall  
In th' *Hebrue* hoast, those wretches to consume,  
Whose profane hands with profane Fire and Fume,  
God's holy Altar had polluted all.

*Leuit. 10. 21**Num. 16. 35*

17

*Moses*, by Faith (heard by the God of power)  
Compels the Mountain's lurlie sides to shake;  
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake,  
To swallow Rebels, and them quick devour.

*Num. 16. 30*

223

18 *Moses*



18

*Moses* by Faith divides the Sea in twain,  
*Exod. 14. 21* When *Israel* came out of *Egypt* Land:  
 Then, in the Desert's dry and barren sand,  
*Exod. 17. 9* From flinty Rocks doth plentiful Rivers strain.

19

*Moses*, by faith converts to foul black blood  
*Exod. 7. 20* The Crystal Current of the seven-fold Nile;  
*Exod. 15. 25* By Faith again, he makes (another while)  
 Those stinking waters, holm, sweet, and good.

20

Thrice, silver *Jordan* did it self divide,  
 To give safe passage to God's deer-belov'd;  
*Isa. 4. 3. 16* Once by the Faith of valiant *Joshua* prov'd:  
*2. King. 2. 8. 14* *Elias* once: once by *Elisha* tri'd.

21

The zealous *Thisbit* did by Faith seal-yp  
 The Heav'n's wide windows, that ther fell no Rain  
*1. King. 18. 41* In seven-six months, and then by Faith again:  
 (To drench the dry Earth) for them all wide-ope.

22

Likewise by Faith the nimble-winged train,  
 That cleave the Air, are to our service set,  
*1. King. 16. 6* The Ravens are made to bring *Elias* meat,  
*Gen. 8. 11* The Dove serves *Noah*, Quails for *Moses* rain.  
*Exod. 16. 13*

23

O! who is able Faith to countermand?  
 If Faith doo force all raming yron yield,  
*2. King. 6. 6* If Faith make yron float on *Neptunes* field,  
 If that *Elisha*'s Faith strong steel command.

24

Faith hath not only pow'r on things terrene;  
 Both high and low, but oftentimes doth force  
 Gods iustice on, and sometimes seems (perforce)  
 Gods purposes to change and alter clean

25

The *Ninivites*, by Faith (repenting) shun  
 Their over-throwe, that *Jonas* threatened neere;  
 And *Ahaz* Son by Faith adds fifteen year  
 To his short life, that seem'd already don.

*Jonas* 3.102 *King*. 10. 10

26

Now, if the giver of this Faith (we see)  
 Seem to incline and bow vnto her still,  
 As bound and ready to obey her will;  
 What marvell is 't if Angels be not free?

27

The Angels serue in *Ezechias* pay;  
 By Faith, they bring the *Thirbie* needfull Cates.  
 By Faith, they open for *Peter* prison gates:  
 By Faith, to *Iacob* they direct the way,

2. *King*. 19. 351. *King*. 19*Acts* 12. 7*Gen*. 32. 1.

28

About twelue pases past these former Poms,  
 Full many sacred Minstrels sound on hie,  
 Tryumphant Faith's great name and dignity,  
 Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes, and Tromps.

29

*Mark*, *Matthew*, *Luke*, & (the Lords dearest) *Iohn*,  
 Christs Secretaries, winde with such a brest,  
 Their warbling Cornets, that from East to West  
 Through all the world their sacred sound is gon.

30

Both *Iameses*, one the Son of *Zebedee*,  
 Th' other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*, *Simon*, *Andrew*,  
*Peter*, *Matthias*, *Philip*, *Bartholmew*,  
*Paul* (Gentile's Doctor) with the good *Thaddens*,

31

Sound with so sweet accord their Sagbuts long,  
 And their shrill Fifes (heard from the North to Nile)  
 As if one spirit did fill them all the while,  
 And one same hand had set their holy Song.

Z z 4

While



32  
While thus my spirit this strange discourse did cumber,  
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier than the rest,  
Beginning th' out-most of her curious nest,  
Brake, with her prattling, my deep pleasing slumber.

33  
Sorry to be so suddain wak't; I would  
I were a Dor-Mouse for a hundred year,  
That I might sleep full twenty Lustres heere,  
To shun the woes that waking I behold.

34  
For now (alas!) waking (with grief) I see  
*Babel* tryumphing over *Sion* still:  
And on the Good th' Vngodly work their will:  
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous scorn'd be.

35  
Wee (alas!) in these lamented Times,  
Mens greatest zeal in bloody murder stands:  
Profane our hearts, and so profane our hands:  
Bare Christian Name serues but to cloak our crimes.

36  
Incest's a sport, and Murther Man-hood thought:  
Disloyalty a speciall Vertue deem'd:  
And Periury sound Policy esteem'd:  
*Medea's* Arts, and *Sodomie* are taught.

37  
Maydens be bold, and VVives be impudent;  
Princes are Tyrants, people full of rage:  
This Age is sink of every former Age,  
Receiving each Sinn's vglieft excrement.

38  
But, my swolne brest, shut vp thy sigh's sad gate:  
Stop, stop, mine eyes, the passage of your tears;  
Cast-off, my heart, thy deep despairing fears,  
That which most grieues me, most doth consolates.

39

No, no: my Dream is true; soon shall we see  
Faith's glory shine. Satan (perceiuing nie  
His prides Eclipse) his greatest force doth trie,  
To stop great Faith's triumphant victorie.

40

Sure if my Card and Compasse doo not fail,  
W<sup>e</sup> are neer the Port, where (danger being past)  
We need not fear the billow, nor the blast  
Of blustering windes, nor Seas that can assail.

41

Our beastly manners, like *Gomorrah's* guise:  
The troubled Seasons: Warrs domesticall:  
The threats of Heauen: are the fore-runners all  
Of CHRIST that coms to hold his last Assise.

42

That drad-desired Day shall soon appeer,  
Christ coms the Rav<sup>n</sup>s from Swans to set a-side:  
The tares from wheat: and Goats from Lambs diuider  
And this braue *Triumph* (that I sing) is neer.

43

O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,  
Waiting to see the Wicked's vtter Fall,  
And thy iust Scepter Ruling ouer all;  
Let liuely Faith my Reason still direct.

---

FINIS.

---



the first of these is the  
the second is the  
the third is the

the fourth is the  
the fifth is the  
the sixth is the

the seventh is the  
the eighth is the  
the ninth is the

the tenth is the  
the eleventh is the  
the twelfth is the

the thirteenth is the  
the fourteenth is the  
the fifteenth is the

FINIS

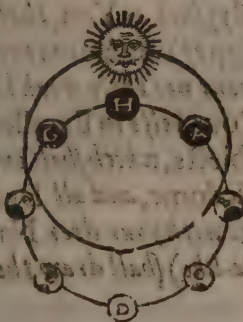
TETRASTICHA.

OR

# The Quadraints of

*Guy de Faur, Lord of  
Pibrac.*

Translated,  
By JOSVAN SYLVESTER.



*Acceptam refero.*

Joseph Sylvester





TO THE RIGHT  
Excellent, and most hopeful  
young Prince, HENRY.

\* ΒΑΣΙΛΙ-  
ΚΟΝ ΔΟ-  
ΠΟΝ.

**A**fter so manie golden Rules of State,  
Religious Lessons, Morall Precepts gaine,  
As in your Fathers \* ROYAL-GIFT you haue;  
These seem superfluous, or to come too-late:  
Yet, 'tis no Error to re-iterate  
The Voice of Wisdome to the tender Eare  
Of Princes (chiefly) such as You, that beare  
The Hope and Hap of Europe in your Fate.  
And, though You want not these weak helps of ours,  
To consummate Your Selfe in Excellence:  
Yet may those Subiects, which shall once be Yours,  
Draw vertuous Wisdome, and all Dutie hence,  
If You but daigne with your deer Name to grace it,  
Which (Load-stone-like) shall draw them to imbrace it.

Iosuah Syluester



# The Quadraings of *Pibrac.*

1

**D**IEN tout premier, puis Pere & Mere honore.  
Sois iuste & droict : & en toute saison.  
Del' innocent pren en main la raison :  
Car Dieu te doit la-haut iuger encore.

*First, honor God, and then thy Parents deer ;  
Be true and Iust : and see thou neuer grudge  
The Innocent oppressed cause to cleer ;  
For one-day God shall also be thy Iudge.*

2

Si en iugeant la faueur te commande,  
Si corrompu par or ou par presens,  
Tu fais iustice, au grè des Courtisans ;  
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

*If gold and bribes corrupt thy conscience,  
If feare or fauour in thy Iudgement sway thee,  
If thou respect the Persons difference ;  
Be sure that God will in the end repay thee.*

3. Auec



3

Auec le iour commence ta iournée,  
De l'Eternel le saint nom benissant:  
Le soir aussi ton labeur finissant,  
Loue-le encor', & passe ainsi l'année.

*Begin thy Dayes-work when the Day begins,  
First blessing God's thrice-blessed Name (deuout)  
And then, at Euening when thy labour ends,  
Praise him again: so bring the Yeere about.*

4

Adore assis (comme le Grec ordonne)  
Dieu en courant ne veut estre honoré:  
D'un ferme cueur il veut estre adoré,  
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

*Adore thou, sitting (as the Greek doth bid)  
For running Prayer is praposterous:  
With stedfast Heart God will be worshipped,  
But such a heart him selfe must giue to vs.*

5

Ne va disant, ma main a faiet cest oeuvre.  
Ou ma vertu ce bel oeuvre a parfaict:  
Mais dis ainsi, Dieu par moy l'oeuvre a faiet:  
Dieu est l'autheur du peu de bien que i'oeuvre.

*Say not; My hand this Work to end hath brought;  
Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:  
Say rather thus; This, God by me hath wrought:  
God's Author of the little Good I doo.*

6

Tout l'Vniuers n'est qu'une citè ronde;  
 Chacun a droit de s'en dire Bourgeois,  
 Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,  
 Le plus petit que la plus grand du monde.

*The World is all but a round Citie like,  
 Where each may right be said a Citizen :  
 As well the rude Barbarian as the Grecke,  
 As well the meanest as the mightiest men.*

7

Dans le pourpris de ceste citè belle  
 Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu saint,  
 Comme en vn Temple, ou luy mesmes s'est peinct  
 En mil endroits de couleur immortelle.

*In this faire Citie's goodly Walls God planted,  
 And placed man as in a Sanctuarie,  
 Where He, himselfe in thousand parts hath painted  
 With lively colours that do neuer vary.*

8

Il n'y a coing si petit dans ce temple,  
 Ou la grandeur n'apparoisse de Dieu:  
 L'homme est planté iustement au milieu,  
 A fin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

*There's not a nooke so small in all this Temple,  
 Wherein God's Greatnes doth not plaine appeare:  
 Which that we might the better all contemple,  
 He placed man iust in the middle heere.*



9

Il ne scauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoistre  
Que dedans soy, où, comme en vn miroir,  
La terre il peut & le ciel mesme voir :  
Car tout le monde est compris en son estre.

*Yet can he no-where better knowe the same  
Then in himself, where-in he may behold  
(As in a Glasse) Earth, Water, Aire, and Flame :  
For, All the World, his Essence doth in-fold.*

10

Qui a de soy parfaicte cognoissance,  
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il fault scauoir.  
Mais le moyen assure de l'auoir,  
Est se mirer dedans la sapience.

*Who of Himself hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,  
Ignoreth nothing that he ought to know :  
But the best meanes whereby it is attain'd,  
Is often-times to Wisedomes Glasse to goe.*

11

Ce que tu vois del'homme n'est pas l'homme,  
C'est la prison où il est enserre  
C'est le tombeau où il est enterre,  
Le liët branlant où il dort vn court somme.

*That which thou seest of Man, it is not Man :  
'Tis but a Prison that him Captiue keeps :  
'Tis but a Tombe where Hee's interred (wan) :  
'Tis but the Cradle where a while he sleepes.*

12

71

Ce corps mortel, où l'œil rauy contemple  
Muscles & nerfs, la chair, le sang, la peau,  
Ce n'est pas l'homme : il est beaucoup plus beau,  
Aussi Dieu l'a reserué pour son temple.

*This mortall Body, where the rauisht sense  
Sees sinnewes, flesh, bones, muscles, blood, and skinne,  
It is not Man : Man's of more excellence,  
As the fair Temple that God dwelleth-in.*

13

72

A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,  
C'est vn rayon de la diuinité :  
C'est vn atome esclos de l'vnité :  
C'est vn degout de la source eternelle.

*Rightly to speake : what Man we call, and count,  
It is a beaming of Diuinity :  
It is a dropling of th'Eternall Fount :  
It is a moatling hatcht of th'Vnity.*

14

73

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine :  
Et braue & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,  
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault ès cieux,  
Et que tu es vne plante diuine.

*Then knowe (O Man) thine owne Originall :  
And braue-ambitious, scorne base Cells of Earth,  
Sith thou shalt flourish in Heav'ns glistring Hall,  
And art (indeede) a Diuine Plant by Birth.*



15

Il t'est permis t'orgueillir de la race,  
Non de ta meré, ou ton pere mortel,  
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,  
Qui t'a moulé au moule de sa face.

*Well maiest thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,  
Not from thy mortall Parents either Ligne :  
But from thy true Immortall Father's Grace,  
Who, by the Modell of his Face, made thine.*

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infiny d'Idées,  
Platon s'est trop en cela mesconté  
De nostre Dieu la pure volonté  
Est le seul moule à toutes choses nées.

*There's not in Heav'n, a number infinite  
Of bright Idéas (Plato did mistake) :  
God's only Will ( the only Rule of Right ).  
Was th' only mould of all that he did make.*

17

Il veut, c'est fait : sans travail & sans peine  
Tous animaux, iusqu'au moindre qui vit,  
Il a creé, les soustient, les nourrit,  
Et les deffait du vent de son aleine.

*He Will'd, and it was done : He (without paine),  
All kinde of Creatures (to the least that is )  
Created, feedeth, and doth still sustaine :  
And re-dissolues them with that breath of his.*

18

Hausse tes yeux : la voute suspendue,  
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,  
Ce rond parfait de deux globes iumeaux,  
Ce firmament esloigné de la veue:

*Lift vp thine eyes: The hanging Vault above,  
The goodly Seeling of a Watric hem,  
The perfect Orb's Twinne-Globes that euer moue,  
The spangled Firmament so farre from view:*

19

Brief, ce qui est, qui fut, & qui peut estre,  
En terre, en mer, au plus caché des cieux,  
Si tost que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,  
Tout ausi tost il a receu son estre.

*All (to be brief) past, present, and to come,  
In Earth and Sea, and Aire (beyond your seeing);  
So soone as God thought good, each in their roome,  
Immediately receined All their Being.*

20

Ne va suiuant le troupeau d'Epicure,  
Troupeau vilain, qui blaspheme en tout lieu,  
Et melcroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,  
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

*Shunne Epicure's profane and filthy Sect  
(Bold Mis-creants, blaspheming euery way)  
The which no God acknowledge nor respect,  
Sane only Nature and her fatall Sway.*



21

Et ce pendant il se veautre & patrouille  
 Dans vn boubrier puant de tous costez :  
 Et du limon des sales voluptez  
 Il se repaist, comme vne orde grenouille.

*And in the meane-while (like the grunting Hogg)  
 Lie alwayes wallowing in the stinking Mire :  
 And feede on filth (like to the loathsome Frogg)  
 Voluptuous filth, of every Flesh-desire.*

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu son esperance,  
 Et qui l'inuoque en sa prosperite,  
 Autant ou plus qu'en son aduersite:  
 Et ne se fie en humaine assurance.

*Happy whose hope on God alone relies :  
 And who on him in either Fortune call ;  
 As well in calmes as in calamities :  
 And put no Trust in humane helps at all.*

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre esperance seure  
 En ce qui est imbecille & mortel ?  
 Le plus grand Roy du monde n'est que tel,  
 Et a besoing plus que toy qu'on l'assure.

*Canst thou assure thy hopes on worldlie things,  
 Fraile mortall things (I pry thee tell me, how.)  
 Such are the greatest of all earthly Kings,  
 And haue more neede to be secur'd then I thou.*

24

De l'homme droict Dieu est la sauuegarde,  
Lors que de tous il est abandonnè,  
C'est lors que moins il se trouue estonnè,  
Car il scait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

*God is the iust-man's Anchor and his Ayde,  
His sure Defence, when all the World forsakes-him;  
And therefore, then is he the least dismayde,  
Knowing that God then most to safe-gard takes-him.*

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,  
Ne sont pas biens, à parler proprement :  
Ils sont subiects au moindre changement,  
Mais la vertu demeure tousiours vne.

*The Goods of Fortune and the Body (call'd)  
They are not Goods, if we them rightly name;  
For, to least changes they are euer thrall'd :  
« But Onely Vertue still persists the same.*

26

Vertu qui gist entre les deux extrêmes,  
Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault ;  
N'excede en rien, & rien ne luy default :  
D'autrui n'emprunte, & suffit à soy-mesmes.

*Vertue, betweene the Two extreames that haunts,  
Betweene too-mickle and too-little sizes ;  
Exceeds in nothing, and in nothing wants :  
Borrowes of none : but to it-selfe suffizes.*



27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,  
 O qu'ardemment de toy seroit espris?  
 Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares esprits:  
 T'ont fait l'amour au trauers d'une nue.

*O Vertue! could we see thy naked face,  
 How would thy sacred Beauties sweetly madd-us?  
 Sith rarest Wits (rapt with a Seeming Grace)  
 Hane in all Ages courted (euen) thy Shadowes.*

28

Le sage fils est du pere la ioye:  
 Or, si tu veux ce sage fils auoir,  
 Dresse le ieune au chemin du deuoir:  
 Mais ton exemple est la plus courte voye.

*The Parent's comfort is a prudent Sonne:  
 Now, such a Sonne if thou desirest aye,  
 Direct him yong in Duties race to runne:  
 But, Thine Example is the neereſt way.*

29

Si tu es n<sup>e</sup> enfant d'un sage pere,  
 Que ne suis tu le chemin ja battu?  
 S'il n'est pas tel, que ne t'efforces tu,  
 En bien faisant, couvrir ce vitupere?

*If thou be borne Sonne of a prudent Sire,  
 Why tread'st thou not in his faire beaten Trace?  
 If otherwise: why dooſt not thou desire  
 (By vertuous Deeds) to couer this Disgrace?*

30

Cen'est pas peu, (naissant d'un tige illustre)  
Estre éclairé par ses antecessours:  
Mais c'est bien plus luire à ses successeurs,  
Que des ayeux seulement prendre lustre.

*'Tis no small Honour, from illustrious Ligne  
To be descended by our Predecessours:  
But 'tis much more, then by their Light to shine,  
Our selues to shine vnto our owne Successours.*

31

Iusqu'au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,  
Et tien perdu le iour qui s'est passé,  
Si tu n'y as quelque chose amassé,  
Pour plus scauant & plus sàgete rendre.

*Cease not to learne untill thou cease to liue:  
Think that Day lost, wherein thou draw'st no Letter,  
Nor gain'st no Lesson, that new grace may giue,  
To make thy Selfe Learned, Wiser, Better.*

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,  
Et esgaré se perd dedans les bois,  
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:  
Et s'il est cheu, le releuer de terre.

*If any Stranger in his Iourney stray  
Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)  
Dire&et him rightly in his readie waie;  
And if he fall, soone help him up again.*



33

Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie:  
 L'entens l'honneur, qui consiste au deuoir  
 Que rendre on doit (selon l'humain pouuoir)  
 A D I E U, au Roy, aux Loix, à sa Patrie.

*Thine Honour, more then thine owne Life respect,  
 Th' honour ( I meane ) which each mans dutie drawes  
 ( To th' uttermost w' are able to effect )  
 To G O D, our King, our Country, and our Lawes.*

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe  
 Au lendemain, comme les pareffeux:  
 Et garde aussi que tu ne sois de ceux  
 Qui par autrui font ce qu'ils pourroient faire.

*What now thou canst, deferre not till to-morrow,  
 Like selfe-lame Sloath ( of foulest Sinnes the Mother ):  
 Nor be like those who others hands doo borrow,  
 And what themselues might doo, will doo by other.*

35

Hante les bons, des meschans ne t'accointe,  
 Et mesmement en la ieune saison,  
 Que l'appetit pour forcer la raison  
 Arme nos sens d'une brutale poincte.

*Frequent the good, flie from vngodly folke,  
 Especially in thy Youths tender season,  
 The while outrageous appetites prouoke,  
 And arme thy Sense against the sway of Reason.*

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames  
Tu te verras comme Alcide semond,  
Suy celle-la qui par vn aspre mont  
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaisirs infames.

*When to the double Way of those two Dames  
(Alcides-like) thou shalt be summoned,  
Follow thou her who farre from glorious shames,  
Over steepe Mountaines up to Heav'n doth lead.*

37

Ne mets ton pied au trauers de la voye  
Du pauvre aueugle: & d'un piquant propos:  
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos:  
Et du malheur d'autrui ne fay taioye.

*Set not thy foot to make the blinde to fall:  
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother.  
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall:  
Neither reioyce thou in the fall of other.*

38

En ton parler sois tousiours veritable,  
Soit qu'il te faille en tesmoignage ouyr,  
Soit que par fois tu veuilles resiouir  
D'un gay propos tes hostes à la table.

*Let thy Discourse be True in euery Word,  
Whether as publike Witnes thou be prest  
To cleere a Question: whether, at thy Boord  
With pleasant chat thou cheere thy welcome Guest.*



39

La Verité d'un Cube droict se forme,  
 Cube contraire au leger mouuement:  
 Son plan quarré iamais ne se dement,  
 Et en tout sens à tousiours mesme forme.

*The Truth resembles right the right Cubes Figure  
 (The Cube, contrary to light instability)  
 Whose quadrat flatnes neuer doth dis-figure;  
 Whose solide Forme admits no mutability.*

40

L'oyseleur caut se sert du doux ramage  
 Des oyssillons, & contrefait leur chant  
 Aussi, pour mieux decevoir, le meschant  
 Des gens de bien imite le langage,

*The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,  
 Deceitfully their owne sweet Notes doth faime:  
 So subtle Mates doo counterfet the words,  
 And simple guise of honest men and plaine.*

41

Ce qu'en secret lon t'à dit ne reuele:  
 Des faicts d'autrui ne sois trop enquerant.  
 Le curieux volontiers tousiours ment:  
 L'autre merite estre dict infidele.

*Reueale not what in secret hath been told;  
 Nor busily of Others things inquire.  
 Th'inquisitiue can hardly Counsell hold:  
 The carrie-Tale is commonly a Lyer.*

42

Fay pois egal, & loyale mesure,  
Quand tu deurois de nul estre apperceu :  
Mais le plaisir que tu auras receu,  
Ren le tousiours avecques quelque vsure.

*Make alwayes equall waight ond lawfull measure,  
Though none could spie, thy dealing to discover:  
But where thou hast receiued any Pleasure,  
Restore it still with some aduantage ouer.*

43

Garde, soigneux, le depost à toute heure :  
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer,  
Ne va subtil des moyens controuuer  
Dans vn palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

*Keep carefully what thou hast tane in charge:  
And when the Owner shall demand-again-it,  
Deny it not; neither with Conscience large  
By subtle Law-tricks strine thou to detaine-it.*

44

L'homme de sang te soit tousiours en haine :  
Hue sur luy, comme fait le berger  
Numidien sur le Tigre leger,  
Qu'il voit de loing ensanglanter la plaine.

*Hate euermore the bloody Homicide ;  
Hunt him with hue and crie : as Shepheards hunt  
The Lybian Tigre which they haue espide  
Spyling his Prey, and rioting vpon-t.*



45

Cen'est pas tout ne faire à nul outrage :  
 Il faut de plus s'opposer à l'effort  
 Du malheureux, qui pourchasse la mort,  
 Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

*'Tis not enough, that thou do no man wrong :  
 Thou euen in others must suppress the same ;  
 Righting the Weake, against th'vnrightheous Strong,  
 Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.*

46

Qui a desir d'exploiter sa prouesse,  
 Domte son ire, & son ventre ; & ce feu  
 Qui dans nos cueurs s'allume peu à peu,  
 Soufflè du vent d'erreur & de paresse.

*Who so the Fame of Valour doth desire,  
 Must Tame his Anger and his Belly both,  
 And that heart-swelting, Marrow-melting Fire,  
 Blowne by the winde of Error and of Sloth.*

47

Vaincre soy mesme est la grande victoire :  
 Chacun chez soy loge ses ennemis,  
 Qui par l'effort de la raison soubmis,  
 Ouurent le pas à l'éternelle gloire.

*Our-orne-Selves Conquest is the most victorions :  
 For in our Selues ambush our greatest Foes ;  
 And th'only way to make vs euer glorious,  
 Is by stout Reason still to vanquish those.*

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offense,  
Ne va soudain contre luy t'irriter,  
Ains doucement, pour ne le despiter,  
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy sa defense.

*If so thy Friend haue done thee som Offence,  
Fall not out flat, nor urge him with abuse;  
But milde and meekely, without insolence,  
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuse.*

49

L'homme est fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire  
N'auoir failly: es hommes plus parfaicts,  
Examinant & leurs diëts & leurs faicts,  
Tu trouueras, si tu veux, à redire:

*All men are faulty: none a-live can say,  
I haue not Erred; euen the Perfectest,  
If thou his Life in word and deed suruaigh,  
Thou shalt perceiue he hath Perfection mist.*

50

Voy l'hypocrite avec sa triste mine,  
Tu le prendrois pour l'aisné des Catons,  
Et ce pendant toute nuit à tastons  
Il court, il va pour tromper sa voy sine:

*See th' Hypocrites seuer and Saint-like guise,  
Whom th' elder Cato thou would'st think, for life;  
Yet in th' darke he groaping hunts and hies  
T'entice and trap his honest Neighbour's wife.*



51

Cacher son vice est vne peine extrême,  
 Et peine en vain : fay ce que tu voudras,  
 A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras :  
 Car nul ne peult se cacher à soy mesme.

*'Tis a most busie, yet a boot-les paine,  
 To hide ones fault : for doo the best thou can  
 Thou canst not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)  
 For who can hide him from himselfe (O Man) !*

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte ;  
 Nul plus que toy par toy n'est offensé,  
 Tu dois premier, si bien y as pensé  
 Rendre de toy a toy-mesme le compte.

*More of thy Selfe, then others be asham'd;  
 Thy Selfe art most wrongd by thine owne offence,  
 And of thy Selfe, thy Selfe first (Selfy-blam'd)  
 Must giue account to thy Selfes Conscience.*

53

Point ne te chaille estre bon d'apparence,  
 Mais bien de l'estre à preuue & par effect :  
 Contre vn faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,  
 Il n'est rempart tel que la conscience.

*Care not so much to seeme in outward shewe,  
 As to be good (in deede and in the proese)  
 For from false Rumours which the Vulgar blowe,  
 A selfe-cleere Conscience is Defence enough.*

54

À l'indigent monstre roy secourable,  
Luy faisant part de tes biens à foison:  
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maison  
Qui a pitie du pauvre miserable.

*Relieve the Needie, after thine ability,  
And in their wants participate thy store.  
For, God doth Blesse with Plenty and Tranquillity  
The House that pitties the distressed Poore.*

55

Làs! quete sert tant d'or dedans la bourse,  
Au cabinet maint riche vestement,  
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,  
Et de bon vin en ta caue vne source;

*What boot thy bagges to be so cramm'd with Coyne?  
Thy Ward-Robe stuffed with such store of Change?  
Thy Cellars filled with such choise of Wine?  
And of all Graines such plenty in thy Grange;*

56

Si ce pendant le pauvre nud frissonne  
Deuant ton huys: & languissant de faim,  
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'un morceau de pain,  
Ou s'en reua sans que rien on luy donne?

*If all the while the naked Poore (halfe dead  
With cold and hunger) shiuer at thy Gate;  
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,  
And manie times (perhaps) but hardly that?*



57

As tu, cruel, le cœur de telle sorte,  
De mesprier le pauvre intortuné,  
Qui, comme toy, est en ce monde né,  
Et, comme toy, de Dieul'image porte?

*Hast thou a heart so cruel, as to scorne  
Th' unhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bow,  
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,  
And beares Gods Image euen as well as Thou?*

58

Le malheur est communi à tous les hommes,  
Et mesmement aux Princes & aux Roys:  
Le sage seul est exempt de ces loix:  
Mais où est-il, las, au siecle où nous sommes?

*Misfortune is a common lot to all;  
Yea, euen to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:  
Only the Wise are freed from her thrall,  
But O, where are they, in this Age of ours?*

59

Le sage est libre en ferré de cent chaines,  
Il est seul riche, & iamaïs estranger:  
Seul assure au milieu du danger,  
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humain.

*The Wise man's free, among a thousand chaines;  
He's only Rich (content with his estate)  
Only secure in Dangers, eas'd in Paines;  
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.*

60

Le menasser du Tyran ne l'estonne:  
Plus se roidit quand plus est agité:  
Il cognoist seul ce qu'il à meritè,  
Et ne l'attend hors de soy de personne.

*He is not daunted with a Tyrants threat,  
But by his Trouble growes more strong and hard:  
Knowes his owne merit, looks not from the Great  
For Recompence; Vertue's her owne Reward.*

61

Vertu ès mœurs ne l'acquiert par l'estude,  
Ne par argent, ne par faueur des Roys,  
Ne par vn acte, ou par deux, ou par trois,  
Ains par constante & par longue habitude.

*True Morall Vertue cannot purchast be  
By Study, Treasure, or the Grace of Kings:  
Nor by one action, nor by two, or threc:  
But long-long practice her perfection brings.*

62

Qu'il lit beaucoup, & iamais ne medite,  
Semble à celuy qui mange auidentement,  
Et de tous mets surcharge tellement  
Son estomach, que rien ne luy profite.

*Who Readeth much and neuer Meditates,  
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food,  
Who so surcloyes his stomach with his Cates,  
That Commonly they doo him little good.*



63

Maint vn pouuoit par temps deuenir sage,  
 S'il n'eust cuidè l'estre ja tout à faiet.  
 Quel artisan fut onc maistre parfaict,  
 Du premier iour de son apprentissage?

*How many might (in time) haue wise been made;  
 Before their time, had they not thought them so?  
 What Artist ere was Master of his Trade,  
 Yer he began his Prentiship to knowe?*

64

Petite source ont les grosses Riuieres:  
 Qui bruit si hault à son commencement,  
 N'a pas long cours, non plus que le torrent:  
 Qui perd son nom ès prochaines fondrières.

*From smallest Springs, the greatest Rivers rise:  
 But those that rear so loud and proud at first,  
 Runne seldom farre, but soon their glory dies  
 In som neer Bogg, by their selfs-furie burst.*

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la semence,  
 Ou qui retient le salaire promis.  
 Au mercenaire: ou qui de sés amis  
 Ne se souuiët si non en leur presence.

*Cursed is he that doth defraud the seed:  
 Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right:  
 Or who (ingrategfull for the kindest deed)  
 Thinks neuer of his Friends but in their fight.*

66

Ne te pariure en aucune maniere,  
Et si tu es contrainct faire serment,  
Le ciel ne iure, ou l'homme, ou l'element,  
Ains pas le nom de la cause premiere.

*Forsweare thee not, what euer cause be giuen:  
And if for ought thou needs an Oath must take,  
Swear not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heav'n,  
But by his sacred Name who all did make.*

67

Car Dieu qui hait le pariure execrable,  
Et le punit comme il a merite,  
Ne veult que lon tesmoigne verite,  
Par ce qui est mensonger ou muable.

*For God, who doth all Perjury detest,  
And iustly plagues it as most execrable,  
Would not we should the constant Truth contest  
By any thing that's false or alterable.*

68

Vn art sans plus, en luy seul t'exercite:  
Et du mestier d'autruyne t'empeschant,  
Va dans le tien le parfait recherchant:  
Car exceller n'est pas gloire petite.

*To some one Art apply thy whole affection;  
And in the Craft of others seldom mell:  
But in thine owne, strive to attain perfection.  
For 'tis no little honour, to excell:*



69

Plus n'embrasser que lon ne peut estraindre:  
 Aux grands honneurs conuoiteux n'aspirer:  
 Vser des biens, & ne les desirer:  
 Ne souhaiter la mort, & ne la craindre.

*Embrace no more then one can manage fit,  
 Not to the top of Greatnes to aspire:  
 To use the World, and yet not conet it:  
 Neither to dread Death, neither death desire.*

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaisirs de la couche;  
 De chasterè restreindre le beau don:  
 Et ce pendant liurer à l'abandon  
 Ses yeulx, les mains, son oreille & la bouche.

*We must not Chastities fair Gift restrain  
 Only to th'actuell Pleasure of the Night:  
 And in the mean while not a whit refrain  
 Our hart, our hand, our tongue, our care, our sight.*

71

Hà le dur coup qu'est celuy del'oreille!  
 On en deuient quelque fois forcenè:  
 Mesmes alors qu'il nous est assenè  
 D'un beau parler plein de douce merueille.

*O what a hard blowe is a box on th'Eare!  
 Som-time it driues men euen besides their Wit,  
 Especially when (stunned as it were)  
 With the sweet wonder of smooth words, 'tis smit.*

72

Miculx nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,  
Pour nous sauuer de ces coups dangereux:  
Par là s'armoient les Pugils valeureux,  
Quand sur l'arène il leur falloit descendre.

*'Tis therefore best our tender Ears to arme,  
To shunne the danger of those deadly blowes:  
Warie Vlysses so eschew'd the Charm  
Of those soule-rapting Impes of Acheloes.*

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,  
Dans le cerueau coule soudainement,  
Et ne scaurions y pouruoir autrement,  
Que tenant close au mal ceste fenestre.

*What e're it be that enters by the Eare,  
Immediately into the Brain doth creep;  
And th'only mean to shunne the mischief there,  
Is the Ears Casements euer close to keep.*

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut sans mensonge,  
Ou pour le moins sans quelque vanité:  
Le parler brief conuient à verité,  
Et l'autre est propre à la fable & au songe.

*Much talke is seldom without Lies among,  
Or at the least without som idle bables:  
Vnto the Truth, brief Language doth belong:  
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.*



75

Du Memphien la graue contenance,  
Lors que sa bouche il serre avec le doigt;  
Mieulx que Platon enseigne comme on doit  
Reueremment honorer le silence.

*Th'Egyptians graue aspect and sober brow,  
When his fore-finger seales his lips so sure;  
Better then Plato, doth instruct vs how  
To honour Silence, with deuotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouuir de la porte  
D'un cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,  
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau  
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

*As at the Opening of the Cabinet  
Of som great Prince, many rare Things we see,  
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,  
From either Inde, Portingals bring, or wee:*

77

Ainsi deslors que l'homme qui medite,  
Et est scauant, commence de s'ouuir,  
Vn grand thresor vient à se descouuir,  
Thresor caché au puis de Democrite.

*So when the Wise and Learned doth begin  
To open the Organs of his plentions Wit,  
A wondrous Treasure suddainly is seen,  
A Treasure hidden in th' Abderians Pit:*

78

On diſt ſoudain, voila qui fut de Grece,  
Cecy de Rome, & cela d'un tel lieu,  
Et le dernier eſt tiré de l'Hebrien,  
Mais tout en ſomme eſt remply de ſageſſe.

*And Standers by, ſay by and by, This came  
From Greece, from Rome That, That from ſuch a Place,  
And (laſtly) that from th' Hebrue: and the ſame,  
And all the reſt moſt full of Prudent grace.*

79

(dre:

Noſtre heur, pour grand qu'il ſoit, nous ſemble moin-  
Les ceps d'autrui portent plus de raiſins:  
Mais quant aux mauſx que ſouffrent nos voyſins,  
C'eſt moins que rien, ils ont tort de l'en plaindre.

*Our Goods (how euer great) the leaſt doo ſeem,  
Our Neighbours Fields ſtill bear the better Grain:  
But Others harmes we alwaies light eſteem;  
Tuiſh they are nothing: why ſhould they complain?*

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,  
Il eſt de ſoy le iuge & le bourreau:  
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Toreau  
Supplice tel, que celui qu'il ſe donne.

*To th' Enuiouſ-man no Torment I aſigne;  
For, Iudge and Hang-man to himſelf he is:  
And there's no Denis Bull, nor Rack (in ſine)  
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.*



81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,  
 Il la faudroit peindre quand on la sent:  
 Qui par bon heur d'elle ne se ressent,  
 Croire ne peult quelle est ceste Furie.

*To pourtray Slaunder, to the life, behooves  
 To doo't in th' instant while one feeleth her:  
 For who so happy that her neuer prooves,  
 Can scarce imagine what she is, or where.*

82

Elle ne fait en l'air sa residence,  
 Ny sous les eaux, ny au profond des bois:  
 Sa maison est aux oreilles des Roys,  
 D'ou elle braue & flestrit l'innocence.

*Neither in th' Aire hath Shee her residences,  
 Nor in the wilde Woods, nor beneath the Waves:  
 But she inhabits in the eares of Princes,  
 Where th' Innocent and Honest she depraves.*

83

Quand vne fois ce monstre nous attache,  
 Il scait si fort ses cordillons nouër,  
 Que bien qu'on puisse en fin les desnouër,  
 Restent tousiours les marques del' attache.

*And when this Monster hath once chaunc't to trap-vs,  
 Her spightfull Cords she can so closely knit,  
 That though at last we happen to vn-wrap-vs;  
 The print thereof still in our Fames will sit.*

84

Iuge, ne donne en ta cause sentence :  
Chacun se trompe en son faict aizement :  
Nostre interest force le iugement,  
Et d'un costè faict pancher la balance.

*Neuer giue Sentence in thy proper cause :  
In our owne case, we all erre easily :  
Our interest our partiall Iudgement drawes ;  
And euer makes the Balance hang awry.*

85

Deffus la loy tes iugemens arreste,  
Et non sur l'homme : ell sans affection,  
L'homme au contraire est plein de passion :  
L'un tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beste.

*Vpon the Law thy Iudgements alwayes ground,  
And not on Man : For that's affection-les ;  
But Man in Passions strangely doth abound :  
Th'one all like God ; th' other too-like to Beasts.*

86

Le nombre saint se iuge par sa preuue,  
Toufiours egal, entier ou departy :  
Le droit aussi en Atomes party,  
Semblable à soy toufiours egal se treuue.

*The sacred Number proueth alwayes euen,  
Whether diuided or intire it be :  
So Iustice (shar'd in Atomies) is giuen  
Still like it selfe, in iust equalitie.*



87

Nouveau Vlyffe appren du long vöyage  
 A gouuerner Ithaque en equité:  
 Maint-vn a Scylle & Charybde euitè,  
 Qui heurte au port, & chez loy faict naufrage.

*Learn by long Trauail ( as Vlyffes conned )  
 To gouern right thy Natiue Ithaca:  
 Many haue Scylla and Charybdis shunned,  
 That ( after ) haue at home been cast-away.*

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre:  
 Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,  
 Quoy que ce soit, & fust-ce aux ennemis,  
 De l'accompliren deuoir te fault mettre.

*Before thou Promise, ponder what and why:  
 But hauing Promis'd, what-so-euer 'twere,  
 Yea, were it to thy greatest Enemy,  
 Thou must perform, thy tongue hath ty'd thee there.*

89

La loy soubs qui l'estat sa force a prise,  
 Garde la bien, pour goffe qu'elle soit:  
 Le bon heur vient d'où lon ne s'apperçoit,  
 Et bien souuent de ce que lon melprise.

*Maintain those Lawes (how euer rude and plain)  
 Whereby ( before ) thy Common-wealth hath thriv'd:  
 Good Fortune oft comes by the meanest mean,  
 How or from whence sometimes is scarce perceiv'd.*

90

Fuy ieune & vieil de Circe le bruuage :  
N'escoute ausi des Sirenes les chants,  
Car enchantè tu courrois par les champs,  
Plus abruty qu'une beste sauvage.

*In youth and age shunne Circes banefull Boule,  
Lend not thine Eare to Sirens wanton Notes :  
Least thou (enchanted in thy sense and Soule)  
Become more brute then Hoggs, and Doggs, and Goats.*

91

Vouloir ne fault chose que lon ne puisse,  
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,  
Mesurant l'un & l'autre par le droit,  
Sur l'eternel moule de la Iustice.

*We must our Will still limit with our Power,  
And bound our Power within the Lists of Law ;  
Measuring both, and what so els is our,  
By the Right line th' eternall Iust did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,  
En faict d'estat est vn poinct dangereux :  
Et si Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,  
Il ne fault pas en faire consequence.

*A suddain Change in any mighty State,  
Is full of Danger vnto each Degree :  
And though Lycurgus found it fortunate,  
No consequent can that Example be.*



93

Je hay ces mots, De puissance absolue,  
De plein pouuoir, de propre mouuement :  
Aux saincts Decrets ils ont premierement,  
Puis à nos loix, la puissance tolue.

*I hate these phrases : Of Power absolute:  
Of full Authority: Of full proper motion.  
The Diuine Lawes they haue trod vnder foot,  
And Humane-too; for priuate Mens promotion.*

94

Croire leger, & soudain se resoudre,  
Ne discerner les amis des flatteurs :  
Ieune conseil, & nouueaux seruiteurs,  
Ont mis souuent les haults estats en pouldre.

*Not right-discerning Friends from Flatterers,  
Light-crediting, and suddain Resolution,  
Young giddie Counsell, and new Seruitors,  
Haue often caus'd the highest States confusion.*

95

Dissimuler est vn vice seruite,  
Vice suiuy de la desloyauté :  
D' où sourd ès cueurs des grands la cruauté,  
Qui aboutit à la guerre ciuile.

*Disimulation is a seruite Vice,  
A vice still followed by Disloyalty,  
Whence in Great hearts doth Cruelty arise,  
Which alwayes ends in ciuill Mutiny.*

96

Donner beaucoup sied bien à vn grand Prince,  
 Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l'à meritè,  
 Et par proportion, non par equalité,  
 Et que ce soit sans fouler sa Prouince.

*Nought more becoms a Prince then Liberality,  
 So it be giuen to those that Merit well,  
 By due proportion, not by iust equality,  
 And without burthen to the Common-weale.*

97

Plus que Sylla c'est ignorer les lèttres,  
 D'auoir induit les peuples à s'armer:  
 On trouuera les voulant desarmer,  
 Que desubiects ils sont deuenus maistres.

*'Tis to be more then Sylla Letter-lesse,  
 To hurrie Armes into the Vulgars hand:  
 For, when again you think them to suppress,  
 In steed of Subiects, they will All command.*

98

Ry si tu veux vn ris de Democrite,  
 Puis que le monde est pure vanité:  
 Mais quelque fois touché d'humanité,  
 Pleure noz maux des larmes d'Heraclite.

*Sith all the World is nought but meerely vanity,  
 Laugh if thou list like blythe Democritus:  
 Yet sometimes toucht with tender-soul'd humanity,  
 Weep for our Wees with sad Heraclitus.*

99 A lestranger



99

A l'estranger sois humain & propice,  
 Et s'il se plainct incline à sa raison :  
 Mais luy donner les biens de la maison,  
 C'est faire aux tiens & honte & iniustice.

*Be kinde to Strangers and propitious,  
 And to their cause thy willing eare incline :  
 But to bestowe thy Goods out of thy House,  
 Is shame and wrong vnto thy self and thine.*

100

Je t'apprendray, si tu veux, en peu d'heure,  
 Le beau secret du breuuage amoureux :  
 Ayme les tiens, tu seras aymé d'eux :  
 Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

*I'll teach you heer (if any list to prone)  
 A passing Loue-drink, any hart to get ;  
 Loue vertuously, and be assur'd of Loue :  
 And this (beleue-it) is the best Receipt.*

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reuerence,  
 Est vn appuy ferme de Royauté :  
 Mais qui se faict craindre par cruauté,  
 Luy-mesme craint, & vit en defiance.

*The Fear that springs from Loue and Reuerence,  
 A firme support to Royall Greatnes giues :  
 But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,  
 Himself fears most, and in distrust still liues.*

102

Qui scauroit bien que c'est qu'un Diadème,  
Il choisiroit aussi tost le tombeau,  
Que d'affeubler son chef de ce bandeau:  
Car aussi bien il meurt lors à soy mesme.

*He that knewe right what were a Diadem,  
As soon would seek in a colde Toombe to lie,  
As girt his Temples with that glorious Gem:  
For, then begins he to himself to die.*

103

De iour, de nuit, faire la sentinelle,  
Pour le salut d'autrui tousiours veiller,  
Pour le public sans nul gré travailler,  
C'est en un mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

*For, day and night to stand as Sentinel;  
For Publike good, ingratefull toyle to take;  
Incessantly to watch for others weal:  
This is, to Raigne, if we it rightly take:*

104

Ie ne veis onc prudence avec ieunesse,  
Bien commander sans auoir obey,  
Estre fort craint, & n'estre point hay,  
Estre Tyran, & mourir de vieillesse.

*I neuer saw Wisedome and Youth, but two:  
Nor him Command well, that had not Obay'd:  
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too:  
Nor Tyrant, aged in his Toombe be-lay'd.*

105 Ne



105

Ne voise au bal qui n'ay merà la danse,  
 Ny au banquet qui ne voudrà manger,  
 Ny sur la mer qui craindra le danger,  
 Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il pense.

*Come not at Reuels, who delights not Dance:  
 Nor on the Sea, who fears rough waues and winde:  
 Nor at a Feast, who a good stomack wants:  
 Nor at the Court, who means to speak his minde.*

106

Du mesdisant la langue venimeuse,  
 Et du flatteur les propos emmielez,  
 Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,  
 Et du maling la poursuite animeuse:

*The soothing bony of smooth Parasites:  
 The poy'sny Tongues of slaunderous Sycophants:  
 The icering Buffon, that the best still bites:  
 The brazen-face of begging Cormorants:*

107

Hayr le vray, se feindre en toutes choses,  
 Sonder le simple à fin de l'attraper,  
 Brauer le foible, & sur l'absent draper,  
 Sont de la Cour les ceilllets & les roses.

*To gull the Simple; and the Weak to braue:  
 To hate the Truth; to halt in euery-thing:  
 To vnder-mine: The Absent to deprave:  
 These are the Flowers that in the Court doo spring.*

108 Aduersité,

108

Aduersité, des faueur, & querelle,  
Sont trois effais pour sonder son amy :  
Tela ce nom quine l'est qu'à demy,  
Et ne scauroit endurer la coupelle.

*An Enemy, Misfortune, and Disgrace,  
Are three Essayes to proue if Friends be loyall :  
For many haue the Name, and beare the face ;  
That are not so, if they be put in triall.*

109

Ayme l'estat tel que tulle vois estre :  
S'il est royal, ayme la Royauté ;  
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,  
Ayme l'aussi, quand Dieu t'y a fait naistre.

*Commend the State where-vnder born you are :  
If it be Royall, loue the Royaltie :  
If of the Best, or meerely Popular ;  
Allowe of either, where thy Lot shall be.*

110

Il est permis souhaiter vn bon Prince,  
Mais tel qu'il est, il le conuient porter :  
Car il vault mieux vn tyran supporter,  
Que de troubler la paix de la prouince.

*'Tis lawfull ( where they want ) to wish good Princes :  
But men the while must bear them as they are.  
'Tis better bear a Tyrants insolences,  
Then to disturbe the Common-weal with Warre.*



I I I

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te ioue :  
 Et s'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuser :  
 Qui des faueurs des Roys cuide abuser,  
 Bien tost, froissè, choit au bas de la roue.

*Sport not too-boldly with thy Lord and King :  
 And though he bid thee (if thou canst) refuse :  
 From highest Fortunes suddain down they ding,  
 Who doo presume a Princes grace t'abuse.*

I I 2

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de Fortune)  
 En vn matin t'es haussè si auant,  
 Penles tu point que ce n'est que du vent,  
 Qui calmera, peut estre, sur la brune ?

*Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from lowest place  
 Doo'st in a morning to the top attain :  
 Suppose it but a winde that blew a-space  
 Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme again.*

I I 3

L'estat moyen est l'estat plus durable :  
 On voit des eaux le plat pays noyè,  
 Et les haults monts ont le chef foudroyè,  
 Vn petit tertre est seur & agreable.

*The mean Estate is the most permanent :  
 We see the Vales with euery shower are drown'd ;  
 And Mountain tops with euery Thunder rent :  
 But Little Hills are pleasant, safe, and sound.*

114

De peu de biens nature se contente,  
 Et peu suffit pour viure honestement:  
 L'homme, ennemy de son contentement,  
 Plus à, & plus pour auoir se tourmente.

*Nature's with little pleas'd: enough's a Feast:  
 A sober life, but a small charge requires:  
 But Man, the Author of his owne vn-rest,  
 The more he hath, the more he still desires.*

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel retire  
 A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,  
 Dy hardiment, l'orage impetueux  
 Viendra bien tost es branler cest Empire.

*When thou shalt see th' Almighty take from hence,  
 By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,  
 Say boldly thus; These are the Arguments  
 Of som drad Tempest of his Wrath at hand.*

116

Les gens de bien cesont comme gros termes,  
 Ou forts pilliers, qui seruent d'arcs-boutans,  
 Pour appuyer contre l'effort du temps  
 Les haults estats, & les maintenir fermes.

*For, Vertuous Men are euen the Buttresses,  
 The mighty Columnes and the Arches strong,  
 Which against all Times fellest outrages  
 Support a State and doo maintain it long.*

Ccc2

117 L'homme



117

L'homme se plaint de sa trop courte vie,  
Et ce pendant n'employe où il deuroit  
Le temps qu'il à, qui suffir luy pourroit,  
Si pour bien viure auoit de viure enuie.

*Man doth the shortnes of his Life repine;  
Yet doth not duly spend nor rightly drine  
The Time he hath: which might suffice his minde,  
If, To liue well, he did desire to line.*

118

Tu ne scaurois d'assez ample salaire  
Recompenser celui qui t'a soigné  
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enseigné  
A bien parler, & sur tout à bien faire.

*Thou hardly canst sufficiently requite  
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to;  
Nor Him, that hath instructed thee a-right,  
Both, well to speak, but chiefly well to doo.*

119

Es ieux publics, au theatre, à la table,  
Cede ta place au viellard & chenu:  
Quand tu seras à son age venu,  
Tu trouueras qui fera le semblable.

*In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feasts,  
Giue alwayes place vnto the hoary head:  
So, when like age shall siluerize thy Tresse,  
Thou shalt by others be like-honoured.*

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy se demonstre,  
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien faiët:  
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faiët:  
C'est se payer, que du bien fair monstre.

*Who, for thy Friendship shoves himself ingrate,  
Unwillingly extolls thy Benefit:  
But to up-brayde one, makes a Man ingrate;  
Who vaunts his Kindnes, payes himself for it.*

121

Boire, & mangre, s'exercer par mesure,  
Sont delantè les outils plus certains:  
L'excez en l'un de ces trois, aux humains  
Haste la mort, & force la nature.

*To eate, and drink, and exercise, in measure,  
Three props of Health, the certainest she hath:  
But the excess in these (or other Pleasure)  
Enforceth Nature, and doth hasten Death.*

122

Si quelque fois le meschant te blasonne,  
Que t'en chaut il? helas, c'est ton honneur:  
Le blasme prend la force du donneur:  
Le loz est bon, quand vn bon nous le donne.

*If euill men speak somtimes ill of thee,  
What need'st thou care? alas! it is thy Praise:  
Blame, from the Author takes authority,  
And 'tis a good Report that good men raise.*



123

Nous meslons tout, le vray parler se change:  
Souuent le vice est du nom reuestu.  
De la prochain' opposite vertu:  
Le loz est blasme, & le blasme est louange.

*We all confound; true Language is transformed:  
Vice oftentimes puts-on the Vertues name  
Next opposite: 'Tis Forme to be de-formed:  
Blame is a Praise; and Commendation Blame.*

124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,  
Et l'imparfait du prochain supporter,  
Couurir sa faulte, & ne la rapporter,  
Prompt à louer, & tardif à reprendre.

*Of what is spoken, eu' make the best:  
Bear the defect of Neighbour and of Friend:  
Couer their fault; publish it not (at least):  
Ready to prayse, and slowe to reprehend.*

125

Cil qui se pense & se dit estre sage,  
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui scauant  
Se fait nommer, sonde le bien auant,  
Tu trouueras que ce n'est que langage.

*He that esteems and vaunts himself for wise,  
Think him a foole: And Him that doth assume  
The name of Learned, whoso soundly tries,  
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.*

126

Plus on est docte, & plus on se deffie  
D'estre scauant : & l'homme vertueux  
Iamais n'est veu estre presumptueux.  
Voila des fruiçts de ma Philosophie.

*The better Learned, learn the more their want,  
And more to doubt their owne sufficiencie :  
And Vertuous men are neuer Arrogant.  
These are the Fruits of my Philosophy.*

FINIS.



Ccc 4



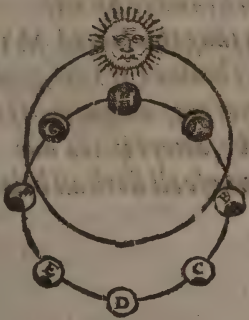




# SONNETS

*Upon the (late) miraculous Peace  
in Fraunce.*

---



*Acceptam refero.*

---





TO THE MOST HO  
 norable, learned, and religious  
 Gent. M<sup>r</sup>. *Anthony Bacane.*

**B**ound by your Bounty and mine owne desire,  
 To tender still new tribute of my zeale  
 To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,  
 Whose Wisedome, ours and other States admire)  
 Lo, here I tune upon mine humble Lyre  
 Our neighbour Kingdomes vn-expected weale,  
 Through suddain ceasing of Warres enter-deale;  
 As Celtike Muses to my Muse inspire.  
 Miraculous the Work; and so his wit  
 That firstly sung this sacred MIRACLE:  
 A grations Theame (If I dis-grace not it)  
 That your graue eyes may daigne for spectacle.  
 What e'r it be, accept it as a due  
 From him whose all doth all belong to You.

*Iosuah Syluester*



# TO THE FRENCH

King, *Henry* the  
fourth.

## SONNET I.

**H** *Enry*, triumphant though thou wert in War,  
Though Fate and Fortitude conspir'd thy glory,  
Though thy least Conflicts well deserue a Story;  
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;  
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerer)  
Thy martiall proofs haue dimm'd *Alcides* praise;  
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes  
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are: (rious  
Yet (matchles Prince) nought hast thou wrought so glo-  
As this vn-lookt-for, happy **P E A C E** admired;  
Whereby thy self art of thy self victorious: (red,  
For, while thou might'st the worlds Throne haue aspi-  
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like hart hast tamed:  
What greater conquest could there then be named?

But



## SONNET 2.

But what new Sunne doth now adorne our Land,  
 And giues our skie so smooth and smiling cheer?  
 For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; els his golden brand  
 Shines brighter now then 't hath don many a year.  
 Sweet Angel-beauty (sacred *P E A C E*) Heav'ns present;  
 Is 't not the Rising of thy new-com starr,  
 Which makes the Air more clear, the Spring more pleasant  
 Zephyre more calm, and *Flora* merrier?  
 Ah, I perceiue the *Olive*, *Dove*, and *Bowe*,  
 Divine presages that the Flood abates  
 (The dismal flood where blood and tears did flowe)  
 And *Ianus* now locks-vp his Temple gates:  
*Iustice* and *Faith* doo kindly kisse each other:  
 And *Mars*, appeas'd, sits down by *Cupid*s Mother.

## SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,  
 Great Vmpire that doost either World sustain,  
 Without whose help all would return again  
 (Like hideous *Chaos*) to confusion bent.  
 O Mother of the liuing, second Nature  
 Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)  
 O Grace (whereby men climbe th' heav'nly stair)  
 VVhence void, this world harbors no happy creature.  
 Pillar of Lawes, Religions pedestall,  
 Hope of the godly, glory of th' Immortall;  
 Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdoms all;  
 Thou Nurse of Vertues, Muses chief supportall;  
 Patron of Artes, of Good the speciall spring:  
 All hail (deer *Peace*) which vs all heale doost bring.

## SONNET 4.

Comfort (dear *France*) from thy dark Cell of mone,  
 Com (as new-born) from Warrs vnkindly quarrels:  
 Turn tragick Cypresse to triumphant Laurels;  
 Change black to green, and make thy Graue a Throne.  
 Let *Ceres* dwell vpon thy Desart Plain,  
*Bacchus*, and *Dian*, on thy Hills and Groues,  
*Pomona* in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droues,  
 Secure all Rhoades, and ope all Gates again.  
 Resume (O Cities) Rule and Reuerence;  
 Reuest (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;  
 Rise-vp (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;  
 Com *Muses*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercury*,  
 Restore vs Lawes, Learning, and Arts, and Trade:  
 And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

## SONNET 5.

Most Chrastian Kingdom, thou wert ne're so near  
 Drown'd in the deep Gulphes of rhy Ciuill warre,  
 As in the tempest of this later Iar,  
 Which past conceit of calming did appear.  
 When all the windes aduersly armed were,  
 (Though selfly-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack);  
 Thy Ship a helm, thy self a heart didst lack,  
 On troubled water tossed here and there:  
 Then from aboue (O bounty most admired!)  
 Saint *Hermes* shin'd whose gentle light presageth  
 That then the anger of the Heav'ns allwageth.  
 O happy P E A C E! lesse hoped then desired:  
 O grace much honour'd, little yet conceiv'd;  
 O blessed guile, that thus our sense deceiv'd.

Who



## SONNET 6.

Who could expect (but past all expectation)  
 So suddain order, from so sad confusion?  
 So loyall friendship, from false emulation;  
 So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?  
 Who could expect (but past all likely hood)  
 From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;  
 From *France* her cinders, such a *Phoenix*-brood;  
*Pandoras* box to yeeld so rare a balme?  
 Who could expect (but past all humane thought)  
 So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,  
 Or certain Rudder of so rent a State?  
 True *Aesculapius*, thou alone hast wrought  
 This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,  
 But on this Kingdom, much more wonderous.

## SONNET 7.

Th'vnlookt-for working of all things almost,  
 Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,  
 Amazeth those whose wits we chiefly boast,  
 To see this suddain vn-expected change.  
 Each feels th'effect, but none the cause descrites  
 (No though he haue with starrs intelligence):  
 God to himselfe reserves such Mysteries,  
 Disposing Kingdoms by his Prouidence.  
 O end-lesse Bounty! In the midst of Broyles  
 He giuesvs PEACE, when Warr did vs inflame;  
 And reaues the mischief we pursu'd yer-whiles:  
 But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,  
 That when most sharply this extreamest Fit  
 Stroue to be cure-les, soon he cured it.

SONNET 8.

Som reasoned thus; No violence can last:  
 Revolted Subiects, of themselves will quail:  
 Iust Soueraignty can never be displac't;  
 And lawfull Princes first or last preuail:  
 But who could think, that the conioyned powers  
 Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number  
 Of rebell Cities, and false States of ours,  
 So weak a King so little should encumber?  
 Others discoursed in another sort,  
 While all things sorted to another end:  
 Then their imaginations did purport:  
 That earth may knowe, it cannot comprehend  
 The secret depths of Iudgements all-divine,  
 No: there's no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine.

SONNET 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,  
 His deep-deep Wisedom, and his Mercy deer.  
 For, with these three, he hath surmounted heer  
 Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our sense:  
 His power appears vpon our Lord and King,  
 As yerst on *Dauid*: for, they both attain  
 By war-like broyls their preappointed Raigne;  
 Strangers, and subiects, and selues conquering:  
 His prudence shines, when to preserue vs thus,  
 All humane with his wisedom doth convince:  
 His gracious bounty in our bountious Prince.  
 Ovarious wonders! mel delicious  
 Flowes from a living Lion, *Mars* is quiet,  
 Valour relenting, Conquest void of fryot.

This



## SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand,  
 But th'only work of the great Thunderer,  
 Who (wise-directing all the things that are)  
 In vs divinely works his owne command.  
 Som men, vnwilling, benefit their Land,  
 Or vn-awares their Countries good preferr;  
 Another motions P E A C E, but mindeth Warr,  
 And P E A C E, succeeds what-ever drifts with stand.  
 Th' Arch-Architect, the matchles Artizan  
 All instruments vnto good vses prooues:  
 Man's but a wheel, which that great Moover moues;  
 Each gracious gift in that first cause began:  
 Each good's a gleam of that first light alone,  
 If Ill approach vs, onely that's our owne.

## SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, soon he deaws down rain;  
 A dreadfull Iudge, and yet a gentle Father:  
 Whose wrath slowe-kindled is soon quencht again,  
 To moue vs sinners to repent the rather.  
 'Gainst Hel-bred *Hydra*, Heav'n-born *Thesens* brings  
 The great *Alcides* arm and armory:  
 Of greatest Ill, a greater Good there springs;  
 And Mercy still doth Rigour qualifie.  
 Ah *France*, so many Monster to suppress,  
 Thou hadst great need of Royall fortitude,  
 Els hadst thou been an *Africk* Wildernes.  
 O happy lost Realm! for, it hath ensude,  
 That now thy gain is more, in restoration,  
 Then wast thy losse in all thy desolation.

But

## SONNET 12.

But, if I sing great *Henries* fortitude;  
 Shall I not then be blam'd for ouer-daring?  
 If ouer-slip it, then be taxe for fearing,  
 Of silent dread, and dumb ingratitude?  
 What e're befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude  
 (Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muse* to raise:  
 And if I fall in such a Sea of praise,  
 What rarer *Mausole* may my boxes include?  
 A sacred rage of some sweet-furious flame,  
 Will'-nill-I, rapts me boldly to rehearse  
 Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.  
 Then roule thou Torrent of my tender verse:  
 Though his high Theam deserue a consort rather  
 Of all the Muses, and all musikes Father.

## SONNET 13.

Great Prince, not pleas'd with a vain vertue seeming:  
 Great Victor, prone to pardon humbleness,  
 Happy, all Hap Heav'ns or ely gift esteeming;  
 Warriour, whose wars haue wrought his Countreys P A C E:  
 Noble by deeds, and noble by descent,  
 Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Nestor* sage,  
 Whose ripe-experienc't courage confident,  
 To knocks knits counsaile, and giues rule to rage.  
 As hard in toyle, as in compassion soft:  
 Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;  
 Who sheds no blood, but sheddeth tears as oft,  
 Who neuer fights but still the field is his.  
 So like to *Mars*, that both in loues and warres,  
*Bellona* and *Venus* take him still for *Mars*.



## SONNET 14.

A spirit, to vertues cheerfully address;  
 Apt to all goodnes, to no ill inclin'd;  
 Quick to conceiue, ingenious to digest;  
 Whose tongue is still true trumpet of the minde:  
 A body, resting when it hath no rest;  
 A waxen mildnes in a steely minde;  
 A soule tra-lucent in an open brest,  
 Which others thoughts through boany wals can finde;  
 Whose front reflects maiestical-humility,  
 Whose graue-sweet look commandingly-intreats,  
 Which in one instant fear and loue begets:  
 A King still warring to obtain tranquillity,  
 To saue his Country scorning thousand dangers;  
 Mirror of *Fraunce*, and miracle of Strangers.

## SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers,  
 If battered Walls, before thy Souldiers, louse;  
 If hugest Rocks be pearced by thy powers;  
 If 'gainst thine Armes, no armour be of proof:  
 If that our fields flowe with *Iberian* blood,  
 If that thy Camp compos'd of many a *Cesar*  
 Can by no dismal dangers be withstood;  
 Iousting with Gyants, as it were at pleasure:  
 If lofty Mountains to thine homage vail;  
 If valleys rise to bulwark thee about;  
 If for thy sake, rivers doo flowe and fail;  
 'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts stout,  
 Nor strength, nor stomack got these victories:  
 No, 'twas thy presence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

## SONNET 16.

They be to blame then, that thy boldnes blame,  
 For hauing put thy self so oft in danger:  
 Sith against Rebels and against the Stranger,  
 Thy looks, like lightning did thy Troops inflame.  
*France* fought before, all bloody, faint, and lame,  
 Crauing thine aid to venge her hatefull wrong:  
 When, like a Lion to preferue her yong  
 Thou layd'st about thee to redeeme the same.  
 Then hadst thou cause to hazard so thy life  
 (In extream perils, extream remedies.)  
 But spare thee now, thy State is free from strife:  
 Soueraign, our safety in thy safety lies.  
*Codrus* could keep his, onely by his death:  
 Thou thine, alone by thine owne liuing breath.

## SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to becom thy Crown,  
 What *Carr-Triumphant* equall with thy worth,  
 What marble statue meet for thy renown,  
 Thou that hast rais'd the Lilly of the earth?  
 What honorable Title of Addition  
 Dost thou deserue, who (ioyning might with mildnes)  
 Hast sav'd this great Ship from a sad perdition,  
 Nigh lost in th' Ocean of warrs ciuill wildnes?  
 O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)  
 Hope not of vs thy iust deserued meed:  
 Earth is too-base, in Heav'n expect it rather.  
 Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,  
 Who thus hast sav'd the vniuersall Ball:  
 For, th' health of *France* imports the health of all.

Ddd 2

Pardon



## SONNET 18.

Pardon me (*Henry*) if Heav'ns silver raine,  
 Dewing thy Pearles, impearle mine humble Laies:  
 And if my verse (void both of price and paine)  
 Presume thy Vertues pailin; price to praise:  
 Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muse  
 Stutter thy name; and if with skill too scant  
 I limne thee here, let zeale my crime excuse;  
 My steel's attracted by thine Adamant.  
 For, as the Sunne, although he do reflect  
 His golden Rayes on grosser Elements,  
 Doth neuer spot his beautifull aspect:  
 So, though the praises of thine Excellence  
 Doo brightly glister in my gloomy stile,  
 They nothing lose of their first grace the while.

## SONNET 19.

Now, fith as well by conquest as succession  
*France* is thine owne; O keep it still therefore.  
 'Tis much to conquer: but to keep possession  
 Is full as much, and if it be not more.  
 Who well would keep so plentiful a portion,  
 Must stablish first the heavenly Discipline;  
 Then humane Lawes, restraining all extortion;  
 And Princely wealth with publike weale combine.  
 A Princes safety lies in louing People;  
 His Fort is Iustice (free from Stratagem)  
 Without the which strong Cittadels are feeble.  
 The Subjects loue is wonne by louing them:  
 Of louing them, n' oppression is the trial:  
 And no oppression makes them euer loyall.

SONNET 20.

Bold *Marsialists*, braue Imps of noble birth,  
 Shining in Steele for *France*, and for your King:  
 Ye Sons of those that heretofore did bring  
 Beneath their yoke, the pride of all the earth.  
 It is an honour to be high-descended;  
 But more, t'haue kept ones Country and fidelitie.  
 For, our owne vertues make vs most commended:  
 And Truth's the title of all true Nobility.  
 Your shoulders shoar'd vp *France* (euen like to fall)  
 You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:  
 And but for you, her shock had shaken All;  
 But now she stands stedfast on Ciuill P E A C E:  
 Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat doo work,  
 With holy Armes goe hunt the hatefull *Turk*.

SONNET 21.

But, you that vaunt your antike Petigrees,  
 So stately tymbring your furcharged shields,  
 Perking (like Pines aboue the lower Trees)  
 Ouer the Farmers of your neighbour fields;  
 Is't lack of loue, or is it lack of courage,  
 That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your houses,  
 While ouer all your Countries Foes doo forrage,  
 And rebell out-rage euery corner rouses?  
 If no example of your Ancesters,  
 Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,  
 The feeble Temper of your stomack stirres,  
 If in your liues yee neuer drew your swords  
 To serue your King, nor quench your Countries flames,  
 Pardon me, Nobles, I mistooke your names.

D d d 3

You



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SONNET 22.

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You sacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,  
 And teach the holy Mysteries of Heav'n,  
 From hence-forth all seditious plots dispatch,  
 And (Father-like) to all be alwaies even.  
 Through superstition stirre to strife againe;  
 Reuolts a mischief euermore pernicious:  
 Pluck vp abuses, and the hurtfull graine  
 Sprung from the Ignorant and Auaricious.  
 Auoid Ambition (common cause of strife)  
 Your reuerend Robe be free from staines of blood,  
 Preach holy Doctrine, prooue it by your life:  
 Fly Idlenes, choose exercises good;  
 To wit, all works of liuely faith and pietie.  
 So, to your fold shall flock the blest Societic.

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SONNET 23.

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You graue assembly of sage Senators,  
 Right Oracles, yee *Epbors* of *France*;  
 Who, for the States and Iustice maintenance,  
 Of Sword and Balance are the Arbitrers:  
 That from hence-forth (against all enemies)  
 Our P E A C E may seat her in a settled Throne;  
 Represse the malice of all mutinies,  
 Which through th'aduantage of these times haue growne.  
 At a lowe tyde 'tis best to mend a breach,  
 Before the flood returne with violence:  
 'Tis good in health to counsaile with a Leach:  
 So, while a People's calme from insolence,  
 'Tis best that Rulers bridle them with awe;  
 And (for the future) curbe the lewd with law.

People

SONNET 24

People, lesse settled then the sliding sand;  
 More mutable then *Proteus*, or the Moone;  
 Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:  
 Like *Enripus* ebbe-flowing euery Noone.  
 Thou thousand-headed head-les Monster-most,  
 Oft slaine (like *Antheus*) and as oft new rising,  
 Who, hard as Steele, as light as winde art tost;  
*Chameleon*-like, each obiects colour prying:  
 Vnblinde thy blinde soule, ope thine inward sight;  
 Be no more Tinder of intestine flame:  
 Of all fantastike humors purge thy spright:  
 For, if past-follies vрге yet grieve and shame,  
 Lo (like *Obliuions* law) to cure thy passion,  
 State-stabling *Peace* brings froward minds in fashion.

SONNET 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,  
 Like brittle glasse the Rocks to cyndars breaking;  
 Deafning the windes, dumbing the loudest thunders;  
 May ye be bound a thousand yeeres from speaking.  
 Yee hate-peace Hacksters flesht in Massacres,  
 Be you for euer banisht from our soile;  
 Yee Steeleed Toolles of slaughter, wounds, and warres,  
 Be you condemn'd to hang, and rust a while:  
 Or (notto languish in so fruit-les rest)  
 Be you transform'd to husband furniture,  
 To plow those fields you haue so oft deprest:  
 Or (if you cannot leaue your wonted vre)  
 Leaue (at the least) all mutinous alarmes,  
 And be from hence-forth Iustice lawfull Armes.



## SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, knowethy selfe, and knowethy Master,  
 As well thy heav'nly as thine earthly guider:  
 And be not like a Horse, who (proud of pasture)  
 Breakes Bit, and Reanes, and casts his cunning Rider  
 Who will be Subiects, shall be slaues in fine:  
 Who Kings refuse, shall haue a Tyrant Lord:  
 Who are not moov'd with the milde rods diuine,  
 Shall feele the fury of Heav'ns venging Sword.  
 Thy greaues stands on theirs that weare the Crowne,  
 Whereof, th'hast had now seuentie (sauing seuen)  
 Thinke one sufficient soone to pull thee downe:  
 Kings greatnes stands on the great King of Heav'n.  
 Knowing these two, then *Paris* knowethy selfe,  
 By Warres afflictions, and by PEACES wealth.

## SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride O *Paris* (Princely Dame)  
 To be chiefe Citie, and thy Soueraignes Throne:  
 Citie? nay modell of this torall Frame,  
 A mighty Kingdom of thy selfe alone.  
 The scourgeth that lately with paternall hand  
 For thine amendment did so mildely beat-thee,  
 If any more against thy Kings thou stand,  
 Shall proue that then God did but only threat-thee.  
 Wert thou a hundred thousand-fold more mighty,  
 Who in th'Olympike Court commands the thunders,  
 In his least wrath can wrack thee (most Almighty).  
 Thebes, Babel, Rome, those proud heav'n-daring wonders,  
 Lowe vnder ground in dust and ashes lie:  
 For earthly Kingdoms (even as men) doe die.

SONNET 28.

But, O my sorrowes ! whither am I toft ?  
 What ? shall I bloody sweet A S T R E A S Songs ?  
 Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almost,  
 And new-remember nigh forgotten wrongs ?  
 Sith stormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,  
 Forget we (Muse) all former furie-moods,  
 And all the tempests of our viper-Warre:  
 Drown we those thoughts in deep-deep *Lethe* floods.  
 O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine  
 So great, notorious, common miseries,  
 Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping raine:  
 But 'mid these hideous hellish out-rages,  
 I'll shoue and prooue by this strange spectacle,  
 Our ciuill P E A C E, a sacred Miracle.

SONNET 29.

As he that, scap't from Ship-wrack on a planke,  
 Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleuees  
 (Still faintly shiuering on the feare-les banke)  
 That (through that fraile helpe) certainly he liues:  
 As he that new freed from strange seruitude,  
 Returnes again to tread his natue allies,  
 Seems still to feare his Patrons rigour rude,  
 And seems still tugging, chained in the Gallies:  
 So alwayes, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror  
 Of troubles past doo haunt me euery-where,  
 And still I meete Furies and gasty Terror:  
 Then, to my selfe thus raue I (rapt with feare)  
 From pleasures past, if present sorrow spring,  
 Why should not past cares present comfort bring?

We



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SONNET 30.

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We must not now vpbraid each others crimes  
 Committed wrongly in the time of Warre;  
 For we haue all (alas) too often-times  
 Prouok't the vengeance of the Lord too farre:  
 Some robbing Iustice, vnder maske of Reason;  
 Some blowing coles, to kindle-vp Sedition;  
 Some 'gainst their King attempting open Treason;  
 Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).  
 Alas, we knowe our cause of maladie,  
 All apt t'accuse, but none to cleanse th'impure;  
 Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedy:  
 To knowe a grieve, it is but halfe a cure:  
 Is it our sinnes? let's purge away that bane;  
 For what helps Phylicke, if it be nottane?

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SONNET 31.

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Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holines,  
 Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite  
 Is most-most odious in Gods glorious fight,  
 That takes his Name to couer wickednes.  
 Profane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,  
 In quest of Kingdoms, holding nothing holy:  
 Think'st thou th'Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)  
 Or weake to punish Monsters so prodigious?  
 O execrable vizard, canst thou hide thee  
 From th'All-pierce Eye? Are treason, rape, and murder  
 Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-order?  
 Thy vaile is rent, the rudest haue descride thee.  
 'Tis now apparant to each plaine Opinion,  
 Thy hot Deuotion hunted but Dominion.

SONNET 32.

Tis strange to see the heat of Ciuill brands.  
 For, when we arme vs brother against brother,  
 O then how ready are our hearts and hands,  
 And Wits awake to ruine one another!  
 But, come to counter-mine 'gainst secret treason,  
 Or force the forces of a stranger foe,  
 Alas, how shallow are we then in reason,  
 How cold in courage, and in camping slowe!  
 France only strives to triumph ouer France:  
 With selfe-kill Swords to cut each others throat.  
 What swarmes of Soldiers euery where doo float,  
 To spend and spoile a Kingdoms maintenance?  
 But, said I Soldiers? ah I blush for shame,  
 To giue base Theeues the noble Soldiers name.

SONNET 33.

Is't not an endles scandall to our dayes  
 (If possible our heires can credit it)  
 That th'holy name of P E A C E, so worthy praise,  
 Hath been our Watch-word for a fault vnfit?  
 That the pure Lilly, our owne natie flower,  
 Hath been an odious obiect in our eyes?  
 That kingly Name, and Kings heav'n-stablisht power,  
 Hath been with vs a marke of trecheries?  
 Th'haue banisht hence the godly and the wise,  
 Whose sound direction kept the State from danger;  
 Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?  
 And (to conclude) seeking to serue a Stranger,  
 Th'haue stabd our owne? but (O Muse) keep that in:  
 The fault's so foul, to speak it were a sinne.

I waile



## SONNET 34.

I waile not I so much warres wastefull rigours,  
 Nor all thy ruines make me halfe so forie,  
 As thy lost honour (*France*) which most disfigures,  
 Losing thy loyalty, thy Natiue glory.  
 From *Moore* to *Muscowites* (O curled change!)  
 The *French* are called, *Faith-les Parricides*:  
 Th'yerst-most-prince-loyall people (O most strange!)  
 Are now Prince-teachers more than all besides:  
 With vs, *Massacres* passe for Pietie;  
 Theft, rape, and wrong, for iust-attaind possessions;  
 Reuolt for Merit, Rage for Equity:  
 Alas, must we needs borrow the transgressions  
 And imperfections of all other Nations,  
 Yerst onely blamed for inconstant fashions?

## SONNET 35.

Not without reason hath it oft been spoken;  
 That through faire Concord little things augment,  
 And (opposite) that mightiest things are broken  
 Through th'vgly Discord of the discontent.  
 When many tunes doe gently symphonize:  
 It conquers hearts and kindly them compounds;  
 When many hearts doe gentle sympathize  
 In sacred friendship, there all blisse abounds.  
 Alas, if longer we diuide this Realme,  
 Loosing to euery Partizan apart;  
 Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.  
 For, though it seeme to breath now somewhat peart,  
 Our finnes (I feare) will worke worse after-claps:  
 And ther's most danger in a re-relaps.

## SONNET 36.

O, how I hate these partia-lizing words,  
 Which show how we are in the Faith deuifed:  
 Is't possible to whet so many Swords,  
 And light such flames 'mong th'In-one-Christ-baptized:  
 Christians to Christians to be brute and bloody,  
 Altars to Altars to be opposite,  
 Parting the lim nes of such a perfect Body,  
 While *Turks* with *Turks* do better farre vnite?  
 We, in our Truth finde doubts (whence follow Schismes)  
 They, whose fond Law doth all of Lies consist,  
 Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganismes.  
 One nought beleeuers, another what him list:  
 One ouer-Creeds, another Creeds too-short;  
 Each makes his Church (rather his sect) a-part.

## SONNET 37.

Put-off 'deere *French* all secret grudge and gall,  
 And all keen stings of vengeance on all parts:  
 For, if you would haue *PEACE* proclaim'd to all,  
 It must be first faire printed in your hearts.  
 Henry the mildest of all Conquerers  
 (Your perfect glasse for Princely clemencie)  
 He, to appease and calme the State from iarrs,  
 For his friends sake, hath sav'd his enemy.  
 Let's all be *French*, all (subiects to one Lord;  
 Let *Fraunce* from hence-foorth be one onely State,  
 Let's all (for Gods sake) be of one accord.  
 So 'through true zeale Chri'st's praise to propagate)  
 May the most *Christian King* with prosperous power  
 On *Sion* walls re-plant our Lilly-flower.

O Chri-



## SONNET 38.

O christian cor'sue! that the *Mahomite*  
 With hundredthousands in *Vienna* Plaine,  
 His mooned Standards hath already pight,  
 Prest to ioyne *Austrich* to his *Thracian* Raigne:  
*Malth*, *Corfu*, *Candie*, his proud Threats disdaine;  
 And all our *Europe* trembles in dismay;  
 While striuing *Christians* (by each other slaine)  
 Each other weak'ning, make him easie waie.  
*Rhodes*, *Belgrade*, *Cyprus*, and the Realmes of *Greece*,  
 Thrall'd to his barbarous yoke, yet fresh-declare,  
 • That while two strue, a third obtaines the fleece.  
 Though name of *Christian* be a title faire;  
 If, but for Earth, they all this while haue striv'n,  
 They may haue Earth, but others shall haue Heav'n.

## SONNET 39.

May I not one day see in *Fraunce* againe  
 Some new *Martellus* (full of stout actiuitie)  
 To snatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,  
 That holds the Holy Land in strait captiuitie?  
 May I not see the selfe-weale-wounding Launce  
 Of our braue Bloods (yerst one another goring)  
 Turn'd with more valour on the *Muslimans*,  
 A higher pitch of happy prowesse soaring?  
 But who (deare *Fraunce*) of all thy men-at-arms  
 Shall so farre hence reue their ancient Laurels:  
 Sith here they plot rhine and their proper harmes?  
 I rather feare, that (through their fatall quarrels)  
 That hate-Christ Tyrant will in time become  
 The Lord and Soueraigne of all *Christendome*.

## SONNET 40.

Mid all these mischiefs, while the friend-foe Strangers,  
 With vs, against vs, had intelligence;  
*Henry* our King, our Father, voides our dangers,  
 And (O Heav'ns wonder) planteth PEACE in *Fraunce*.  
 Thou Iudge that sitt'st on the supernall Throne,  
 O quench thy fury, keep vs from hostilitie:  
 With eyes of mercy looke thou still vpon  
 Our PEACE, and found it on a firme stabilitie:  
 Sith (in despight of discord) thou alone,  
 Inward and outward, hast thus salu'd vs (Lord)  
 Keep still our *Fraunce* (or rather Lord thine owne)  
 Let Princes loue, and liue in iust accord:  
 Dis-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes busie them,  
 Be it alone for thy *Ierusalem*.

FINIS.



A DL



A  
DIALOGVE VP.  
ON THE TROV.  
BLES PAST:

Between HERACLITVS and DE-  
MOCRITVS, *the weeping and the*  
*laughing Philosophers.*

(\*)



*Acceptam refervo.*

---

## A DIALOGVE.

---

*Heraclitus.*

**A** Las / thou laugh'st, perhaps not feeling well  
The painfull torments of this mortall Hell:  
Ah! canst thou (tear-les) in this iron Age,  
See men massacred, Monsters borne to rage?

*Democritus.*

Ha! but why weep'st thou? wherefore in this sort  
Dooſt thou lament amid this merry ſport?  
Ha! canst thou chuse but laugh, to see the State  
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

*Heraclitus.*

He hath no heart that melts not all in teares,  
To see the treasons, murders, massacres,  
Sacks, sacrileges, losses, and alarmes  
Of those that perish by their proper armes.

*Democritus.*

Who all dismaied, swouneth sodainly  
To heare or see some fained Tragedy  
(Held in these dayes, on euery Stage as common)  
Is but a heart-les man, or but a woman.

*Heraclitus.*

O! would to God our Countreies tragick ruth  
Were but a fable, no effected truth:  
My soule then should not sigh to angry Heav'n,  
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

*Democritus.*

I take the world to be but as a Stage,  
Where net-maskt men do play their personage,  
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleasant shewe;  
Such ouer all, strange vanities doo flowe.

Eee

*Heraclitus*



*Heracitus.*

Those vanities I haue in detestation,  
 As cursed causes of Gods indignation:  
 Which makes me alwaies weep, sith on the earth  
 I see no object for the meanest mirth.

*Democritus.*

Thus, from one Subiect sundry sequels spring,  
 As diuersly our wits conceiue a thing.  
 I laugh to see thee weepe; thou weep'st to see  
 Me laugh so much, which more afflicteth thee.

*Heracitus.*

Laugh while thou list at mortall miseries,  
 I cannot chuse but euen weep out mine eyes:  
 Finding more cause for tears in bloody slaughter,  
 Then for thy sense-les ill be seeming laughter.

*Democritus.*

Melt thee, distill thee, turne to waxe or snowe;  
 Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voice to woe;  
 I cannot weep, except sometimes it hap  
 Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

*Heracitus.*

I weep to see thus euery thing confused,  
 Order disordred, and the Lawes abused;  
 Iustice reuerst, and Policie peruerred;  
 And this sicke State neere vterly subuerted.

*Democritus.*

I laugh to see how Fortune (like a ball)  
 Playes with the Globe of this inconstant All:  
 How she degraderh these, and graceth those;  
 How whom she lifts-vp, downe againe she throwes.

*Heracitus.*

I raine downe Riuers, when against their King  
 Cities rebell, through subiects bandying:  
 When Colledges (through Armes) are rest of Art:  
 When euery County Kingdomes it a-part.

*Democritus.*

## A Dialogue.

765

*Democritus.*

I burst with laughter, when (confounding State)  
I see those rebels hunt their Magistrate;  
When I heare Porters prate of State-designes,  
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

*Heraclitus.*

I weep to see Gods glory made a vaile  
To couer who his glorie most assaile:  
That sacred Faith is made a maske for sinne,  
And men runne headlong to destructions ginne.

*Democritus.*

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming  
Of iugling *Proteis*, to all times *Conforming*:  
But, most I laugh, t'haue seene the world so mad  
To starue and die, when those damn'd *Athessts* bad.

*Heraclitus.*

I weepe (alas) to see the people weepe,  
Opprest with rest-les waight in danger deepe;  
Crying for P E A C E, but yet not like to get-her,  
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

*Democritus.*

I laugh to see all cause of laughter gone, (mone:  
Through those which (yerst thou said'st) haue caus'd thy  
Noting th'old guile, I laugh at all their new;  
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

*Heraclitus.*

Som sorrowes also I in silence keepe;  
But in the Detart, all my woes shall weepe:  
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will helpe me then;  
For, in these dayes they are more milde then men.

*Democritus.*

I'll dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)  
To laugh my fill; for smiling P E A C E prouides  
Such plentious store of laughing-stuffe to fill me,  
That still I'll laugh, vn-les that laughing kill me.

FINIS.

AN



AN ODE  
OF THE LOVE  
AND BEAUTIES  
of *ASTRÆA*.

(\*\*)



To the most matchless-faire, and  
vertuous, M. M. H.

TETRASTICON.

**T**hou, for whose sake my freedome I for sake;  
Who, murthering me dost yet maintain my life:  
Heere, under PEACE, thy beauties Type I make,  
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keep'st me still in strife.



Sacred *PEACH*, if I approue thee,  
 If more then my life I loue thee,  
 'Tis not for thy beautilous eyes:  
 Though the brightest Lampe in skies  
 In his highest Sommer shine,  
 Seems a sparke compar'd with thine,  
 With thy paire of selfe-like Sunnes,  
 Past all els-comparisons.

'Tis not (deere) the dewes Ambrosiall  
 Of those pretie lips so Rosiall,  
 Make me humble at thy feet:  
 Though the purest honey sweet  
 That the Muses birds do bring  
 To Mount *Hybla* euery spring,  
 Nothing neere so pleasant is,  
 As thy liuely louing kisse.

'Tis not (Beauties Emperesse)  
 Th'Amber circlets of thy tresse,  
 Curled by the wanton winde,  
 That so fast my freedom bindes:  
 Though the pretious glittering sand  
 Richly strow'd on *Tagus* Strand;  
 Nor the graines *Pactolus* rol'd  
 Neuer were so fine a gold.

Ecc 3

'Tis







'Tis not for the polisht rowes  
Of those Rocks whence Prudence flows,  
That I still my sure pursue; yett  
Though that in those Countries new  
In the Orient lately found,  
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)  
'Mong all baytes of Auarice  
Be no Pearles of such a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yuorie neck  
Makes me worship at thy beck;  
Nor that prettie double Helix  
Of thy bosome panting still;  
Though no fairest *Ledas* Swan;  
Nor no sleekest Marble can  
Besmooth or white in showe,  
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradise)  
Thy front (euener than the yce)  
That my yeelding heart doth tye;  
With his mild-sweet Maestic;  
Though the siluer Moone beaine  
Still by night to mount her waine,  
Fearing to sustaine disgrace;  
If by day shee meet thy face.





'Tis not that soft Sattin limme,  
 With blew trailes enameld trimme,  
 Thy hand, handle of perfection  
 Keeps my thoughts in thy subiection:  
 Though it haue such curious cunning,  
 Gentle touch, and nimble running,  
 That on Lute to heare it warble,  
 Would moue Rocks and rauish Marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,  
 Which thy modest vaile doth hide  
 From mine eyes (ah too iniurious!)  
 Makes me of thy loue so curious:  
 Though *Diana* being bare,  
 Nor *Leucothoe* passing rare,  
 In the Cry stall-flowing springs  
 Neuer bath'd so beautilous things.

What then (O diuineſt Dame)  
 Fires my ſoule with burning flame,  
 If thine eyes be not the matches  
 Whence my kindling Taper catches?  
 And what *Nectar* from aboue  
 Feeds and ſeaſts my ioyes (my Loue)  
 If they taſte not of the dainties  
 Of thy ſweet lips ſugred plenties?

Ecc 4

What







What fell heat of couetize

In my feeble bosome fries;

If my heart no reckoning hold

Of thy tresses purest gold?

What inestimable treasure

Can procure me greater pleasure

Then those Orient Pearles I see

When thou daignst to smile on mee?

What? what fruit of life delights

My delicious appetites,

If I ouer-passe the messe

Of those apples of thy breasts?

What fresh buds of scarlet Rose

Are more fragrant sweet than those

Then those Twins, thy Straw-berrie teates,

Curled-purled Cherrielets?

What (to finish) fairer limme,

Or what member yet more trimme,

Or what other rarer Subiect

Makes me make thee all mine object?

If it be not all the rest

By thy modest vail suppress

(Rather) which an enuious cloud

From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah





Ah 't is a thing more diuine,  
 'Tis that peere-les Soule of thine,  
 Master-peece of Heav'ns best Art,  
 Made to maze each mortall heart.  
 'Tis thine all-admired wit,  
 Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,  
 Thy milde pleasing curtesie  
 Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire Soules respect,  
 I loue Twin-flames that reflect  
 From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:  
 And thy yellow lockes likewise:  
 And those Orient-Pearly Rocks  
 Which thy lightning Smile vn-lockes:  
 And the *Nectar*-passing blisses  
 Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I loue thy fresh rosie cheekes  
 Blushing most *Aurora*-like.  
 And the white-exceeding skin  
 Of thy neck and dimpled chin,  
 And those Iuorie-marble mounts  
 Either, neither, both at once:  
 For, I dare not touch, to know  
 If they be of flesh or no.

I loue







I louethy pure Lilly hand  
 Soft, and smooth, and slender; and  
 Those fine nimble brethren small  
 Arm'd with Pearle-shel helmets all.  
 I loue also all che rest  
 By thy modest vaile suppress  
 (Rather) which an enuious cloud  
 From my longing sight doth shroud.

---

FINIS.



## SONNET 1.

Sweet mouth, that send'st a musky rosed breath;  
 Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;  
 Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;  
 Whose every glance darts me a liuing-death:  
 Browes, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arkes:  
 Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besots;  
 Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,  
 Where, in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurkes:  
 Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, smooth, and high,  
 Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;  
 Vermilion Rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale:  
 Rare spirit, to rule this beautious Emperie:  
 If in your force, Diuine effects I view,  
 Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

## SONNET 2.

Thou, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;  
 Whose sight doth blinde me; and whose nimblenesse  
 Of feet in daunce, and fingers on the Lute,  
 In deep amazes makes me motion-les:  
 Whose onely prefence, from my self absents me;  
 Whose pleasant humours, make me passionate;  
 Whose sober moods my follies represents me;  
 Whose graue-milde graces make me emulate:  
 My heart, through whom, my heart is none of mine;  
 My All, through whom, I nothing do possesse  
 Saue thine *Idea*, glorious and diuine:  
 O thou my Peace-like War, and war-like PEACE,  
 So much the wounds that thou hast giuen me, please;  
 That 'tis my best ease, neuer to haue ease.

Epi



## Epigramms and Epitaphes vpon Warre and Peace.

### Vpon the League.

**F**Raunce, without cause thou doost complain  
Against the *League* for wronging thee,  
Sh'hath made thee large amends again,  
With more then common vsury:  
For, for thy one King which she slew,  
Sh'hath giuen thee now a thousand new.

### Vpon the taking of Paris.

**1**  
When *Paris* (happily) was wonne  
With small or no endangering,  
Such suddain common ioy begunne,  
That one would say (t'haue seen the thing)  
Th'King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

**2**  
O rarest sight of ioifull woe,  
Adorned with delightfull dread;  
When *Henry* with one self-same showe,  
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

**3**  
Sith, thee from danger and distresse to free,  
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;  
*Paris*, it was not in stern *Mars* his Moneth,  
But in the month that mild *ASTREA* owneth.

### Vpon the fall of the Millars-bridge.

**1**  
The Millars in the Riuier drown'd,  
While *Paris* was beleagerd round;  
To die were all resolv'd in minde,  
Because they had no more to grinde.

2

Then was their fittest time to die,  
Because they might intend it best:  
But their intent was contrary,  
Because they then liv'd so at rest.

3

As, after long sharp famine, som (forlorn)  
Of surfet Die, their greedines is such:  
This Mill-bridge, hauing fasted long from corn,  
Is drown'd (perhaps) for hauing ground too-much.

*Vpon the reuerie of Amiens.*

I know not which may seem most admirable;  
To take or re-take such a Cities force:  
But, yet I knowe which is most honorable,  
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Each where they sing a thousand wayes  
The glory of this enterprise:  
But yet of all their merry Layes,  
The best is still in the Re-prise.

3

*Hernand* was happy by this Enterprife,  
To take so soon our *Amiens* without blow:  
More happy yet, to die yer the Re-prise,  
Els had he dy'de for shame to leaue it so.

*Vpon the Reduction of Nantes.*

*Nantes* would not yeeld so soon (they sayd)  
Nor be recovered so good cheap:  
And yet, for all defence it made,  
Twas made to make the *Britton* Leap.

*Vpon PRACE.*

1

Souldiers, late prest, are now suppress;  
Croft and cassied from further pay:  
Yet will they (in this time of rest)  
Take vp their lendings by the Way.

2 This



2

This PEACE (it seemeth) doth not found  
To all the world; for euery-where  
More Sergeants now do goe the Round,  
Then Souldiers yerst accustom'd were.

*Vpon Captain Coblar.*

Amcery Coblar left the wars,  
To turn vnto his Occupation:  
And, asked by his Customers  
The reason of his alteration;  
'T hath pleas'd (quoth he) the King to ordain  
That each his officer take again.

*Vpon Warre.*

Here, vnder this huge heap of stones  
Lately enterr'd lies cruell WARRE:  
Pray God long rest her soule and bones:  
Yet, there is nothing worse for her.

*Vpon Rowland Rob-Church.*

Heerlyeth Rowland, that was lately slain,  
In robbing of a wealthy Chappell, (pyde:  
Yet I belecue he doth in Heav'n remain,  
Sith onely for the Churches Good he dyde.

*Vpon Captaine Catch.*

Heer vnder, Captain CATCH is layd.  
Who sixe times chang'd from side to side,  
Of neither side (it seem'd) afraid:  
He wore a white Scarfe when he di'de:  
Yet som suspect (and so do I)  
For his inconstance showne before,  
That to the Black-band he did fly:  
But now he can reuolt no more.

*Vpon*

*Upon Sir Nequam Neuter.*

Heerlyeth he, who the more safe to pray  
On both sides; *Neuter*, between both abode:  
Whether his Soule is gone, I can not say,  
Sith he was, nor for Diuell, nor for God.

*Pax omnibus una.*

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FINIS.

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A l'honneur





A l'honneur de la Paix, chantée par  
 Monsieur du N E S M E, & rechantée  
 en Anglois par Monsieur  
 SYLVESTRE.

**S**ans Paix rien ne subsiste: en Paix tout croist & dure:  
 Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Vniuers  
 Et le Petit, bastis de membres si diuers,  
 Touts s'entr'aydans l'un l'autre en commune facture:  
 Elle unit a son Dieu l'humaine creature:  
 Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deserts:  
 Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts  
 De biens donans plaisirs, vesture, & nourriture.  
 Enuoy-la donc (O Dieu) a nos Princes & Roys,  
 En nos maisons, en nous; & fay que d'une voix  
 Nous suyviens les accords de ton Nesme admirable:  
 Lors (a iamais) seras louè de nos Gaulois  
 Par ses chants tout-divins: & Sylvestre, en Anglois  
 Redoublera ce loz d'un stile immitable.

P. CATELLE. I' attens le temps.



# THE PROFIT OF IMPRISONMENT.

## *A PARADOX.*

Written in French by *Odet de la*

*None*, Lord of *Teligni*, being Prisoner in  
the Castle of *Tournay*.

Translated by IOSVAH  
SYLVESTER.

---



*Asseptamrefero.*

---

Fff





## TO HIS LONG APPRO

ved friend, M. R. Nicolson

J. S. wilheth euer all

true content.

**T**O thee (the same to me as first I meant)  
 Friend to the Muses, and the well inclinde,  
 Louing, and lov'd of euery vertuous minde:  
 To thee the same, I the same Song present  
 (Our mutwall loue's eternall Monument)  
 Wherein, our Nephewes shall heer-after finde  
 Our constant Friendship how it was combinde  
 With linkes of kindnes and acknowledgement.  
 Accept againe this Present in good part,  
 This simple pledge of my sincere affection  
 To Tangley, Thee, and thy Soon-calm-in-hart  
 (Perfect good-will supplies all impefection).  
 Chameleons change their colour: Guile her game:  
 But (in both Fortunes) Vertue's still the same.



A SONNET OF THE  
*Author to his Booke.*

**T**He body over-prone to Pleasures and delights  
Of soft, fraile, dainty flesh, and to self-ease addicted,  
Abhors Imprisonment, as a base paine inflicted  
To punish the defaults of most unhappy wights.  
The soule, as much surpriz'd with loue of beauenly sights,  
And longing to behold the place that appertaines-her  
Doth loath the body, as a Prison that detaines-her  
From her high happines among the blessed sprights.  
Then, sith both body & soule their bondage neuer brook,  
But soule and body both doo loue their liberty:  
Tell, tell me (O my Muse) who will belecue our Book?  
He that hath learn'd a-right both these to mortifie,  
And serue our Sauour Christ in body and in spirite,  
Who both frõ thrall hath freed by their own only merit.





## A PARADOX,

*That Aduersity is more necessary then  
Prosperity; and that, of all afflictions  
Close-prison is most pleasant, and  
most profitable.*

**H**ow-euer fondly-false a vain Opinion seeme,  
If but the Vulgar once the same for right esteeme;  
Most men account it so: so (in absurdest things)  
Consent of multitude exceeding credit brings.  
Nor any meane remaines when it is once receiued,  
To wrest it from the most of erring minds deceiued.  
Nay, who so shall but say, they ought to alter it,  
He headlong-casts himsele in dangers deepest Pit.

For neuer nimble Barke that on aduventure runnes  
Through those blew bounding Hilles where hoarie *Neptun*  
Was set-vpon so sore with neuer-cest assault (wunner  
Maintain'd on euery tide by winds and waters salt,  
When, raging most, they raise their roughest tempest dreaded  
As th' idiot multitude, that Monster many-headed  
Bestirres it selfe, with wrath spight, fury, full of terror,  
Gainst whatsoeuer man that dares reprove her error.  
Who vndertakes that taske, must make account (at first)  
To take hot warres in hand, and beare away the worst.  
Therefore a many Workes (worthy the light) haue died  
Before their birth in breasts of Fathers terrified,  
Not by rough deeds alone; but euen by foolish threats:  
Yet onely noise of words base cowards only bears.

Then feare who list (for me) the common peoples crie,  
And who so list, be mute, if other minded: I

(Scorning

(Scorning the feeble force of such a vaine indeuour)  
Will freely (spight of feare) say what I cenlure euer:  
And, though my present State permit me not such scope,  
Mine vn-forbidden pen with Errors pride shall cope.

*Close Prison* (now a-daies) th' extreamest miserie  
The world doth deeme, I deeme direct the contra rie:  
And there-with-all will proue, that euen *Aduersities*  
Are to be wished more then most Prosperities.

And, for *Imprisonment*, though that be most lamented,  
Of all the griefes wherewith men feare to be tormented;  
Yet, that's the State most stor'd with pleasure and delight,  
And the most gain-full too to any Christian wight.

A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, then creditable;  
The which my selfe sometimes haue also thought a fable,  
While guile-full vanities, fed not, but fill'd my mind,  
For strengthening sustenance, with vn-substantiall winde.

I hated Death to death, I also did detest  
All sicknes and disease that might a man molest.  
But most I did abhorre that base esteemed State,  
Which to subiections Law our selues doth subiugate,  
And our sweet life enthralls vnto anothers will:  
For, as my fancie wish't I would haue walked still.  
Death (thought I) soone hath done, and euery griefe besides,  
The more extreame it is, the less time abides:  
But now, besides that I esteem'd the prisoner trouble  
Much worse, me thought the time his martyrdome did dou-  
So that, to scape that scourge, so irksome to my hart, (ble.  
I could haue been content to suffer any smart.

Lo, by blind ignorance how iudgements are mis-led:  
Now that full thirtie monthes I haue experienced  
That so-much-feared ill, 'tis now so vs'd to me,  
That I (a prisoner) liue much more content and free,  
Then when as (vnder cloake of a false freedome vaine)  
I was base slaue (indeede) to many a bitter paine.

But, now I see my selfe mockt euery-where almost,  
And feeble me alone met by a mightie host  
Of such, as (in this case) doo not conceiue as I,  
But doo esteeme themselves offended much thereby.



And therefore (Father deere) this weake abortiue Child,  
 For refuge runnes between th'arines of his Grand-fire mild.  
 If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:  
 For, careles of the rest, all that I heere desire,  
 Is onely that your selfe (as in a Glasse) may see  
 The Image of th'estate of my Captiuitie:  
 Where, though I nothing can auaille the Common-weale,  
 Yet I auaille my selfe (at least) som little deale.  
 Praising th'all powerfull Lord, that thus vouchsafes to pour  
 Such fauours manifold vpon me euery houre,  
 Wherof your selfe (yer while) so sweet sure proof haue tasted,  
 In cruell bitterness of bands that longer lasted.

Now, I beseech his Grace to bleis mine enterprife,  
 My heart and hand at onceto gouerne in such wise,  
 That what I write, may nought displeasing him containe:  
 For, voide of his sweet aide, who works he works in vaine.

Within the wide-spred space of these round Elements,  
 Whatsoeuer is indewd with liuing soule and sense,  
 Seeks (of it selfe) selfe-good; this instinct naturall  
 Nature her selfe hath grauen in hearts of Creatures all:  
 And of all liuing things (from largest to the least)  
 Eeach one to flie his ill doth euermore his best.  
 Thereof it comes (we see) the wilde Horse (full of strength)  
 Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;  
 And so, by force we tame each most vntamed beast,  
 Which, of it selfe, discreet, of euils takes the least:  
 And though that that which seems to be his chiefe restraint  
 He often-times despise, that's by a worse constraint:  
 As when the Lion fierce, feare-lesse pursues the shining  
 Of bright keen-piercing blades, and's royal crest declining,  
 Full of the valiant Fire, that courage woonts to lend,  
 Runnes midst a million swords, his whelplings to defend,  
 More fearing farre that they their liberty should lose,  
 Than on him selfe the smart of thousand wounding blowes.

But, all things haue not now the selfe same goods and ils;  
 What helpeth one, the same another hurts and kills:  
 There's ods between the good that sauage Beasts do like,  
 And that good (good indeed) which soul-wife man must seek

Whe

When Beasts haue store of food, and free from foe's annoy,  
Smart-lesse, and sound, and safe, may (as they list) enioy  
Their fill of those delights, that most delight the sense:  
That, that's the happines that fully them contents:  
But reasonable soules (as God hath made mankind)  
Can with so wretched Good not satisfie their mind.  
But, by how much the more their inly sight excels  
The brutish appetite of euery creature els,  
So much more excellent the good for which they thirst.  
Man of two parts is made: the body is the worst,  
The Heav'n-born soule, the best, wherein mans blisse abides;  
In body that of beasts, nought hauing els besides:  
This body stands in need of many an accessorie,  
To make it somewhat seem: the soule receiues this g'ory,  
That selfly she subsists; and her abundant wealth  
(Vnlike the bodies store) is euer safe from stealth.

Our body took his birth of this terrestrial clod:  
Our spirit, it was inspir'd of th'inly breath of God;  
And either of them still strives to his proper place,  
This (earth-born) stoopes to earth; that lies to heauen apace.  
But, as the silly bird, whose wings are wrapt in lime,  
Faine (but in vaine) attempts to flie full many a time:  
So, our faire soule, surcharg'd with this foule robe of mud,  
Is too-too often held from mounting to her Good.  
She strives, she strikes, sometimes she lifts her vp aloft:  
But, as the worser part (we see) preuaileth oft,  
This false fraile flesh of ours with pleasure's painted lure,  
Straight makes her stoop againe downe to the dust impure.

Happy who th'honour hath of such a victory,  
He crowns his conquering head with more true maiesty  
Then if he had subdued those Nations, by his might,  
Which doo discover first *Aurora's* early light,  
And those whom *Phæbus* sees from his *Meridian* Mount,  
Th'*Anti-podes*, and all; more then the sand to count.  
For, small the honour is to be acknowledg'd King  
And Monarke of the world, oneselfe vn-mastering.

But, each man on his head this Garland cannot set,  
Nor is it giuen to all this victorie to get,



Onely a very few ( Gods deere-belov'd Elect )  
 This happy Goale haue got by Vertues lyue effect:  
 The rest, soon weary of this same so painfull War,  
 Like well of Heauen, but loue the earth about it far:  
 Some, drunk with poysony dregs of worldly pleasures brute,  
 Know where true good consists, but neuer doo ensue't:  
 Some doo ensue the same, but with so faint a heart,  
 That at the first assault they doo retire and start:  
 Some, more courageous, vow more then they bring to passe  
 ( So much more easie'tis to say, then doo, alas ) (ments  
 And all, through too-much loue of this vaine worlds allure-  
 Or too much idle feare of sufferings and endurements:  
 Meere vanities, whereto the more men doo incline,  
 The farther-off they are from their *chiefe Good* diuine,  
 Therefore, so many think themselves so miserable:  
 Therefore the aire is fill'd with out-cries lamentable.  
 Of such as doo disdain the thing that better is,  
 To entertaine the worse, with forfeit of their blisse:  
 Therefore we see those men that riches doo possesse,  
 Afflicted still with care: and therefore, heauinesse  
 Abandons neuer those, that, fed with honours fill,  
 Fawne vpon Potentates, for sitting fauours still,  
 And, cause ( God wot ) they haue, to beat quiet neuer,  
 Sith their felicitie is so vncertaine euer.  
 Neither are Kings themselves exempted from vexation:  
 How-euer Soueraignes way they beare in any Nation:  
 For, now they wish to win, anon feare losse no lesse,  
 Yea, though ( for Empire ) they did this wide world possesse,  
 Not one of them, with all, could full contented be:  
 For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth he.  
 Who ( therfore ) couets most such soon-past goods vncertain,  
 Shall ne'r enioy the ioy of goods abiding certain:  
 But, who so seeks to build a true content, to last;  
 On else-what must else-where his first foundation cast.  
 For, all things here below are apt to alter euer;  
 Here's nothing permanent: and therefore who so euer  
 Trusts thereto, trusteth to a broken staffe for stay;  
 For no earth's vanity can blesse a man for aye.

We must, to make vs blest, our firme assurance found  
Els-where then in this world, this change-inthralled ground:  
We must propose our selues that perfect, perish-les,  
That true vnfaigned good, that good all danger-les  
From th' vnjust spoile of theeues, which neuer, neuer stands  
In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pilling hands.

Now, 'tis with spirituall hands and not with corporall  
That we doo apprehend these heauenly treasures all:  
Treasures so precious, that th' onely hope to haue them  
In full fruition once, with him that frankly gaue them,  
Fills vs with euery ioy, our sorrowes choaks and kills,  
And makes vs feeble, amid our most tormenting ills,  
A much more calme content, then those that euery day  
On this fraile earth inioy their hearts with euery way.

It's therefore in the spirit, not in the flesh that we  
Must seeke our *Soueraigne Good* and chiefe Felicitie.  
Th' one is not capable of any iniurie:  
Th' other's thrall to th' yoke of many a miserie:  
Th' one end-les, euer-lasts, th' other endures so little,  
That wel-nigh yer't be got, 'tis gone, it is so brittle.

For, who is he that now in wealth aboundeth most,  
Or, he that in the Court Kings fauours best may boast,  
Or, he that's most with robes of dignity bedight,  
Or, he that swimmes on Seas of sensuall sweet delight,  
But is in perill still to proue the contrarie,  
Poore, hated, honour-les, and full of misery?

But, one, that scorning all these rich proud pomps and plea-  
About him (*Bias-like*) beares alwaies all his treasures, (sures  
Euen (like to him) can leaue his native Country sackt  
Withour sustaine of losse: and, with a mind infract,  
Euen vanquished bereaue the Victors victories,  
Who, though his Land he win, cannot his hart surprise.

Let exile, prisonment, and tortures great and small,  
With their extreamest paines at-once assaile him all:  
Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,  
Poore, frindles, naked, sick (or if ought worse then those)  
He doth not onely beare all this with patience,  
But taketh (euen) delight in such experience:



Regarding all these griefes, which men so much affright,  
As Baby-fearing buggs, and scar-crowes void of might:  
He chooseth rather much such exercise as these,  
Then mid the flesh-delights to rust in idle ease.

But, very few there are, that thus much will admit:  
Nay, few or none there are that easily credit it;  
The most part taking-part with common most conceit,  
Yet they haue heard of this, sustaine the tother straight:  
Not seeing, that themselues shun and refuse as ill,  
What vnto other men, for good they offer still.

Not one of them will brooke his Son in sloath to lurke,  
But moues, and stirres him vp incessantly to work:  
Forbids him nothing more then sin-seed idlenes:  
Nor any pleasure vaine permits him to possesse,  
(For well he knowes, that way to vertue doth not lead,  
But thither-ward who walks a path of paine must tread)  
If he offend in ought, he chastens and reprocues him,  
In so much sharper sort by how much more he loues him.

Thus handleth man the thing that most he holdeth deere  
Yet thinks it strange himselfe should be so handled heere.  
May we not rather think we are belov'd of God,  
When as we feele the stripes of his iust-gentle rod?  
And that, whom heere he lers liue as they list in pleasure,  
Are such as least he loues, and holds not as his treasure?  
For so, not of our slaues, but of our sonnes elect,  
By sharp-sweet chastisements the manners we correct.

In very deed God doth as doth a prudent Sire,  
Who little careth what may crosse his chilles desire,  
But what may most auail vnto his betterment:  
So, knowing well that ease would make vs negligent,  
He exerciseth vs, he stirres vs vp, and presses:  
And, though we murmur much, yet neuer more he ceases,  
He chastens, he afflicts: and those whom most he striketh,  
Are those whom most he loues, and whom he chiefly liketh.

No valiant men of warre will murmur or mislike,  
For being plac't to proue the formost push of pike:  
Nay, rather would they there already frowne the foe,  
With losse of dearest blood, their dauntlesse hearts to show.

If an exploit approach, or Battel-day draw nie,  
If ambush must be laid, some Stratagem to trie;  
Or, must they meet the foe in eger skirmish fell,  
Or for the sleepy hoast all night keep sentinell:  
From grudging at the paines, so far off are they all,  
That blest they count themselves; therefore their Generall  
Imploies them often-times, as most couragious;  
And, them approu'd, he plants in places dangerous:  
But, no man makes account of such as shun the charge,  
Whose paine is not so little as their shame is large.

All of vs (in this world) resemble Souldiers right,  
From day-breake of our birth euen to our dying night:  
This life it is a warre; wherein the valiantest,  
With hottest skirmishes are euer plied and prest:  
Whom our grand-Captaine most sets-by, he sets a-frunt:  
The foreward, as most fit to beare the chiefest brunt.  
Cares, exiles, prisonments, diseases, dolours, losses,  
Maimes, tortures, torments, spoiles, contempt, dishonours,  
All these are hard exploits, & full of bickrings bold, (crosses,  
Which he commits to those whom he doth decreest hold:  
But, leaue th those behinde for whom he careth little,  
To stretch themselves at ease amid their honours brittle,  
Their pomps, their dignities, their ioies, their gems, their treasures  
Their dainties, their delights, their pastimes & their pleasures;  
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage and the stuffe,  
While others meet the foe, and shew their valours proofe.

But haue not these (say some) in these afflictions part?  
No; but of punishment, they often feelee the smart.  
Afflicted those we count, whom chastnings tame, and turne;  
The other punished, that at correction spurne:  
The first (still full of hope) reape profit by their rods,  
The later (desperate) through spight wax worse by ods.  
Boy-straglers of a Camp, so should be punish't then,  
Being naked for't to fight with troupes of armed men,  
Who cannot reape nor reach the pleasure, nor the meed,  
Nor th' honour incident for doing such a deed:  
To such praise-winning place, braue Souldiers gladly run,  
Which as a dangerous place these faint-harts sadly shun.

What



What Warriour in the world, that had not rather trie  
 A million of extreames (yea rather euen to die)  
 Then with disgrace full spot to staine his Honour bright  
 In these corporeall Warres? Yet, in the ghostly fight  
 (Of glory careles all) wee shun all labours pain,  
 To purchasewith reproche a rest-nest idly-vain.  
 Vertue is not atchieu'd, by spending of the year  
 In pleasures soft, sweet shades, down beds and dainty cheere:  
 Continuall travell 'tis that makes vs there ariue,  
 And so by trauell too Vertue is kept aliuie:  
 For, soon all vertue vades without some exercise;  
 But, being stird, the more her vigour multiplies.

Besides, what man is he, that feels some member rotten,  
 Whereof he feares to die, but causeth straight be gotten  
 Some surgeon, that with sawe, with cauter, or with knife,  
 May take that part away, to saue his threatned life:  
 And suffers (though with smart) his very flesh and bones  
 To be both sear'd, and saw'd, and cleane cut-off at once?  
 But, to recure the soule (the soule with sin infected)  
 All wholesome remedies are hated and reiected:  
 With the Physician kind th'impatient Patient frets,  
 Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand he lets:  
 We are halfe putrified, through sinnes contagious spot,  
 And without speedy helpe the rest must wholly rot:  
 Cut-off th'infected part, then are we sound and free,  
 Els all must perish needs, there is no remedie.

Most happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord  
 (With smart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord  
 Of th'euer-neuer death, wherein they lye and languish,  
 That heere haue had their ease and neuer tasted anguish.

But many, which as yet the aduerse part approoue,  
 Conceiue (if not confesse) that it doth more behoooue  
 By faintlesse exercise faire Vertue to maintaine,  
 Then ouer-whelm'd with Vice, at rest to rust in vaine.  
 But yet th'extremity of sufferings dorth dismay-them,  
 The force where-of they feare would easily ouer-lay them:  
 They loue the exercise, the chastenings likewise like them,  
 But yet they wold haue God but cold and softly strike-them;

Elſ are they preſt to runne, to ruine, with the Diuels,  
They are ſo ſore aſeard of falſe ſuppoſed euils:  
Moſt wretched is the man that for the feare of niſſes,  
All liuely-breathing hopes of happy goodnes ſtifles.  
Of niſſes, ſir, ſay they? ſeeme all their bitter croſſes,  
As nothing? nor their paines, nor lamentable loſſes,  
That daily they indure? were not the wretches bleſt,  
If from their heauie load their ſhoulders were releaſt?

Who is not happy (ſure) in miſery and woe,  
No doubt proſperity can neuer make him ſo:  
No more then he that's ſick ſhould find more eaſe vpon  
A glorious golden bed, then on a wooden one.  
Man harbours in himſelfe the euill that afflicts-him,  
And his owne fault it is, if diſcontentment pricks-him:  
And all theſe outward illſ are wrongfully accuſed,  
Which fleſh and blood doth blame; for, being right'y vſed,  
They all turne to our good: but whoſo takes offence  
Thereby, hath by and by his iuſt rough recompence:  
For neither in their power, nor in their proof the ſame  
Are euillſ in effect, but in conceit and name,  
Which when we lightly waigh, the leaſt of vs ſurmounts them,  
Nor hurt they any one but him that ouer-counts them.

Neither ought that (indeed) for euill to be rated,  
Which may by accident be vnto good tranſlated:  
For ill is euer ill, and is contrary euer  
Directly vnto good, ſo that their natures neuer  
Can be conſtrain'd to broeke each other, neither yet  
Can th'one be euer turn'd to th'other oppoſite:  
But plainly we perceiue, that there's no languor ſuch,  
But long continuance and cuſtome lighten much:  
Familiarizing ſo the Fit, that how ſo ſiet it,  
Euen in the extremitie one may almoſt forget it.  
What better prooffe of this, then theſe poore Gallie-ſlaues,  
Which (hauing been before ſuch Rogues and idle Knaues)  
As ſhunning ſeruices to labour were ſo loth,  
That they would ſtarue and die rather then leaue their ſloth,  
But being vs'd a while to tug the painfull Ore,  
Labour that yeſt they loath'd, they now deſire the more.

Or



Or those that are assail'd with burning Feuer-fir,  
 Euen then when least of all they dread or doubt of it;  
 Who carefully complaine, and crie, and raue, and rage,  
 Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot swage;  
 Yet, if it wax not worse, the daintiest body makes it  
 In eight dayes as a vse, and as a trifle takes it:  
 Or, those that haue sometimes the painfull rack indured,  
 Whowithout change of paine being a while inured,  
 The paine that did constrain them to bewaile and weepe,  
 Seems them so easie then, they almost fall a-sleepe.

All are not euills then, that are surnamed so,  
 Sith euill neuer can his nature mingle, no,  
 Nor turne it into good; whereas we plainly see  
 On th'other side, that these are changed sodainly.  
 And, were they ill (indeed) sith they so little last,  
 Were't not a very shame to be so much agast?

But here again (say they) th'ones nature neuer taketh  
 The others nature on, but still the stronger maketh  
 His fellow giue him place, and only beareth sway  
 Till that, return'd againe, drive it againe away.

Nay, that can neuer be: for neuer perfect good  
 Can by his contrarie be banisht (though withstood):  
 For, good is euer good, and where so'e're it goe  
 Euill doth euer strue, but with too strong a foe.  
 There is no reason then, these, good, or ill to call,  
 That alter in this sort, and neuer rest at all:  
 Neither to blisse or blame them for the good or ill  
 That euer in her selfe our soule concealeth still.

For, if that from without, our bale, or else our blisse  
 Arriued; euermore withall must follow this,  
 That alwaies, vnto all, selfe ill, selfe paine, would bring:  
 Selfe good, one selfe content: but tis a certaine thing,  
 They are not taken for their quality and kind,  
 But rather as th'effects of men are most inclin'd.

One, losing but a crowne hath lost his patience quight:  
 Another hauing lost fise hundred in a night,  
 Is neuer mov'd a iote, though (hauing lesse in store,  
 Then th'other hath by ods) his losse might grieue him more

One, being banished, doth nothing but lament;  
Another (as at home) is there as well content.  
And, one in prison pent, is vtterly dismaide,  
Another, as at home, liues there as well appaid.

Needs must we then confesse, that in our selues doth rest  
That which vnhappieth vs, and that which make vs blest:  
In vs (indeed) the ill, which of our selues doth growe:  
And in vs too the good, which from God's grace doth flow,  
To whom it pleaseth him: true good that none can owe-yet,  
Sauethose on whom the Lord vouchsafeth to bestow-it:  
And that the bitter smart of all the paines that wring-vs,  
From nothing but our sinne, receiueth strength to sting-vs.

Yea, surely in our selues abides our miserie:  
Our Grand-fire *Adam* left vs that for Legacie,  
When he enthralld himselfe vnto the Law of sin,  
Wherein his guilty heires their grieve-full birth begin.

The Lord had giuen to him a Nature and a feature,  
Perfekt (indeed) and blest aboue all other creature;  
And of this Earthly world had stablish't him as King,  
Subiecting to his rule the reanes of euery thing:  
His spirit within it selfe no selfe-debates did nurse,  
Hauing no knowledge yet of better nor of worse:  
His body ever blithe and healthfull felt no war  
Of those foure qualities that now doo euer iarre:  
Nor any poysony plant, nor any Serpent fell,  
Nor any noysom beast could hurt in any deale:  
He might, without the taste of bitter death attaine  
Vnto the Hauens of Heauen, were all true Ioyes doo raigne.  
And, had he not misdone, he might haue well bequeath'd  
The same inheritance to all that euer breath'd:  
How happy had he been, if he had neuer eaten  
Th'vnlawfull fatall fruit that double Death did threaten?  
O that he neuer had preferd the Serpents flatter  
Before th'eternall Law of all the worlds Creator.

You shall be (said the Fiend) like supream Deities:  
This sweet fruits sugred iuice shall open both your eyes  
Which now your tyrant God (enuying all your blisse)  
Blindes with a filmy vaile of black Obscurities,

Least



Least that you should become his equals in degree,  
Knowing both good and ill as well as euer he.

Poor *Eue* beleeueth him straight, and Man beleeueth his wife  
And biteth by and by the Apple asking-life:  
Whereof so soone as he had tasted, he begins  
(But all too-late alas) to see his curst sinnes.

His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then he had the skill  
To know the difference between the good and ill:  
Then did he knowe how good, good was when he had lost-it  
And euill too he knew (but ah too deereely cost-it)  
Leauing himselfe ( besides the sorrow of his losse)  
Nothing but sad despaire of succour in his crosse.

He found himselfe falne down from blisse-full state of peace  
Into a ciuill warre where discords neuer cease:  
His soule reuolting, soon became his bitter foe.  
But (as it oft befalls that worst doo strongest growe)  
She is not eas'd at all by th' inly struiuing iarres,  
Which doo annoy her more then th' irefull open warres.  
Wrath, hatred, enuy, feare, sorrow, despaire, and such:  
And passions opposite to these, afflict as much,  
Distracting to and fro the Princeesse of his life,  
In restles mutinies, and neuer ceasing strife.  
Then th' humor-brethren all, hot cold, and wet, and dry,  
Falne out among themselves, augment his misery.  
So that (by their debate) within his flesh there seeded  
A haruest of such weeds as neuer can be weeded.  
All creatures that before (as Subiects) did attend-him,  
Now, 'mong themselves conspire by all means to offend-him:  
In brieft, Immortall borne, now mortall he became,  
And bound his soule to bide Hells euer-burning flame,  
Leauing his wofull heires (euen from their births beginning)  
Heires of his heauy paine, as of his hainous sinning.

So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankind,  
To beare the punishment to his foule sinne assign'd:  
And none had euer scap't, had not the God of grace  
(Desiring more to saue, then to subuert his race)  
Redeem'd vs by the death of his deer onely Son,  
And chosen vs in him before the World begun:

Forgiuing vs the fault, and with the fault the fine;  
All saue this temporall death, of *Adams* sin the signe.

Now in the horror of those ease-lesse, end-lesse paines,  
It may be rightly said that euill euer raignes:  
That's euill's very selfe; and not this seeming-woe,  
Wherof the wanton world complaineth daily so.

Liv'd we ten thousand yeers continually tormented  
In all fell tortures strange that euer were inuented,  
What's that compar'd to time that neuer shall expire,  
Amid th' infernall flames, whose least-afflicting fire  
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can thinke?  
Sure, all that we endure, till *Lethe* drops we drinke,  
Is all but ease to that: or if it be a paine,  
Tis in respect of that a very trifle vaine.

But, were't a great deale worse, why should we euill name  
That which we rather finde a medicine for the same?  
Health, wealth, security, honour and ease doo make vs  
Forget our God, and God for that doth soone forsake vs;  
Whereas afflictions are ready means to mooue vs,  
To seeke our health in him that doth so deerely loue vs.

'Tis true indeed (say some) that benefit they bring vs,  
But yet the smart thereof doth so extreemly wring vs,  
That th' euill which they feele that doo indure the same,  
Makes them esteeme it iust to giue it that for name.

Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be denied)  
Is thrall to many throes, while here on earth we bide  
In body and in soule: the troubled soule sustaines  
A thousand passions strong, the body thousand paines:  
And that's the wretched State, the which yer-while I saide,  
Was iustly due to vs, when *Adam* disobay'd.

But, he that's once new-borne in Iesus Christ by faith,  
Who his assured hope in God sole settled hath,  
Who doth beleue that God giues essence vnto all;  
And all sustaineth still: that nothing doth befall  
But by his sacred will, and that no strength that striueth  
To stop his iust decrees, can stand, or euer thriueth:  
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,  
The which he takes for due vnto his deepe offence:



Nor onely is content (if such be Gods good pleasure)  
 To feele a thousand-fold a much more ample measure,  
 But euen delights therein, and void of any feare,  
 Expects th'extremitie of all assaults to beare:  
 Whether almighty God abate their woonted vigor,  
 Or (that his may not feele their crosses cruell rigor)  
 Doo wholly arme them with new forces for the nonce,  
 To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at once.

And, to approoue this true; how many dayly drink  
 Of torments bitter Cup, that neuer seeme to shrink?  
 Alas, what sharper smart? what more afflicting paines?  
 What worser grieve then that, which ceaselesly sustaines?  
 He that by some mischance, or els by martiall thunder,  
 Vnhappily hath had some maine bone broke in sunder?  
 What torment feeleth not the fore-sicke deepe-diseased?  
 One while with cruell fit of burning Feuer seised:  
 Another while assail'd with Colick and with Stone,  
 Or, with the cure-lesse Gout, whose rigour yeelds to none?  
 Or, thousand other griefes, whose bitter vexing strife  
 Disturbs continually the quiet of our life?  
 Yet notwithstanding this, in all this painfull anguish,  
 (Though the most part ere pine, & plain, & mourn, & languish,  
 Murmuring against the Lord, with malcontented voice)  
 Some praise his clemencie, and in his rods reioyce.

How many such (deere Saints) haue fell tormenters seene,  
 To die betweene their hands, through moody tyrants teen?  
 So little daunted at their martyrdome and slaughter,  
 That in th'extremity they haue exprested laughter?  
 How many at the stake, nay, in the very flame,  
 Haue sung with cheerful voice, th'Almighties prais-full name?

Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veines,  
 Of sinewes, bones, and flesh: and sensible of paines  
 (By nature at the least) as much as any other,  
 For being issued all from one selfe earthly Mother.

What makes them then to find such extream smart so sweet?  
 What makes them patiently those deadly pangs to meet?  
 No doubt it is the Lord, who first of nothing made-vs,  
 Who with his liberall hand of goodnes still doth lade-vs,

Some

Some more and other lesse: and neuer ceaseth space  
From making vs to feele the fauours of his grace.

Accurst are they (indeed) whom he doth all abandon  
To doo their Lust for Law, and runne their life at randon:  
Accurst who neuer taste the sharp-sweet hand of God:  
Accurst (ah, most accurst) who neuer feele his rod.  
Such men (by nature borne the bond-slaues vnto sinne)  
Through self-corruption, end worse then they did beginne:  
For, how they longer liue, the more by their amisse,  
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther-off from blisse.  
Such men within themselves their euils spring containe:  
There is no outward thing (as falsly they complaine)  
Cause of their cureles ill: for good is euery thing,  
And good can (of it selfe) to no-man euill bring.

Now, if they could aright these earthly pleasures prize  
According to their worth, they would not in such wise,  
For lack, or losse of these (so vaine and transitorie)  
Lament so bitterly, nor be so sadly-forrie.  
But ouer-louing still these outward things vnstable,  
To rest in true content an houre they are not able,  
No, not a moments time, their feare doth so assaile them:  
And, if their feare fall true, that their *good-fortune* faile them,  
Then swell their sullen hearts with sorrow till they burst,  
And then (poor desperate soules) they deem themselves accurst;  
And so (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,  
In blaming other things, for their owne selfe-amisse,  
Other indifferent things, that neither make, nor marre,  
But to the good, be good; to th' euill, euill are.

Is't not great foolishnes, for any to complaine.  
That somthing is not don, which doth him nought cōstraine?  
Sith, if he vse the same, soule-health it hurteth not,  
Or, if he doo not vse't it helpeth not a iot.

But needs must we complain (say some) for we haue cause:  
Then at your perill be't; for, that which chiefly drawes  
You thereto, 'tis in trueth your brutenesse in mis-deeming  
Things euill, that are good (for sense-contrary seeming):  
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors mist,  
Your drowisie spirits doo droope, alas what maruell is't



If euill follow you, and if (iniurious) still  
To others you impute your selfe-ingendred ill?

Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchsafeth sight  
To see the louely beames and life-insufing Light  
Of his sweet sacred Truth; whereby we may perceiue  
And iudge a-rightly, what to loue, and what to leaue.  
Such men within their soules, their goods haue wholly plac'd  
Such goods, as neuer fire can either burne or waste:  
Nor any theefe can steale, nor Pirat make his praie,  
Nor vsurie consume, nor Tyrant take away;  
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away, nor finish,  
Nor any accident of sad mischance diminish.  
For, it is built on God, a Rock that euer standes:  
Not on the vanities of these inconstant sands,  
Which are more mutable then winde, and more vnstable,  
And day by day doo make so many miserable.

O, to what sweet content, to what high ioyes aspires  
He that in God alone can limit his desires!  
He that in him alone his hopes can wholly rest,  
He that for onely end, waites for the wages blest,  
Wherewith he promifeth for euer (sans respect  
Of their selfe-meriting) to guerdon his Elect?

What is it can bereaue the wealth of such a man?  
What is it that disturbe his perfect pleasures can?  
What is it can supplant his honours and degrees?  
Sith all his treasures, his delights, his dignities  
Are all laid vp in Heauen, where it were all in vaine  
For all the sonnes of earth to warre with might and maine,

No doubt (will some man say) each Christian doth aspire  
(After their bodies death) to those deere treasures higher,  
That are reserv'd in Heauen, whereof the sweet possession  
Feares not the violence of all the worlds oppression:  
But, while that here below this fraile flesh-burden ties him,  
But the bare hope he hath: which how can it suffice him  
Against the sharpe assaults of passions infinite,  
Whose glad-sad crosse conflicts afflict him day and night?

Needs must I graunt (indeed) that the same perfit ioy  
We cannot perfectly vpon this earth enioy:

But, that that hope Hope alone doth not sufficiently  
 Blisse his life where it liues (for my part) I denie.  
 Some doe not feare (we see) to spend their stock and store,  
 To vndertake the taske of many trauailes fore,  
 To hazard limmes, and liues, in seruice of some Lord;  
 Depending oft vpon his foole-fat-feeding word;  
 Or waiting els (perhaps) without all other hold,  
 Vntill it please himselte his franknes to vnfold;  
 Not reaking all their paine, they are so inly pleas'd  
 With hoped benefite, whereof they are not feaz'd?  
 And, shall th' assured hope of euer-blisses then,  
 For which we haue the word, not of vaine mortall men,  
 That teach their tongues to lie; but of the highest God,  
 The God of truth, Truth's selfe, where truth hath stil abode:  
 Shall that (I say) not serue to settle our saint hearts,  
 Against (I will not say) like dangers and like smarts:  
 But 'gainst these petty griefes, that now and then do pain-vs,  
 No more like those then heauen neer earth that doth sustain-  
 Ah, shall we then despise all trouble and vexation, (vs?  
 Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?  
 And, while for earthly things we can indure all this,  
 Shall we not do as much for an immortall blisse?

Indeed not of our selues: for, selfly nought we can;  
 But God (when pleaseth him) doth giue this strength to man,  
 Whereby he standeth stout; euen like a mighty rocke  
 Amid the mounting waues, when *Eole* doth vnlocke  
 Sterne *Austers* stormie gate, making the waters wrastle  
 And rush with wrathfull rage against the sturdie castle,  
 While it (for all the force of their fell furie showne)  
 Is not so much as mocu'd, and much lesse ouerthrowne.

So fareth such a man: for, if from high degree,  
 He sodainly do slide to liue contemnedly  
 With the vile vulgar sort; that cannot make him wauer:  
 For, well he is assur'd that Gods high holy fauour  
 Depends not on the pomp, nor vaine-proud state and port,  
 That for the grace of Kings adorne the courtly sort.

If he be kept in bands, thral to the tyrannies  
 And extreame-cruell lawes of ruthellessenimies,



Both voyde of helpe and hope, and of all likelihood  
Of Being euer freed from their hands thirsting-blood;  
In spight of them, he knowes that one day he shall die,  
And then he shall inioy an endles *Libertie*.

If he be forc't to fly from his deere country-clime,  
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,  
He doth suppose the World to be a Country common,  
From whence, no tyranny (till death) can banish no-man.

If that he must forsake his Parents and his Kin,  
And those whose amitie he most delighteth in:  
He knowes that where he findes a man he findes a Kinsman:  
For, all mankind is come from one selfe Father (sinnes-man).

If (being spoil'd of wealth, and wanton-pampering plentie)  
He find ypon his boord two dishes scant of twentie,  
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,  
Whereas he had before, a new for euery day:  
He learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids vs be content  
With food and furniture to this life competent:  
Sith nothing (as saith *Iob*) into this world we brought,  
Nor with vs when we die can we hence carry ought.

If he be passing poore, and in exceeding lack  
Of euery needfull thing for belly and for back,  
He learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth  
To giue to euery one (in time) the thing he needeth:  
And that the Fowles of Heauen, and Cattel small and great,  
Doo neither sowe nor reape, yet find they what to eate:  
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire which growe among the grasse,  
Doo neither spin nor worke, and yet their garments passe  
(For colour and for cost, for Art and ornament)  
The glorious *Salomon's* rich robes of Parliament.

If so that he be sicke, or wounded in the arme,  
In body, back, or brest, or such like kind of harme:  
If in extremitie of angry paine and anguish,  
Enfeebled still by fits, he be rid lye and languish:  
If all the miseries that euer martyr'd man,  
At once on euery side afflict him all they can:  
The more that he endures, the more his comforts growe,  
Sith so his wretchednes he sooner comes to knowe;

That

That from worlds vanities he may himselfe aduance,  
Which hold all those frō heauen, that still delight that dance:  
He feares not those at all that with their vniuersall might,  
Hauing the body slaine, can do no farther spight:  
But onely him that with ten thousand deaths can kill  
The ioule and body both, for euer if he will:  
He knowes it is their lot that seek to please their God,  
To be afflicted still with persecutions rod:  
So that, what-euer crosse, how-euer sharpe assaile him,  
His constant harts content and comfort cannot faile him.

But, he must die (say you): alas can that dismay?  
Where is the labourer that, hauing wrought all day,  
Amid the burning heat, with wearinesse opprest,  
Complaines that night is come when he shall goe to rest?  
The Marchant that returnes from some far forraine Lands,  
Escaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous shelves and sands,  
When as he sees his ship her home-hauen enter safe,  
Will here pine at God; and (as offended) chafe  
For being brought too soon home to his native soil,  
Free from all perils sad that threaten Saylours spoile?  
He knowes, frō thousand deaths that this one death doth lose  
That in heauens euer-ioyes, he ever may repose him: (him,  
That he must bring his Bark into this Crocke, before  
In this euerlasting Land he can ser for a shoare:  
That he can neuer come to in-corraption,  
Vnles that first his flesh doo feeble corruption:  
So that, all rapt with ioy, hauing his helpe so readie,  
This ship-wrack he escapes, as on a rock most steddie.

But, more (perhaps) then death the kind of death dismayeth,  
Which serues him for a bridge that him to heauen conuaieth,  
Whether he end his dayes by naturall disease:  
Or in a boysterous storme do perish on the Seas:  
Or by the bloody hands of armed foes be slaine:  
Or by mischance a stone fall downe, and dash his braine:  
Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,  
By day or els by night his bones be pasht a-under;  
Or burned at a stake, or bitterly tormented  
By cruell slaughter-men, in tortures new-invented;

Alas



Alas, alas! for that, much-lesse then least he careth:  
 For, as a man fallne downe into a Pit, he fareth;  
 Who, if he may be drawne vp from the noysom place,  
 Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes crauie ouer feet & face,  
 Respects not, whether that ye vse a silken skaine,  
 Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, so he get vp againe:  
 Euen so, so he may come to his desired blisse,  
 The maner and the meanes to him indifferent is:  
 As for the differing paine (if any him doo torture)  
 If it be violent, he knowes it is the shorter:  
 But, be it n'er so long, long sure it cannot last  
 To vs, whose Post-like life is all so quickly past.

Now, such a man, in whom such firme contents do hyue,  
 Who can denie to be the happiell man aliue?  
 And who so impudent, that dareth now professe  
 That this worlds fained sweet (whose vnfain'd bitternesse  
 Brings (to this very life) full many torments fell,  
 And after dingerth downe to th'endless paine of Hell)  
 Should be prefer'd before these seeming-sowrs, that make vs  
 Taste many true-sweet sweets yer this dead life forsake vs,  
 And after, list vs vp to that same blessed ioy,  
 That euermore shall last, exempt from all annoy.

So few there will be found (as I suppose) so deeming,  
 As many which (more fear'd with these ills falsly seeming,  
 Than in liefalne-in-loue with heauen-royes excellence)  
 Approouing this estate, fly't as the pestilence!

And yet, in this estate is found felicity  
 (As far foorth as it may, amid the vanity:  
 Of this frail fading world, where each thing hourly changes):  
 For, neuer from it selfe true happinesse estranges:  
 It neuer doth decay, it neuer doth decrease:  
 In spight of angry Warre, it euer liues in peace:  
 Maugre poore want, it hath ten thousand kinds of wealth:  
 Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:  
 Inuiro'd round with woe, it doth reioyce and sing:  
 Depriv'd of dignities, it's greater then a King,  
 It sits secure and safe, free from harr-pining feares:  
 For, euer with it selfe it all deere treasures beares.

Not

Not needing any aide of men-of- armes to watch them;  
Nor fearing fraud; nor force of any foe to catch them.

Whereas, we dayly see so many men, whose mind  
To transitorie trash of world-wealth inclinde,  
In their abundance beg; and in their plentie poore  
(For who hath had so much, that hath not wished more)  
No treasures can suffice the gulf of their desire;  
Yea make them Emperours, yet will they more aspire:  
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle  
That in their troubled soule doth euer burne and boyle  
For every short content of any false delight,  
A thousand bitter throes torment them day and night  
All their estate doth stand abroad in hands of strangers;  
Therefore, the more their wealth; the more their daily dangers,  
The more their miseries, because the more they need  
Much strength and many men vnto their boords to heed  
Dreading (with cause) least craft or cruelty, or either  
Bereauie them of their blisse and treasure both together.

Needs must we then confesse, that in aduersitie  
Their is more happines then in prosperity  
Sith that the minde of man to soone it selfe betrays  
Vnto the guilefull snares that worldly pleasure layes  
Which makes at the last head long to Hell to runne:  
All which, aduersitie doth make vs safely shunne.

But, here it may be askt, if pleasure, state, and store,  
(Plunging vs in the Pit of vices more and more)  
Be subiect so to make vs more and more accurst,  
Must we esteeme that griefe (which sense do seemeth worst)  
More fit to better vs, and bring vs vnto blisse,  
Then those whose smarting sting is not so strong as this?  
Sure, sith that in our selues our cause originall  
Of blisse and bale we hide, it matters not at all  
For, still the faithfull man one and the same remains,  
Whether the griefe be great or little he sustains:  
Sith how so euer it be, he takes occasion thence,  
To seek in God alone, his comfort and defence.  
But for he cause our soules (the while she doth comfort  
With this grosse fleshy lump) cannot, but in som sort

Suffer



Suffer as sensible, yea, oftentimes so far,  
That her best functions all, tell a part and able are,  
Than els at other times: I doo suppose the proof  
Of one, then other ill, auails more in behoord.

That this is so, we see, a sick-man oft to finde  
Such ioyfull quietnes and comfort in his minde,  
That he esteems him selfe the best content alive;  
But yet the sharpe disease (which doth his heath deprive)  
With-holdeth in (som) sort his senses and his wit;  
That freely other where he cannot use them fit.

And so it fares with him, that (through resolu'd well)  
Endures the cruell strains of any torture sell.

Now, for the banisht man, the changing of his dwelling  
Neuer disturbs his ioy: And he whose wealth excell  
Turns in a trice to want, by what soeuer chance,  
His courage neuer flincks, nor yet his countenance.

So that in their content, all foure are alla-like,  
A-likeretoyeing all in their afflictions eke;  
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities;  
But, the two last haue odds in their extremities;  
In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde  
To many goodly things, wherein great ioy they finde  
(I mean when each distresse offends a man alone,  
Not when he is assail'd at once of euery one.)

Yet, perill quickly past, danger endureth not,  
Exile so easie growes that it is soon forgot,  
The greatest losse that is we minde not many houres;  
For, thousand accidents distract this soule of ours,  
Which cannot in such sort the senses still restrain,  
But that they will goe feed on many objects vain;  
Whereby at vn-awares the oftentimes, surpris'd,  
Is over-reacht by those, whose rigour she despis'd;  
And so, the pleasant taste she doth vntimely misse,  
Wherewith affliction sweet doth season her best blisse.  
So that, from other State (wherein our soule selfe fed  
With sundry objects vain, shall be more settled)  
May rightly be prefer'd to these which wake her slay,  
And stumble oftentimes, vnto her owne decay.

And

And therefore, I maintain *close Prison* to be best  
Of all afflictions that may a man molest,  
Considering all defects to other crosses common,  
In this are seldom found, and almost, felt of no man.

For *Prison* is a place where God sequesters men,  
Farre from the vile prospect of vanities terrene,  
To make them thence withdrawe their harts, and to confesse  
That in his grace alone consists their happines.  
It is a learned School, where God himself reads cleerly  
True wisdoms perfect rules, to those he loueth deerly.

There, th' vnderstanding (free, amid the many chains;  
That binde the body fast) findes out a thousand means,  
To learne another day to be more apt and able  
(According to our place) for vses seruiceable,  
To profit publike weal: for euermore we ought  
(In seeking self-gain) see that common good be sought.  
Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:  
For which, what fitter mean then such a sequestration,  
Where each man vndisturb'd, through diligence may growe,  
According to the gifts that gracious Heav'ns bestowe:  
One, in ability to rule a lawfull State,  
The vertuous to aduance, and vicious to abate;  
Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquity:  
Another to discern true Truth from Sophistry,  
Another (by the feats of elder men at Armes)  
To frame wise Stratagems for wofull wars alarms:  
For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get  
By reading, then they can where Camp and Camp is met.  
And (briefly to conclude) som, gravely to aduise,  
Som, bold to execute, as each mans calling lies;  
But, most of all, to search within the sacred Writ,  
The secret mysteries to mans saluation fit.

A world of vanities, that doo distract vs heer,  
During our *Libertie*; in Durance, com not neer:  
The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of door,  
Bounding vs round about within a narrow floor,  
Doth gard vs from the gall which Sarhan (spring of pight)  
Mingles among the sweets of this vain worlds delight.



If he be happier man that liueth free from foes,  
 Then he whom angry troops of enemies inclose:  
 Much more the Prisoner then of his high blisse may boast,  
 For being so farre off from such a hugie hoast,  
 Of hatefull foes so fierce in malice and in might,  
 Himself so faint and weake, and so vnfit to fight:  
 For he, and we (God wor) in steed of standing to-it  
 (How-euer in a vein, we vaunt that we will do-it)  
 When we cometh to the brunt we cannot brook the field,  
 But either flie like hares, or els like cowards yeeld.

The sundry objects fond, which make vs soon forget  
 Each other chastisement, in this doo neuer let.  
 For turn we where we list, and looke which way we wil,  
 At all times to our sight one thing is offred still:  
 Whether on pauement, roof, or wall, we cast our eye,  
 Alwaies of our estate an Image we descry,  
 And so it also fares with our newes-greedy ear,  
 One very sound refounds about vs euery where:  
 Where-euer harken we, we hear of nought but foes,  
 Our keepers commonly are not too-kind (God knowes)  
 By the least noyse that is, continually they tell  
 In what estate we stand, and in what house we dwell.  
 So that incessantly our harts are lift on high,  
 Som-times to prayse the Lord for his benignity,  
 Who doth not punish vs after our soule offense,  
 Though by a thousand sinnes we daily him incense:  
 Som-times to magnifie his admirable might,  
 Which hath our feeble harts with such great force bedight,  
 That we, in steed of grief, or grudging at the pains  
 Of sharpest chastisements, whereof the world complains,  
 Leaving this soiled Earth, doo mount the highest place,  
 Where throughought rue faith we taste his honey-sweeter grace:  
 Som-times to giue him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,  
 Which from his liberall hand we haue to help our needding:  
 And to be short, *quæ* cease to meditate on all  
 The countlesse benefits that from his goodnes fall,  
 Not suffering any houre to pass away for nought  
 Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.

Yet, doth the world esteem this, a most hard estate,  
And him that feels the same, it counts vnfortunate :  
But I would gladly see som other state, wherein  
With such commodity) so much content is seen ;  
Wherein lesse hinderance, and lesse incomberance lies,  
To make men misse the path vnto perfections prise.

Sure sir (will som man say) you set a good face on-it :  
One might at length conuert, commenting so vpon-it,  
The cruell 't Prison-house into a Mansion fair,  
Where 'twere not hard to liue content, and void of care.  
You take your *Prisoner* for a practiue man of Art :  
But such as those (God knowes) you finde the fewest part,  
You faine him to be friend to solitude and quiet :  
But the most part are prone to reuell and to riot.

One must be free from noyse that means to study well :  
Whereof, who can be sure in such a ser vile Hell?  
Besides, he must haue Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,  
All which in *Prisoners* hands are seldom left I think ;  
So that you do not faine your gail so good and gainfull,  
As to finde out the same is difficult and painfull.

I answer in a word (if any so shall wrangle)  
I doo not bound all bliise within so straight an angle :  
I say, great happines and hart-reuiuing ioy  
Followes th' afflicted sort in euery sharp annoy :  
But that there is no crosse that doth so much auail,  
To make vs fit to help our neighbour, as the gail,  
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleasure giues  
Means to effect the same, vnto the least that liues.

But be it so, in bands, that nothing learne we can,  
Tis to be learn'd inough to be an honest man :  
And this is th' only School, wherein th' Arch-master teacheth,  
Himself, by secret means, rules that the rudest reacheth.  
Th' aduise of such a one more profit doth impart,  
Then of the wicked sort with all their curious Art.

Concerning solitude, although that commonly  
Our nature be inclin'd vnto the contrary :  
There the assistant grace of God we chiefly finde,  
Who changing of our place doth also change our minde.



For being free from noyse, and for obtaining tools  
 To helpe our knowledge with, as in all other Schools:  
 God euer cares for those that fear his name for loue:  
 And, if that any such, such inconvenience proue,  
 If any money need, or els (through ample distance)  
 Be destitute of friends, he gets them (for assistance)  
 The fauour of their foes, whose harts he handles so  
 (How euer they intend his childrens ouerthrowe)  
 That his, of what they need haue euermore inough,  
 According as he knowes to be to their behoof.

Now say that we consent (say som) that this is true:  
 But what, if somewhat worse then all this worst ensue?  
 What, if he be inforc't his Countrey to forsake?  
 What, if continuall fits his sickly body shake?  
 What, if he lose at once his wealth and reputation,  
 Repleat on euery side with euery sharp vexation?  
 Can he still keep his joy, and can he still retain  
 Such means to profit still, for all his grief and pain?

Concerning his content, it's alwayes all a-like,  
 Whether that euery grief particularly strike;  
 Or, whether all at once he feel their vtmost anger:  
 And if he be surpris'd with so extream a languor  
 That (as I said before) the spirit it inforce  
 (Through suffering of the smart that doth afflict the corps)  
 To leaue his Offices, so that he cannot write,  
 Nor reade, nor meditate, nor study, nor indight;  
 It is so quickly past, that in comparison,  
 Regarding so great good, 'tis not to think vpon.  
 For, by a mighty grief, our life is quickly ended;  
 Or els, by remedy it self is soon amended:  
 And, if it be but mean, then is it born the better,  
 And so vnto the soule it is not any letter.  
 Besides, we must conceiue, our spirit (as oppress'd  
 With fainting wearines) sometimes desireth rest,  
 To gather strength again, during which needfull pawse  
 We are not to be blam'd, sith need the same doth cause:  
 So, that the time that's lost while such sharp pangs do pain,  
 May be suppos'd a time of taking breath again.

In prison (to conclude) a man at once may trie  
 All manner of extreame of earthly misery:  
 In which respect (perhaps) the worse som deem of it,  
 Being (as 't were) the Butt that all men strue to hit;  
 But, I esteem the same the perfecter for that:  
 For, if one crosse alone can make vs eleuate  
 Our groueling earth-desires from cogitations base,  
 To haue recourse to God, and to implore his grace;  
 Seeking in him alone our perfect ioy and blisse:  
 Much more shall many griefs at once, accomplish this.  
 For many can doo more then one (without respect):  
 And still, the geater cause, the greater the effect.

Indeed (say other-som) these reasons haue som reason:  
 But, then whence comes it, that so many men in Prison,  
 With hundred thousand pains, pinchd and opprest sore;  
 In steed of bettering there, wax worse then before:  
 In steed of sweet content, doo still complain and crie;  
 In steed of learning more, lose former industry?  
 Though (in apparence great) your sayings seem but iust,  
 Yet plain experience (sure) we think is best to trust.

That hidden vertue rare, that so great good atchiues,  
 Lies in the Prisoners hart, not in his heauy Gyues;  
 The good growe better there, the bad become the worse:  
 For by their sinne they turn Gods blessing into curse.  
 And that's the cause the most are mal-content and sad:  
 With euermore the good are fewer then the bad.

But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchsafe his grace?  
 Proud earth-worms, pause we there: let's fear before his face,  
 Admiring humbly all his holy Iudgements high,  
 Exceeding all too far our weak capacitie.  
 The Potters vessell vile, doth vs our lesson shoue,  
 Which argues not with him why he hath made it so:  
 Much less may we contend, but rather rest content  
 With that which God hath given. He is omnipotent,  
 All gracious, and all good, most iust, and perfit wise  
 In som, he poures a Sea of his benignities,  
 In som, a shallow Brook, on other som, a Flood:  
 Giving to som, a small; to som, a greater good:



As from eternity hath pleas'd th' eternall Spirit  
To louemen more or lesse, without respect of merit.

For my part, should I liue ten *Nestors* yeers to passe,  
Had I a hundred tongues more smooth then *Tully's* was,  
Had I a voice of steel, and had I brazen sides,  
And learning more then all the *Heliconian* guides;  
Yet were I all too-weake to tell the many graces  
That in ten thousand forts, and in ten thousand places,  
Ten hundred thousand times he hath vouchsafed me  
(Not for my merits sake, but for his mercy free):  
But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bounty  
I haue receiu'd so oft, none to compare account-I  
With this *close imprisonment*, wherein he doth with-drawe-me  
Far from the wanton world, and to him self doth draw-me.

I posted on apace to ruin and perdition,  
When by this sharp-sweet Pil, my cunning kinde Physicion  
Did purge (maugre my will) the poysony humor fell  
Wherewith my sin-sick hart alreadie gan to swell.  
I lookt for nothing lesse then for these miseries,  
And paines that I haue prov'd: the worlds vain vanities  
Had so sedug't my soule with baits of sugred bane,  
That it was death to me, from pleasure to betane:  
But (crossing my request) God (for my profit) gaue  
Me quite the contrary to that which I did craue.  
So that, my body barring from a freedom small,  
He set my soule at large, which vnto sinne was thrall.  
Wounding with musket-shot my feeble arme, he cur'd  
The festring sores of sinne, the which my soule endur'd:  
Tripping me from the top of som meane dignity,  
Which drew me vp to climbe the Mount of vanity,  
He rais'd me from the depth of vices darksom Cell,  
The which incessantly did ding me downe to Hell:  
Easing me (to conclude) of all the grief and care,  
Wherewith these false delights for ever sauced are,  
He made me finde and feel (amid my most annoyes)  
A thousand true contents, and thousand perfect ioyes.

But som (perhaps) amaz'd, will muse what kinde of pleasure  
Here I can take, and how I passe my time and leasure:

For, in foule idlenes to spend so large a time,  
It cannot be denied to be a grieuous crime.

First in the morning, when the spirit is fresh and fit,  
I suck the honey sweet from forth the *sacred Writ*,  
Wherein (by faith) we taste that true celestiall bread,  
Whence our immortall soules are euer onely fed:  
Then search I out the sawes of other sage Diuines  
(The best here to be had) among whose humain lines,  
Supported by the grace of Gods especiall power,  
I leaue the thorn behinde, and pluck the healthsom flower.

Sometimes, I doo admire, in books of Heathen men,  
Graue-sayings sauoring more a sacred Christian pen,  
Than many of our age, whose bold vnlearned pride  
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on euery side:  
Sometimes when I obserue in euery ancient storie,  
Such vertues presidents, trim patterns of true glory,  
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,  
Where vertue is despis'd, and vice hath all the praise.

Oft I lament to see so many noble Wits  
(Neglecting Gods high praise, that best their learning fits).  
To sing of nought but lyes, and loues, and wanton Theames,  
False sooth-sin flatteries, and idle Fairy dreames.

Then, turning towards those, that fill'd with holier flame,  
For onely object choose th' Eternalls sacred name;  
These chiefly I admire, whose honourable browes  
Disdain the fained crowne of fading *Laurel* boughes:

Then full-gorg'd with the sweets of such a dainty feast  
(Prickt forward with desire to imitate the best)

Oft times I exercise this Art-les Muse of mine  
To sing in holy Verse some argument diuine.

One while to praise my God for all receiued good:  
Another while to beg, that in his deere Sons blood  
My black sinnes he will wash, and that he will not waigh  
At his high Iustice beame, how I haue gone a-stray.

Sometimes, these wretched times to pittie and deplore,  
Wherein the wicked ones do flourish more and more.

Sometime to waile the State of sad distressed *Sion*  
Imploring to her aide the Tribe of *Iudah's* Lion.



If any other Theame at any time I take,  
 Yet neuer doth my Verse the fetled bounds forsake  
 That Veritie prescribes, nor now no more disguise  
 The vgly face of sinne with maske of painted lies.  
 And though that ( heeretofore ) I also in my time  
 Haue writ Loues vanities in loose and wanton rime:  
 Twas as a whet-stone that, whereon I whet my stile,  
 Yer it were ably-apt ought grauer to compile:  
 Yet I repent thereof: for, we must neuer tend  
 To bring by euill meanes a good intent to end.

When as my wearie spirits some relaxation aske,  
 To recreate the same, I take some other taske:  
 One while vpon the Lute, my nimble ioints I plie,  
 Then on the Virginalls: to whose sweet harmonie  
 Marrying my simple voice, in solemne Tunes I sing  
 Some Psalme or holy Song, vnto the heauenly King.  
 So that, the idlest houre of all the time that flies  
 So fast, is neuer free from some good exercise:  
 Wherein I ioy as much, as euer I haue done,  
 In the most choise delights found vnderneath the Sun.

But, you can neuer walke, nor goe to take the aire.  
 Nor oncelooke out of doore, be weather ne're so faire:  
 But there in solitude you leade your life alone,  
 Bard from the fellowship of ( almost ) euery one:  
 Which doubtles ( at the last ) must grieue you needs I thinke.

A man that neuer thirsts hath neuer need of drinke:  
 So, though I be bereft these other things you speake-of,  
 I misse nor minde them not, as things I neuer reake-of.  
 For, I haue school'd my heart since my captiuitie,  
 To wish for nothing els, but what is granted me:  
 And, what is graunted me, contents me passing well.  
 In each condition doth some contentment dwell.  
 But men of differing states haue difference in delights,  
 What pleaseth common eyes, that irketh Princes sights,  
 What rashlings do delight, that sober men despise,  
 What fooles take pleasure in, doth but offend the wise,  
 What prosperous people loath, afflicted folke will loue,  
 And what the free abhor, that prisoners will approue:

But all haue equally indifferent power to make  
Them equally content, that can them rightly take:  
For, whoſo preſently himſelfe can rightly beare,  
Hath neither paſſed ill, nor future ill, to feare:  
Th'one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray vs.  
Th'other which is not yet, as little can diſmay vs.  
For, what no eſſence hath, that alſo hath no might,  
And that which hath no power, can do a man no ſpight:  
Beſides, ſith that our life is but a pilgrimage  
Through which we dayly paſſe to th' heavenly heritage:  
Although it ſeeme to thee that theſe my bands do let-me,  
Yet haſte I to the goale the which my God hath ſet me,  
As faſt as thou that runſt thy ſelfe ſo out of breath  
In poaſting night and day, by dales and hills and heath.

If thou haue open fields, and I be priſoner;  
T'importeth me no more, then to the mariner  
Whether he go to ſea ſhip't in ſome ſpacious arke,  
Or els ( at leſſer ſcope ) aboard ſom leſſer barke.  
Nay, heer the leaſt is beſt, ſith this vaſt Ocean wide,  
Whereon we daily ſaile, a thouſand rocks doth hide,  
Gainſt which the greater ſhips are caſt-away full oft;  
While ſmall boats ( for the moſt ) float ouer, ſafe, aloſt.

Then may I well conclude with reaſon and aſſurance,  
That there's no better ſtate then to be kept in durance.  
A ſweeter kind of life I neuer prou'd then there:  
Nor was I euer toucht with leſſer grieve and care;  
If that I care at all, it is for others cauſe,  
And for the miſeries this times corruption draws,  
But, being well aſſur'd that nothing heere betideth  
Againſt Gods ordinance and will that all thinges guideth:  
And knowing him to be good, juſt, and moſt of might  
I gladly yeeld my ſelfe to th' order he hath pight.  
For he it is, that now makes me accept ſo well  
And like of this eſtate which others hate as hell:  
He'tis, that heere tofore vouchſafr me like relief,  
When as I was oppreſt with a more grieuous grieve:  
He'tis from whom I hope in time to-come no leiſe,  
Although a hundred fold were doubled my diſtreſſe.

H h h 2

Yea,



Yea, he it is that makes me profit every day,  
 And also so content in this estate to stay,  
 That of my liberty I am not now so faine  
 To think by liberty a happier life to gaine:  
 For, I were well content no more from hence to go,  
 If I might profit most my friends and countrie so.

Now here I humbly pray (expecting such an end)  
 The Lord still towards me his fauour to extend.  
 And that he will vouchsafe still to allot like grace,  
 To all that for like cause are handled in like case.

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*FINIS.*

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OF

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## OF THE WORKE,

AVTHOR, AND

TRANSLATOR.

**L** O here, a M O N U M E N T admir'd of all  
That weigh the *compass, weight, and height* of It;  
O'retopping *Ennie's* clowds, and ever shall,  
Sith built by deepest *Art*, and highest *Wit*.

The **B A S E** that beares it, is the **W O R D** that stands  
True **G R O U N D** of highest *glorie, Truth, and grace*:  
The **B V I L D I N G** rear'd by two rare *Heads and Hands*  
(Divinely holp) to glorifie that **B A S E**.

Heer *French* and *English*, ioyn'e in friendly fight  
(On even *Ground*) to proue their vtmost pow'r;  
Who shew such equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,  
That hard it is to say who's Conquerour.

But *English* bound to foot it like the *French*,  
And offer nought, but what shall like her foe,  
It is as glorious feld to take a Wrench,  
As, being free, to giue an Overthrowe.

If *French* to *English* were so strictly bound,  
It would but passing lamely striue with it;  
And soon be forç't to lose both *grace* and *ground*,  
Although they strau'e with equall *Skill* and *Wit*.

Besides, all *Prose* is easier to translate  
Than *Verse*; and easier lowe, than lofty *Lines*:  
Then, these **L I N E S**, reaching to the top of **S T A T E**,  
Are hard't of all; yet none of all declines.

H h h 3



O fair *Translation* then, with smoothed face,  
Go forth t'allure *TIME'S* Turns to turne Thee o're:  
So shall they in thy folds vnfold thy *grace*;  
And grace thee with *Fames* glorie, more and more,

\* *Ouid. Meta-*  
*mor.*

If \* *HE*, that churn'd the cream of *Poetry*,  
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muses* feeds,  
Divined truely, it should never die;  
Then, what shall *This*, that far the same exceeds?

He labour'd *Lines*, which though they doe endure  
All turns of *Time*, yet was their *Stuf* profane:  
But, these are drawne of *STVFF* more heavenly-pure,  
That most shall shine, when *Those* are in the wane.

He, though his *Brains* (profanely) were diuine,  
And glorious *Monuments* of Art compos'd,  
Was yet exil'd for many a looser *Line*,  
That made them wantons, chastly else dispos'd:

But, Thou (cleer *BARTAS*, his deare *SYLVESTER*,  
Whose *Lines* do lead to *VERTUES* only gain,  
And with sweet *Poesies* strew'd the way to *Her*)  
How should the *World* remunerate thy pain?

And, If from *Hearts* Aboundance *Tongues* do speak;  
And what we most affect, we most do minde:  
It argues, thou this *Argument* didst seek;  
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didst it finde.

So, *BARTAS* was but Mid-wife to thy *Muse*,  
With greater ease to vtter her *Conceits*;  
For whose deare birth, thou didst all ease refuse,  
Worlds-weal, and (being a *Marchant*) thy *Receits*.

This pain so pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughtes*, that thou  
Forsook'st the *Sea*, and took'st thee to the *Soile*;  
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'st to *Plow*  
*Arts* furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.

*This* stole thee from thy self, thy self to finde  
In sacred *Raptures* on the *Muses* Hill:  
And, went'st out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,  
More freely so, to vse thy *Wit* and *Will*.

And

And (O!) how haples had we *Brittans* been,  
(Sith heer is stor'd such sweet Soule-rauishments)  
Hadst thou not madethem to vs clearly seen:  
Who giue thee for it praising-Discontents.

If so great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *Fame*  
Offamous *Men* for grace; the *Press* shall be  
Prest but for *Vices* Service (Source of *Shame*).  
So, *Times* to come, in *Print* our shame shall see.

But O! bee't farre from this so famous Isle  
For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect;  
Sith it doth grace and glory quite exile;  
And is the cause of many a bad effect.

O'terren Gods, as ye to *State* aspire  
Lift *Learning* vp with you; especially  
If matcht with *Wisdom*, and divine desire:  
So shall yet twice be like the *DEITY*.

And, weigh what powr the *PENS* of such possels  
(Of such; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)  
Their *PENS* eternize can your worthiness,  
And make ye glorious past succeeding *Times*.

But you do iustly to neglect and scorn  
The cursed crue, that do the *Muse* abuse:  
For, they your praises to dispraises turn,  
As *Vice*, in praying *VERTUES* grace, doth vse.

Their wine-driuen Braines, inuolv'd in *Follies* Cloud,  
Fly here, and there, (and where not?) with a trice;  
And, though both *Beggars* base, yet passing proud;  
Constant in nothing but inconstant *Vice*.

Making loose lines (forsooth) their *Scala Coeli*;  
A *Tauerne* for a Temple to adore  
There only god, their guts, their beastly Belly;  
To whom they offer all their slender Store.

The *Lauds* of such, are odious like their *Lives*)  
They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they do but touch;  
Whose glory to the fowlest shame arrives:  
Then, well you fence your fame to keepe off such.



818 *Of the Work, Author, &c.*

But they whose liues, and lauds, and lines are SOURCE  
Of Morall vertue, running by each stone  
( Men High, and Hard; that let them in their Course )  
To Seas of glory, like cleere *Helicon*;

O! these ye should support, and still receiue  
Into the Ocean of your bound-les love:  
For, these ( like truest Friends ) will take, and give  
No more but what true *Vertue* shall approve.

If these should pine away, through your neglect,  
Your memories shall dy, or live with shame;  
Sith such a Muse is the chief *Architect*,  
To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a lasting NAME.

*Achilles* same, with him, had been interr'd,  
Had *HOMER*'s lines not ty'd it to the *Starrs*;  
And, of *Aeneas* we had never heard,  
Had *Virgils* STRAINES not been his *Trumpeters*.

One of the NINE had been our *Warwick's* GUY,  
( The NINE, whose worth all Times so much commend;  
And so disfrankt great *BVLLENS* GODFREY )  
Had he but had a *TASSO* for his friend.

*LAVRA* had nere so greenly growne about  
Hir *Peeres*, as now she doth, to after-times,  
Had she not had a *PETRARCH* to hir Loue;  
Which made hir mount, with *NATCTAR* dropping *Rimes*.

No, no: ye cannot but out-liue your Fame,  
If ye vphold not *FAME*'s best *Notaries*:  
If these ye scorn, your glory is but game;  
For, when ye dye, in game your glory dies.

And, though blest *PEACE* hath turnd our *Spears*, to *Spades*,  
Let it not turn our *Pens* to *Ploughes*, or worfe;  
By *Learning* some should live, as som by *Trades*,  
In blessed *STATES*, that would incur no curse.

Where *Vertue* is not rais'd, and *Vice* suppress't,  
There all to *Vice* will run; and so to wrack:  
For, then the worst shall Lord it ore the best;  
And where that is, all goes to vtter sack.

*Reward and Punishment* (like *Armes* of Steel)  
Do still vphold each KING vpholding STATE:  
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;  
But, both imploy'd, stands sure in spight of Hate.

Then may thy HOPES (wing'd by thy virtuous Muse,  
Dear *Syluester*) expect some cherishment,  
In this blest State, that still those *Armes* will vse,  
To staie her Grace, and grace her *Gouernment*:  
But, if thy paines acquire but pure renowne,  
Thou art *Christ's* Image; crost, for *Glorious* crown.

*Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno de dit.*

The vnfained louer of thine Art,  
honesty, and vertue,

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.

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FINIS.

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A briefe Index, explayning most of  
*the hardest words scattered through this*  
 whole Worke, for ease of such as are least ex-  
*ercised in these kinde of readings.*

A

**A** *Bysse*, a gulfe or bottomless  
 pit.

*Abderian* and *Abderite*, Demo-  
 critus, the laughing Philo-  
 sopher of Abdera, a citie in  
 Thracia.

*Aben-Roes*, a learned Philoso-  
 pher of Corduba, sprung  
 from Arabian parents.

*Abidus*, Leanders Towne.

*Academian Shades*, Platos  
 Schoole.

*Acheron*, a riuer in Hell.

*Aconite*, Libbards (or Wolfes)  
 bane.

*Achilles*, the most valiant cap-  
 tain of the Myrmidons.

*Adonis*, a most beautifull yong  
 man, beloued of Venus.

*Adrian*, } *Sea*, the gulfe of  
*Adriatike* } *Venice*.

*Aeson*, the father of Iason, made  
 young againe by the skill of  
 Medea.

*Aetheriall*, heavenly.

*Aesculapins*, an excellent Phy-

sician, father of Apollo.

*Africa*, the South-quarter of  
 the World.

*Aiax Shield*, a prouerb, for  
 a sure defence.

*Aguescald*, a bath in Gasconie.

*Alarbies*, and *Arabians*, wilde  
 & vpland *Arabian* theecues.

*Albion*, England, the Ile of  
 great Brittain.

*Alceste*, the most chaste and  
 louing wife of Admetus, that  
 gaue her owne life to saue her  
 husbands.

*Alcides*, Hercules : *Alcides*  
*spires*, Hercules Pillers : *Al-*  
*cides griefe*, the falling Sick-  
 nes.

*Alcmena*, the mother of Her-  
 cules.

*Alcaron*, the Turks Law, and  
 Religion.

*Alcband*, a Cittie in Caria, of  
 olde famous for the best  
 Bowe-strings.

*Alecto*, looke Furies.

*Alexanders Altars*, were at the  
 foote.



## An Index of the

- foot of the Ryphean Mountaines.
- Almicantharats, and Almadrats*, Arabian names of Circles which are imagined to passe through euerie degree of the Meridian, Parallel to the Horizon vp to the Zenith.
- Albidade*, a Rule on the backe of the Astrelabe to measure heights, breadths & depths.
- Amafrosse, gutta serena*, a disease in the sinnewes of the Sight.
- Amalthean Horne*, plenty of all things.
- Amblygone*, a flat Triangle.
- Ambrosia*, the Gods meate.
- American*, the French disease brought first from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.
- Amia*, a fish like a Tunny, found in the Seaneere Constantinople.
- Amphitrite*, the Sea.
- Amphisbana*, a Serpent hauing a head at both ends.
- Amphion*, the author of Harmonie and builder of Thebes.
- Amyclean Harp*, Arion, the Lesbian Harper.
- Amyot*, a learned French-man, translator of Plutark, and other Greek Authors.
- Ancoffa*, a Bath in Gasconie.
- Andromeda*, the Wife of Perseus, (with her husband, Father and Mother) turned into a Starre.
- Androdus*, a Romane slave gratefully requited of a Lion.
- Anorexia* a queasinesse of Stomach.
- Antheus*, Antenors sonne, beloued and vnwillingly slain by Paris.
- M. Anthonie*, competitor with Octavius and Lepidus for the Roman Empire.
- Antiperistasis*, incounter of contraries, or contrarie-circumstance.
- Antipodes*, those people that dwell directly vnder vs.
- Antartike*, S utherne.
- Aonian* haue the Muses.
- Apelles*, an d, cellent Painter.
- Apium risex* a kinde of Crowfoote that killeth men with laughing.
- Appianus way*, one of the broadest wayes in Rome.
- Apollo*, the Sunne, the God of Musicke and Physicke.
- Apoplexie*, a kinde of dead palse.
- Apoeg*, the point farthest from the Center of the earth.

## *Hardest Wordes.*

*Arabians*, people of Asia, inhabiting between Iudæa & Egypt, rich in aromatical spices and sweete Odors.

*Arcadian* *scoute*, Mercurie.

*Arcenal*, an Arimorie or storehouse.

*Archelaus*, a king much praised by Plutarch and others for wisdom & temperance, & for delight in husbandry.

*Archimedes* a famous Mathematician of Syracusa.

*Architas*, a noble Philosopher of Tarentum.

*Arion*, a famous Harper and lyrike poet, born at Methymna in the Ile of Lesbos.

*Arne*, a Riuer in Italie.

*ArceNIK*, or pine: suppos'd okar

*Artemisia*, Queene of Caria, wife of Mausolus.

*Artemisia* *stem*, Mugg-woorte.

*Armorik*, Brittain in France.

*Armados*, Spanish Armies, or great shippes of Warre.

*Arik*, Northré, or of the north

*Aristotle*, the most famous Philosopher of Stagyræ.

*Asia*, a third part of the world, in former times most famous for Learning and Religion; but now for the most part miserably yoked vnder the Turkestyranny.

*Asylum*, a refuge or defence.

*Assur*, one of the Sons of Sem: also the countrie of Assyria.

*Astaroth*, an Idol of the Philistines.

*Astræa*, Iustice.

*Astrelabe*, an instrument to gather the motion of the Stars.

*Asthma*, short windednesse.

*Attains*, a wealthy King of Pergamus, delighted in the country life.

*Atlantik Sea*, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.

*Atlas*, a Kingskillfull in Astronomy, therefore fained to beare vp Heauen, it is also a mountaine in Barbary.

*Athenian Sage*, Socrætes.

*Attick Muse*, Xenophon.

*Atheists*, those that acknowledge no God, infidels.

*Aurora*, the morning.

*Auster*, the South winde

*Auernus*, Hell.

*Auicen*, a learned Philosopher & Physician, borne at Seuil, of Arabian stock.

*Azimuths*, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or vertical Point.

*Anian*, a Streight, or narrow Sea betweene Asia and America: as yet little discovered.

*Aglaia*, looke Graces.

*Aetna*, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.

*Asphaltis*



## An Index of the

*Apbaltis*, *Mare mortuum*. The stinking lake, where Sodo & her execrable sisters stood.

*Annals*, Histories from yeere to yeere.

*Arch Colonel*, vsurped for the Generall, or chiefe Captaine of the Hoast.

*Anathem*, execration, curse, excommunication.

*Anatomie*, the incision or cutting vp of the body of Man or Beast as Surgeons doo, to see the parts.

*Amphitryonide*, Hercules, begottē by Iupiter on Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryo.

*Attick*, a Prouince of Greece; wherein stood the Cittie of Athens.

*Atropos*, look *Parcæ*.

*Alecto*, look *Furies*.

*Assabine*, Iupiter with the Assyrians.

*Aglaia*, look *Graces*.

*Architraue*, the crown or chapter of a Piller: also a principal beam in any Building.

*Arabian bird*, the Phoenix.

*Argolian showers*, Iupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danae daughter of Acrisius, King of Argiues, Argolikes, or Argolians.

*Aegisthus*, look *Clytemnestra*.

*Aspiks*, venemous little serpents

*Anchyses* Pheere, is Venus on whom he begat Aeneas.

*Abramide*, of the race of Abraham.

### B

*Baltik Ocean*, the Danish sea.

*Baignere*, a Bath in Gasconye.

*Bandans*, the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent spices.

*Bacchanalian Frowes*, Women-priests of Bacchus, the God of Cups.

*Bardes*, ancient Poets and Sages.

*Barege*, a Bath in Gasconie.

*Barr-Geese* and *Barnacles*, a kinde of foules that grow of rotten Trees & brokē ships.

*Bek*, a Phrygian word, signifying bread.

*Belgian*, of the Nether-lands.

*Belgrad*, a Town in Hungary, taken by the Turke.

*Bellona*, Goddesse of warre.

*Belus Sonne*, Ninus, first King of Assyria, supposed to be inuenter of Nauigation.

*Bitumen*, a kinde of oylic, slimie, gummie, or clammy Clay.

*Bizantium*, Constantinople.

*Brontes*, one of Vulcans Forge-men.

*Briareus*, a Giât with 100. hands

*Brutus heires*, Englishmen, Brit-

## Hardest Wordes.

**Brittans.**

**Bacconi.** Poisonie confections,  
Italian figges.

**Ben-iours.** Good-morrowes.

**Bonarets,** a kinde of Beas-  
planties.

**Bootes,** a little star in the North  
Pole neere to *Ursa minor*, v-  
sed for the North.

**Boreas,** the North-winde.

**Bosphores,** 2. Straights, so called  
of an Oxes wading ouer: the  
one surnamed Thracian, the  
other Cimmerian.

**Boulime,** a hungry, or greedie  
disease in a cold stomach.

**Bucephalus,** the courageous  
Horse of Alexander the great.

**Busiris,** a most cruell Tyrant of  
Egypt which vsed to sacrifice  
strangers to Iupiter.

**Butric,** a learned and eloquent  
German (of late daies) Coun-  
sailer to Cassimirus.

**Bombards,** great Ordinance.

**Bubastik,** that is Egyptian.

**Bethel,** a Mountaine in the  
South Confines of Israell  
where Ieroboham set vppe  
one of his Calues.

**Birdene,** a Wildernesse in the  
West of Egypt.

**Babels,** indeede Bables, idle  
Monuments of Pompe and  
Plenty.

**Belzebub,** the God of Accaron

the prince of Diuels.

**Brachmans,** Indian Philoso-  
phers: Modernewriters call  
them Bramines.

**Bigaurian Hills,** part of the Py-  
rene Mountaines betweene  
Fraunce and Spaine.

### C

**Abalistik,** mysticall Tradi-  
tions among the Iewes  
Rabbins.

**Cæsars,** Emperours, so called  
from C. Iulius Cæsar the first  
Emperour.

**Cadmus,** sonne of Agenor, who  
slew a serpent, & pulling out  
his teeth sowed them in the  
ground, whereof instantly  
there sprung vp ready ar-  
med men.

**Carro,** a Cittie in the midst  
of Egypt, of olde called  
Babylon, and thought  
one of the greatest in the  
world.

**Calamarie,** a fish that may be  
well called the Sea-Clarke,  
being furnished with neces-  
saries for a scribe.

**Callicrates,** an excellent Car-  
uer, especially in smal works.

**Calpe,** a Mountaine within the  
Straights of Gibraltar iust op-  
posit to *Abila*: these two

are



## An Index of the

are called the Pillars of Hercules.

*Cannibals*, people in the South part of America that eat mans-flesh.

*Candia*, an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, subiect to the Venetians.

*Cana*, a Town in Galile, where Christ wrought his first miracle; at a mariage.

*Cantharus*, a fish of admirable chastity.

*Capharean Rock*, a most dangerous and rockie Coast of Eubœa, now called Negropont.

*Carpeſe*, a venemous plant, whose Iuice cauſeth deepe sleepe, and ſo ſtrangleth the Patient.

*Carinthia*, a Dutchie belonging to the Dukes of Auſtria.

*Carraques*, great Spaniſh veſſels.

*Caligula*, a moſt wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.

*Caffagale*, the Cittie Quinzay, in the Eaſt Indies.

*Casſiopeia*, Mother of Andromeda.

*Caſtalian Well*, ſpringes, Fount, Springs at the foote of Parnallus ſacred to the Muſes.

*Cathay*, a large Country in Eaſt Aſia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambalu.

*Catharaſt*, a violent fall of any Water, cauſing a deafenes with the noyle, alſo a diſeaſe in the Eye diſtilling a tough humor like gelly.

*Catilina*, a factious Citizen of Rome, famous for his dangerous conſpiracie againſt his Country.

*Cato*, a reuerend and renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and reſolute death.

*Candrets*, a Bath in Gaſcony.

*Caucasus*, a verie high Mountaine that diuides Scythia from India.

*Ceres*, Goddeſſe of Harueſt, inuentreſſe of Tillage and of the uſe of Corne, ſometimes uſed for the earth.

*Cephalus*, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.

*Centaurus*, halfe men, halfe horſes, begotten by Ixion on a Clowd.

*Ceraſtes*, a Serpent of ſundry colours, with hornes like a Ramme.

*Cerathus*, a Riuer in Candie from whence comes the beſt Malmeſie.

*Cerbas*

## Hardest words.

*Cerbas*, a Tree in the Indies, of  
15 fadome about.

*Cerberus*, the three-headed  
dogge of Hell, the Porter  
there.

*Celtike*, a part of France.

*Chaps*, a confused heape, the  
matter of the World before  
it receiued forme.

*Chaldean*, the Country wherein  
Babylon stood: where were  
great Astronomers, Magi-  
cians, and Sooth-sayers.

*Charles Martel*, K. of France,  
ouerthrewe 400000. Turks  
neere vnto Tours.

*Chermex*, the grain wherewith  
Skarlat & Crimson are dy-  
ed.

*Chymeras*, strange Fancies,  
monstrous Imaginations,  
Castles in the Aire.

*Cincinnatius*, one called frō the  
Plough (all dustie & almost  
naked) to the Romane Di-  
tatorship.

*Commerians*, People far North,  
that are thought neuer to see  
the Sun.

*Citadell*, a Castle built, with a  
small Garrison to keepe a  
great Towne in awe.

*Cirques*, round Lifts to behold  
publike Races.

*Cbus*, Aethyopia.

*Clio*, one of the Muses, reciting

the glorious Acts of Wor-  
thinesse.

*Clitas*, one of Alexāders grea-  
test Minions, whome yet in  
his drunkennesse he slewe.

*Cocos*, an admirable Nutte  
brought from the Indies.

*Cocytus*, a River in hell.

*Colebos*, Medeas countrie from  
whence Iason fetcht the Gol-  
den Fleece.

*Codrus*, a King of Athens, that  
gaue his owne life for the  
safe-guard of his Countrie.

*Colonies*, numbers of People  
sent to inhabite some newe  
conquered Countrie.

*Colures*, 2. Circles in heauen  
wherein the Sun-stops are  
caused.

*Cocheneil*, grain wherewith Pur-  
ple is died.

*Colosses*, huge Statues erected  
in honor of any person.

*Columbus*, a Genoese, discou-  
rer of America for Ferdi-  
nando, King of Castile.

*Comitiall Ill*, the Falling sicke-  
nesse.

*Commodus*, a most vicious Em-  
perour.

*Cones*, geometricall figures,  
broad beneath, and sharp a-  
boue, with a Circular bot-  
tome.

*Concentrik*, hauing one com-



## An Index of the

mon center.

*Copernicus*, a learned German, that maintained the heauens to stand still, & the Earth to turn round about.

*Corvinus*, a Romā Orator, that after a great sicknes forgot his owne name.

*Corfu*, an Iland in the Ionian Sea, subiect to the Venetians

*Critik*, and Criticall, sharp Censurers: all dangerous dayes for health, obserued by Physicians.

*Crescent*, the Moon increasing

*Cresiphon*, the builder of Dianas Temple at Ephesus.

*Cresibes*, an excellent inuenter of water Engines.

*Cubes*, geometricall figures foure-square, like a Die.

*Cucnio*, a strange birde in new Spain.

*Cupid*, the bastard of Mars & Venus, the little God of loue.

*Curius*, a Citizen of Rome; famous for frugalitie & temperance, who delited rather to command the rich, then to be rich.

*Cylindres* geometricall figures round and long, consisting frō top to toe of two equall parallel Circles.

*Cyclops*, Giants with one eye, working in the Forge of Vulcan.

*Cyprus*, a fruitfull Iland in the Gulfe of Issa, formerly subiect to the Venetians, but now vsurped by the Turke, aunciently consecrated to Venus.

*Cynthia*, *Phæbe*, *Diana*, the Moone.

*Cytharea*, Venus.

*Cynosure*, 7 starres in the North pole, the North Pole, the North-starre.

*Cymbrians*, the people of Denmarke and Norway.

*Cyrus*, the great King of Persia, conquerour of the Medes, and after slaine by *Tomyris* Queen of the Massagets.

*Charites*, looke Graces.

*Clotho*, looke Parca.

*Chamosh*, Idol of the Moabites.

*Chiron*, a Centaur, an excellent both Physician & Musician, the Master of Achilles.

*Cornaline*, looke Onyx.

*Clarian*, Lot-guider.

*Cornich*, looke Frize.

*Crisis*, the daungerous, or (as Physicians call it) criticall day for any disease.

*Clyde*, a Riuer running by Dornbertan in Scotland.

*Cyclades*, floating Ilands in the Ægean Sea.

*Cedron*, & *Kedron*, a brooke in Iudea.

*Cmik*

## Hardest words.

*Cinik-Garland*, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken sprigges, giuen to honor him that had rescued a citie.

*Clytemnestra*, wife of Agamēnon, whom with the help of her Adulterer Ægilthus, in a sleeue-les shirt she murdered.

*Cypris* sap, seed of generation.

*Castor & Pollux*: Twinnes begot on Læda, by Iupiter in the shape of a Swan: & supposed Sea-Gods fauourable to Sailours.

*Crimsin Gulf*: the red Sea.

*Cecropian*, that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, first King of Athens.

*Cineas*, a Theſſalian, exceeding eloquent, and of admirable memory, Embaſſador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.

*Carthaginian*, of that famous City of Affrica built by Dido, & by Hanniball vndon.

*Cadmean*, by ſom wrighters vſed for Carthage.

*Coronan*, that is Lacedemoniā: for Corone, was a citie of the Meſſenians, who were ſubiect to that State.

*Ceſt*, in Latin *Ceſtus* & *Ceſtum* the Brides Girdle which the Bridgroom took off at night

*Coloquintida*, a kinde of wilde Gourd, that purgeth Choler.  
*Chryſocolle*, Boras, Gold-foder.  
*Cibele*, looke Rhea.

D

**D***Amon*, the moſt faithfull friend of Pythias, both diſciples of Pythagoras.

*Danae*, daughter of Acrifiſius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Iupiter raynde himſelfe in a Golden ſhower into her lap.

*Danubius*, the greateſt Riuer in Europe, called alſo Iſther.

*Dardane Ants*, Indiā Emmets.

*Darius*, a King of Perſia, vanquiſhed by Alexander the great.

*Delian Twinnes*, the Sun and Moone.

*Delian Princeſſe*, Diana.

*Delos*, an Iland, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, & after ſuddainly appeared.

*Delphian Oracle*, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.

*Delphos God*, Apollo.

*Democritus*, the laughing Philoſopher of Abydus.

*Demosthenes*, the beſt Orator of the Grecians.

*Denis*, or Dionyſius, a Tyrant of Syracuſe.

*Deucaliō*, ſon of Prometheus,



## An Index of the

who with his wife Pyrrah, escaped the Flood & (as the Poets fain) restored the world.

*Diabete*, a disease, when one cannot hold his water,

*Diapason*, a Concord of all.

*Diarrhaea*, a Laske or loosenes of the Belly.

*Diameter*, a strait line diuiding any figure into equall parts, passing through the middle point of any figure.

*Dialect*, a forme of speech diuers from others in any language.

*Diana*, the Goddess of virginity, the Moone.

*Dircean walles*, Thebes.

*Dysenteria*, the bloody-fluxe.

*Dodecadrons*, figures of 12. Angles.

*Druides*, ancient learned Priests & Sages of Fraunce: supposed, to haue first issued out of this Ile of Britanne.

*Dombertan*, a towne in Scotland.

*Dagon*, the Idoll of the Philistines.

*Demain*, Possessions of inheritance, time out of minde continued in the occupation of the Lord.

*Duel*, single Combat.

*Demi-Gods*, looke Heroik.

*Dorik* musike, soft and effeminate musike, heer opposed to

the Phrygian, which was more lofty and full of life, and fitter to stirre vpa Courageous spirit.

*Dan*, a town in the North frontier of Iudea, where Ieroboam erected his other Calfe.

*Dithyrambik*, Song in the Honour of Bacchus.

E

**E***cliptik line*, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiacke, through which the Sunne runneth his proper course in 365 dayes.

*Egyptian flood*, The Riuer Nilus

*Electrum*, Amber.

*Electra*, one of the sisters of Phaeton, who incessantly weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.

*Elixir*, an Arabian word, signifying Quintessence, the Philosophers Stone.

*Elisum*, the fained Paradise of heathen Poets.

*Eldebag*, a learned Arabian Satyricall Poet.

*Embryon*, the Childe in the mothers Womb before it haue receiued shape.

*Encyclopedie*, that learning which comprehendeth all liberal Sciences.

*Endimion*, a young shepherde the

## Hardest Words.

- the fauourite of Cinthya.
- Engastromith*, one possessed, which seemes to speak in his belly.
- Empiema*, an impostume in the breast.
- Enyon*, the same that Bellona, sister to Mars, & Goddesse of Battaille.
- Enthousiasmos*, poetickall furie.
- Eoan Monarke*, Alexander the great.
- Eolian scoutes*, the windes.
- Ephemerides*, Day-books, Registers, Iournals.
- Ephesian Temple*, the Temple of Diana in Ephesus.
- Ephesian moan*, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miseries.
- Ephori*, a kinde of Magistrates, protectors of the people.
- Epidemik illes*, Vniuersall Diseases.
- Epicycle*, a lesser Circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater.
- Epicurus*, a Philosopher that placed mans felicitie in the pleasures of the Sense, believing no God but Fortune.
- Epilepsis*, the falling-sicknesse.
- Epithalamie*, a nuptiall song.
- Epitaph*, a funerall song, or an Inscription on a Tombe or Graue.
- Epithets*, additions to nounes, expressing some qualitie.
- Epitome*, an Abbridgement.
- Epirus*, a Countrey in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the Noble exploits of G. Castrior (sir-named Scanderbeg) against the Turke.
- Equinoctiall*, a Circle in Heauen through which when the Sun passeth, the dayes and nights be of equall length.
- Eretrian soile*, medicinable Earth, brought from Eretria.
- Erebus*, a Riuer in hell: Hell.
- Erythrean Deep*, the red Sea.
- Erynnis*, one of the Furies.
- Eridanus*, a figure in Heauē, the Riuer Po, in Lombardie.
- Eurus*, the East winde.
- Euripus*, a narrowe Sea, which ebbeth and floweth seauen times in 24 houres.
- Euphrates*, one of the Riuers of Eden, that runnes through Babylon.
- Europa*, Christendome, or this Western part of the world.
- Eccentrik*, that hath his center wholly separated from the Center of the Earth.
- Erysipiles*, hot and red swellings, called S. Anthonies fire.
- Erycina*, Venus.
- Euphrosyne*, looke Graces.
- Euphorbium*, a certaine medicinal Plant found and named



## An Index of the

med by Euphorbus, King  
Iubas Phylician.

*Ethnik*, see Pagan.

*Entidorian*.

*Etesian* gates, easterly windes.

*Ephod*, a linnen garment worne  
by the priests and Leuites  
of Israel.

*Edom* and *Idumea*, a part of  
Palæstine.

*Eleutherian*, Deliuerer.

*Epicarpian*, Fruit-keeper.

### F

**F***abricius*, a famous Roman,  
contemner of Riches, and  
in extreame pouertie most  
puissant for vertuous valour  
and integrity.

*Faustina*, a most lasciuious Em-  
prelle, wife to Marcus Aure-  
lius, and daughter of Anto-  
nius Pius.

*Fez*, a Kingdome in Barbarie.

*Finland*, a Dukedom vnder the  
king of Sweden.

*Flamine*, a Sacrificer, or high  
Priest, among the Heathen.

*Flauio*, Melphio a Neapolitan  
inuentor of the needle in the  
Mariners Compasse, and the  
use thereof.

*Foix*, a Countrey belonging to  
Nauarr, neere the Pyrene  
Mountains.

*Flora*, a faire and rich harlot  
which made the people of

Rome her Heire: in respect  
whereof, they made her God-  
desse of Flowers, and kept  
yeerely Feasts in honor of  
her.

*Furies*, 3 (viz.) *Alecto*, *Megera*,  
and *Teliphone* (sometimes  
also called *Perisyphone*)  
which are said to be Torme-  
ters of the damned in Hell,  
wittily fained to expresse the  
fear and fury of a guilty con-  
science.

*Frize* and *Cornich*, the crests,  
turniture & finishing at the  
vper end of a column.

*Parfalla*, a Candle flye.

*Fergusius*, *Euennus*, *Donaldus*, fa-  
mous ancient Kings of Scot-  
land.

*Fanes*, Temples, consecrated  
Places.

*Funambulant*, a Rope-walker.

*Feretrian*, Peace-bringer, or  
dread-striker.

### G

**G***alen*, a famous Physician  
born at Pergamus, whose  
learned workes through all  
ages haue been honoured.

*Galenite*, one skilfull in Phy-  
sicke, wherein Galen excel-  
led.

*Ganges*, a great Riuer in India.

*Gauls*, the ancient name of the  
French men.

*Genius*,

## Hardest Words.

*Genius*, a mans spirit, or natural instinct or inclination.

*Gemonide*, or *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence condemned persons were throwne downe.

*Ghion*, one of the riuers in Edē.

*Gnidan Idols*, Venus and Cupid: for in Gnidos shee was worshipped.

*Gonorrhæa*, a foule and inuoluntary Fluxe of seed, the Running of the Reines.

*Gordian knot*, a knot thought impossible to bee vndone. wherewith Gordius had fastened his Oxe yoake in the Temple of Apollo.

*Gorgons*, vgly hellish monsters, in forme of scaly Dragons, with crooked teeth, one eye, Iron talons, and mighty wings.

*Graces*, look Charites.

*Gymnosophists*, Philosophers of India, so called, because they went naked.

*Groon-land*, an exceeding colde Countrey, butting vpon the Sea, beyond Izland.

*Grane*, is as much as an Earle with vs; but in this place vsed for the Generall and Gouernor, Iosuah.

*Galactite*, a kind of white Marble, or Alabaster.

H

*Halcion*, a little water-bird thought to be the Kings fisher.

*Harpies*, rauenous Birdes, with faces like woemen.

*Hecatombes*, Heathē Sacrifices wherein were offered 100. Beasts.

*Hebe*, Ioues Cup-bearer: the Goddess of youth.

*Heber*, of whom the Hebrues and Hebrue Tongue are so called, the great-great-Grand-Childe of Sem, the sonne of Noah.

*Hecuba*, the frantike and disfigured, olde wythered wife of Priamu King of Troy; and heere opposed to the fresh, young beautifull *Helena*, the fatall Prize of their sonne Paris.

*Helicon* a Mountaine sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

*Helena*, the wanton wife of Menelaus: cause of the tedious siege & finall sack of Troy.

*Hemisphear*, half the compasse of heauen which we beholde.

*Hercules*, the most renowned Monster-Tamer of Thebes.

*Hermetes* Mercurie.

*Hero*, the faire Sestian Nunne, for whose sake Leander was drowned in Hellespont.



## An Index of the

- Heroes*, halfe Gods, excellent men for valour, and vertue.
- Herophilus*, a very ancient Physician.
- Herodotus*, an eloquent Greek Historiographer.
- Hesiodus*, an ancient Greek Poet
- Hesperian Plant*, Golden fruit-Trees garded by a Dragon which was slain by Hercules: but heer it is vsed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant then those (sayned) golden fruits.
- Hexameters*, verses of sixe feet
- Hiades*, 5. stars (some holde 7.) in the head of the Bull.
- Hiero*, a King of Sicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.
- Hieroglyphiks*, secret Cyphers, strange characters, mysticall wrighting by sundry formes of things.
- Hiram*, King of Tyrus, remembered in the Scripture for sending Timber and workmen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Ierusalem.
- Homer*, so called for his blindness, the most excellent of all the Greek Poets.
- Horizon*, a Circle diuiding the halfe-spheare of the firmament which wee see ouer vs, from the other halfe vnder vs, which wee see not.
- Hun*, furious Attyla, who sir-named himself the scourge of God, and terror of the World.
- Hyantian Fount*, springs sacred to the Muses.
- Hydrantik* braule, Musicke artificially made with the fall of waters.
- Hyena*, a horrible Beast that counterfaiterh mans voice.
- Hydrargire*, quick-siluer.
- Hydra*, a Serpent with 50. heads slain by Hercules.
- Hybla*, & 5. Mountains abounding.
- Hymetus* in Bees and hony.
- Hymen*, the God of Mariage.
- Hyperborean*, aboue or beyond the blowing of the Northwinde.
- Hippocrates*, a most excellent Physician.
- Hyppolitus*, the sonne of Theseus, who shunning the wanton inticements of his stepdame Phædra, was (through her false accusations) torne in pieces.
- Hyren*, a faire Greeke Mayden Captiue, on whome Mahomet the 2. extreemely doated.
- Hesperus*, the Euening-starre, the Euening.
- Helleborus*, an herbe whereof be

## Hardest Words.

be 2. Kindes, supposed our  
Ling-wort and Bears-foot.

*Heroik*, noble : but anciently  
appropriate to those which  
were counted Demi-Gods,  
suppos'd to be born & begot  
of a heavenly & an earthly  
Parent: as *Aeneas*, of *Venus*  
and *Anchyses*.

*Hebridian Waue*, the Sea about  
the *Iles Hiberides*, to the  
North from Ireland.

I

**I** *Anus*, an auncient King of  
Italy, whome in respect of  
his wisdom & providence,  
they figured with 2. faces, as  
looking backe into thinges  
past, and foreseeing thinges  
to come.

*Iaffa*, (anciently *Ioppa*) a nota-  
ble Hauen-Towne in Syria,  
where they land that trauail  
to Ierusalem,

*Iapetus*, a Theſſalian, more fa-  
mous by his two sons (*Pro-  
metheus*, and *Epimetheus*)  
then for any great worth of  
his owne.

*Iason*, Captain of the *Argonau-  
tes*, by the fauour of *Medea*,  
furmounting all daungers,  
brought home the golden  
Fleece.

*Ibis*, a certain high Bird, with a  
long Bill and stiffe legs, wor-

shipped by the olde Egyp-  
tians.

*Ibnus farid*, a learned Arabian,  
not much knowne in these  
parts.

*Iberians*, Spaniards.

*Icarus*, the son of *Dedalus*, who  
presuming to flie, was drow-  
ned in that Sea, which after  
bore his name.

*Ichneumon*, Pharaohs Ratte: a  
little Beast, enemy to the  
Crocodile.

*Idalian Fire*, the burning heate  
of Loues desire.

*Idea*, an Image or Patterne of  
things conceiued in the Fan-  
cie.

*Idioma*, a proper and peculiar  
forme of speech.

*Iessean Harpe*, the holy musick  
of Dauid the Son of *Ishai*,  
commonly called *Iesse*.

*Iliaca Passio*, a kinde of Co-  
licke.

*Illium*, and *Ilion*: Troy.

*Imaus*, a Hill in India, part of  
Caucasus.

*Impartiall maydes*, the Fatal si-  
sters, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and  
*Atropos*.

*Ile of Iron*, or *Isola di Ferro*,  
one of the fortunate Ilands  
now called *Canaries*.

*Incubus*, a disease oppressing  
the stomach in our sleepe,  
which



## An Index of the

which the ignorant haue  
thought to be a spright: it  
is commonly called the  
Night Mare.

*Indiuiduum*, a body that can-  
not be diuided.

*Ioues Bird*, the Eagle

*Iris-bowe*, the Rain-bowe.

*Iunos bird*, the Peacoeke.

*Isleban*, glory of Wittinberg:  
Martin Luther.

*Isthmus*, a narrow strait of land  
between two Seas.

*Isther*, Danubius.

*Ithacan*, Vlysses, the prudent  
husband of the most chaste  
Penelope.

*Iupiter*, the cheefe God of the  
Pagans.

*Iubile*, a yeer of libertie and re-  
lease, which was euery fifti-  
eth yeere.

*Iustinian*, a learned Emperor,  
Compiler of the Ciuill  
lawes.

*Inturna*, the North part of  
Scotland towards the Orcades.

*Iaboc*, a little brooke running  
into the Riuer Iordan.

*Isis*, the wife of Osiris, both I-  
dols of the Egyptians.

*Inadan*.

*Ioue*, *Iupiter*, chiefe of the Hea-  
then Gods.

*Iuno*, the sister & wife of Ioue:  
Goddesse of Dominion and Lawes of Lycurgus.

wealth, and supposed hel-  
per to woemen in trauaile:  
sometimes taken for the  
Aire.

*Iris*, the Rain-bowe.

*Iaphean* (or Iassian) Seas beate  
vpon the Coast of Zabulon  
towards Tyre and Sydon,  
on the farthest North of  
Iudea: heere opposed to Ti-  
gris in Mesopotamia, the  
farthest South of the same.

*Iaffa*, of old called *Ioppa*.

*Isaacians*, children of *Isaac*, Is-  
raelites.

*Izeland*, an Island in the farthest  
North towards *Groonland*.

*Iebusites*, the Heathen inhabi-  
tants of Ierusalem, before it  
came to the Possession of the  
Israelites.

K

**K** *Aros*, a drowlie, and stupi-  
fying disease in the  
head.

*Kennet*, a pleasant Riuer run-  
ning through Barkshire,  
neere vnto whole flowery  
bankes, our callow Cignets  
had their nest.

L

**L** *Academō*, (call'd also Spar-  
ta) a Citty and a Com-  
mon-wealth, most famous  
and flourishing vnder the

*Laconia*,

## Hardest Words.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>Laconia</i> , the Countrey where that City stood.  | <i>Lycurgia</i> , the Territorie of Genoa.  |
| <i>Lachesis</i> , looke Parca.  | <i>Lycurgus</i> , the famous Law-Maker of the Lacedæmonians.                                    |
| <i>Lada</i> , the wife of Tyndarus, who by the help of Jupiters Swan, laid 2. eggs, whereof were hatched double Twins: of the one Pol-lux and Helena, of the other Castor & Clytemnestra. | <i>Lemnos</i> , Vulcans Iland, Now called Salamine.   |
| <i>Latmos</i> , a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is saide to haue embraced her deer Endymion.   | <i>Limbo</i> , Hell.  |
| <i>Latona</i> , the Mother of Diana and Apollo.   | <i>Linus</i> , an excellent ancient Musician, maister of Orpheus.                               |
| <i>Latonian</i> Twinnes, those Children of hers, the Sunne and Moone.   | <i>Linx</i> , a Beast of exceeding quick and pearcing sight.                                    |
| <i>Lais</i> , a beutifull & costly Harlot of Corynth, frequented by many gallants of Greece.  | <i>Leucippus</i> , a Philosopher that imagined infinite worlds.                                 |
| <i>Lee</i> , a neat little Towne in Essex, in the mouth of the Thames.  | <i>Leucothea</i> , a Sea Godeesse.  |
| <i>Leander</i> , a yong man of Abydus, beloued of Hero, drowned in Hellespont while hee was swimming to her.  | <i>Liquour-God</i> , Bacchus.   |
| <i>Lers</i> , a riuer in France, of most strange qualitie.  | <i>Lopez</i> , a late Iew-spanish Physician, executed for infinite Treasons against this State. |
| <i>Lethe</i> , a riuer in Hell, which causeth forgetfulnesse.   | <i>Lotos</i> , an admirable plant, strangely sympathizing with the Sun.                         |
| <i>Lethargie</i> , the sleepey disease.   | <i>Lucania</i> , a Prouince of Italy, now called Basilicata.                                    |
| <i>Lestrigons</i> , a cruell people of Campania in Italy, which were said to feed on Mans Flesh.  | <i>Lucina</i> , Iuno, and Diana, supposed of olde to be assistant to women in their trauell.    |
|   | <i>Lucretia</i> , the chaste wife of Collatinus, rauished by Tarquin. (Poet.                    |
|   | <i>Lucretius</i> , a very ancient Latine  |
|   | <i>Luna</i> , the Moone.  |
|   | <i>Supercalcs</i> , Sacrifices & Feasts solemnized to Pan.                                      |
|   | <i>Lyceum</i> , the Schoole of Aristotle.   |

*Legislator,*



## An Index of the

*Legislator*, a Law-maker, or a Law-giver.

*Lesbian Squire*: the Leshians were so perfect Workemen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Worke by the Rule.

*Loumond*, a great Lake in Scotland, wherein they say, there is a floating Island.

*Lucifer*, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from heaven. The Diuell, also the morning starre.

*Lachesis*, looke *Parcas*.

*Locusts*, a kinde of Grasshoppers

*Libanus* and *Libanon*, a mountaine in Syria, famous for the fairest Cedar Trees.

### M

**M** *Adera*, one of the Canaries, from whence com excellent Sugars.

*Malta*, an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, where the Knights (that were) of Rhodes, now keep their residence.

*Manie*, a disease in the head, causing madnesse.

*Martian-field*, a field between Tiber, & the City of Rome, where they vsed to beholde the fight of condemned men with wilde Beasts.

*Mars*, the God of war.

*Mark Pole*, a notable Venetian Navigator and Discoverer.

*Maiz*, Indian wheat.

*Mausole*, a sumptuous Tombe built by Artemisia Queen of Caria, for her husband Mausolus.

*Marcellus*, a most noble Roman Captaine, Conqueror of Syracuse, and five times Consull.

*Mahomite*, the Turkish Emperour, worshiping Mahomet.

*Mantuan Muse*, the Poet Virgil

*Massacres*, Horrible murders.

*Medea*, a sorceresse, or (as some call them) a cunning-woman.

*Meanders*, crooked turnings, so called of the River *Meander*, for his exceeding crookednes.

*Medices*, the late Queen mother of France, being of the House of Florence.

*Medusas Tresse*, a head with snake-like hairs, turning the beholders into stones.

*Mein*, a River in Germany, whereon stands Frankfort, the famous Mart of the World.

*Meonian Bard*, Homer,

*Mecenas*, a noble Romane, & liberal fauourer of Virgil.

*Megea*,

## Hardest wordes.

*Mege*ra, one of the Furies.

*Melt*, an admirable Tree in Mexico, a mighty kingdom of America.

*Memphians*,  
*Memphytes*. } Egyptians.  
*Memphists*. }  
*Memphitists*. }

*Mercurie*, one of the Planets, the God of wit, eloquence, inuention, and subtilty, and the messenger of the Gods.

*Mercurial* (as it were) a Chancerie, controuling and reuoking false iudgments of inferiour Courts.

*Meridian*, the South circle.

*Metaphoras*, borrowed speeches.

*Metempsychosis*, transmigrati-  
on of soules from one body to another: after *Pythagoras*.

*Metaphysicall*, supernaturall.

*Milo*, a man of prodigious strength, that caried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fist, & eat him vp in one day.

*Mince*, a Riuer neere Mantua, where Virgil was borne.

*Minerua*, the same that Pallas: Goddesse of wit and warre.

*Moly*, an hearbe brought from heauen by Mercury to Vlysses, supposed to be our Rue, or hearb-grace.

*Moloch*, the Idoll of the Ammonites.

*Moliques*, rich Ilands in the East Indies, plentifull in all kinde of excellent Spices & other Treasures.

*Moore*s, the people of Ethiopia, subiects of Prester Iohn.

*Morpheus*, the God of dreames

*Mummie*, a drug, takē for part of ancient imbalmed bodies.

*Musculus*, a little Fish most officious to the Whale.

*Musulmans*, Arabians.

*Mycana*, Agamemnons Kingdome.

*Midas*, a wealthy King of Phrygia, whose touch (by the grāt of Bacchus) turned all things into Gold: so that at last his Gold-turned meate in his mouth choaked him.

*Myrmecides*, a cunning & curious Caruer in small workes.

*Myron*, an excellnt statuarie, or Image-maker.

*Mountebankes*, Iugglers.

*Meroe*, an Iland in the Riuer Nilus.

*Mege*ra, looke Furies.

*Mages*, Sages, Wife-men, Sooth-sayers.

*Morisco*, and *Mattachine*, Antike & fantastike daunces.

*Moderatrix*, a Regent or Gouvernelle.

M A G-



## An Index of the

MAGNIFICENCE, Great-  
nes, State, glory, Pomp.

*Munificēce*, bounty, liberality.

*Medalls*, Images of wood,  
stone, or metall.

*Musaik* work, a kinde of pain-  
ting so curiously shadowed,  
that it seemes in some pla-  
ces imboſt, in some carv'd,  
in ſom in-layde, in ſom gra-  
uen, &c.

*Meteors*, or exhalatiōs, ſtrange  
apparitions of comets, or  
other figures in the aire.

*Megarian*, where flouriſhed  
the Philoſopher Euclides,  
in the ſame time that Socra-  
tes in Athens.

### N

**N** *Acre*, the Pearle-shell, or  
mother of Pearl.

*Nadir*, the point directly vn-  
dervs, iuſt oppoſite to the  
Zenith or point verticall.

*Natolia*, Asia minor, now whol-  
ly vnder the Turke.

*Nectar*, the drink of the Gods.

*Neptune*, the Sea.

*Nephelean*, Crook-horne, the  
Signe Aries.

*Nepenthe*, an herbe which be-  
ing ſteeped in wine, is  
thought to expell ſadneſſe.

*Nereus*, the Sea.

*Nero*, a moſt cruell Emperour  
of Rome, the monſter of na-  
ture, & ſhame of mankind.

*Nefor*, a wiſe & eloquent Greek  
who being nigh 300. years old,  
came to the ſiege of Troy.

*Nile*, & *Nilus*, the famous Ri-  
uer of Egypt, vſed often for  
Egypt it ſelfe.

*Nimrod*, the builder of Babel,  
the firſt ambitious vſurper  
of ſoueraignty.

*Niphates*, a mountaine from  
whence the Riuer Tigris hath  
his ſource.

*Nitre*, a light, white, ſpongie  
mater, much like ſalt, which  
ſom haue (faſely) thought  
to be ſalt-peter.

*Noremberg*, a City in Germa-  
ny, eſpecially famous for  
curious handy-crafts.

*Nubian*, of a Kingdome fron-  
ting on the South of Egypt.

*Numidian*, people of a part of  
Africa, accuſtomed to liue  
continually in the fieldes  
with their flocks, & heards,  
remouing often for freſh  
paſtures.

*Numa Pompilius*, 2<sup>d</sup>. from Ro-  
mulus King of the Romanes  
and their firſt law-giuer.

### O

**O** *Beſequies*, funerall cere-  
monies.

*Ocean*, and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

*Oedipus*, a Riddle-Reader of  
Thebes.

*Oedems*

## Hardest wordes.

*Oedems*, thinne, waterish, and  
flegmatik swellings.

*Olympius*, an Arrian Bishoppe  
strook dead with Lighning  
for blaspheming the Deitie  
of Christ.

*Olympus*, a very high hill fron-  
ting on Macedonia: it is of-  
tensvled for heauen.

*Ophthalmie*, a disease in the Eye  
through inflammation of the  
ytermost tunicle.

*Optick sinew*, is that which  
bringeth sight vnto the Eye.

*Orgies*, Sacrifices to Bacchus.

*Oracles*, Mysteries of the hea-  
then Gods, deliuered by di-  
uers means, and in diuers  
manners.

*Orion*, a tempest-boading star.

*Orpheus*, an excellent Poet &  
Musician of Thrace.

*Oromene*, a Mountain in India,  
full of Salt-quarres.

*Orygian Delos*, a floating Ilād  
where Diana, and Apollo  
were borne.

*Orithyas* loue, Boreas, the  
North-winde.

*Ottoman*, the first Emperour  
of Turkes.

*Ouids* heirs: wanton Poets.

*Oxygone*, a sharp-Triangle.

*Omer*, a certaine measure a-  
mong the Hebrues.

*Ophir*, supposed to be Peru.

*Onyx*, a red pretious stone, fit  
for Seales. (cleer.

*Orient*, the East Sun-Rising  
*Oran*, a Port-Towne in Barba-  
rie, within the Streictes of  
Gibraltar.

P

*Pætolus*, a riuer in Lydia,  
which (after the washing  
of King Midas) is said to haue  
Golden sands.

*Pallas*, the Goddesse of Arts &  
wisedome.

*Palemon*, a Sea God, called al-  
so Melicertes.

*Palestine*, Iudea, the holy land,  
first called Canaan.

*Pan*, the God of Shepheards.

*Pandects*, Bookstreating of all  
manner of Arguments.

*Panchayan Fumes*, Incense.

*Pannonia*, Hungary & Austria.

*Panope*, a Sea-Nymph.

*Pandora*, fained (by Hesiodus)  
to be the first woman, and  
made by Vulcan: indued by  
all the Gods with seuerall ex-  
cellent gifts, but afterwarde  
by Iupiter (in displeasure)  
set to her spouse Epimethe-  
us, with a Box full of all  
manner of miseries.

*Paphos Archer*, Cupid, the little  
God of loue.

*Paphian Fier* } his Arrows.  
or shott }

*Parrhasius*,



## An Index of the

**Parrhasius**, a most excellent painter of Ephesus.

**Parthians**, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.

**Paros**, an Island in the Archipelago (which diuideth Europe & Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alabaster.

**Parcas, Parca**, (à non parcendo) the Destinies, or 3. fatal Sisters, (viz) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: Death it selfe, the eneuitable end of all.

**Parallels**, lines euery where like distant.

**Paradox**, an argument maintained contrary to the common and receiued opinion.

**Pegasus**, the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straying to flye vpto Heaven, with his hooft raised the top of Helicon, whence immediately gushed out a spring, which therefore is called Hyppocrene.

**Penelope**, the most chaste wife of the wandring Prince Ulysses.

**Peneian Vale**, is Tempe, a most pleasant vally in Thessaly, on the verge of the Riuer Peneus.

**Pentheus**, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agave*) murdered.

**Peripneumonie**, the Impostume of the Lungs.

**Perige**, that point of heaven wherein the Sun (or other planet) is neereft to the center of the Earth.

**Persephone**, or Proserpine: the Queen of Hell and Horror.

**Perseus**, a most triumphant Champiō, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-mōster: who for his prowesse is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a God, & placed among the Starres.

**Parnassus**, the mountain of the Muses.

**Persian Monark** with the heauen of glasse, was Saporess.

**Peru**, one of the largest and richest parts of America.

**Phaeton**, the Son of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the Riuer Eridanus.

**Phœbus**, the Sunne.

**Phalaris**, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.

*Phalec,*

## Hardest Words.

*Phalec*, the sonne of Heber.

*Pharos*, a Lanthorn Tower to beare a light for the guide of Saylor's in a haven by night: also an Island.

*Philegon*, one of the horses of the Sunnes Chariot.

*Phlegeton*, a Riuer in Hell, taken oft for Hell it selfe.

*Philtre-charme*, inchantèd with loue-potions.

*Phantik*, such as are haunted with strange and illuding visions.

*Philirian Scout*, the signe of Sagittarius.

*Philometor*, an ancient king of Egypt, much giuen to husbandry, and delighting in the Country life.

*Phlebotomie*, Blood-letting.

*Phlegmons*, hot & red inflammations of blood.

*Phrygian Skinker*, the signe Aquarius.

*Phrixus sister*, was Helle, drowned in Hellespont, which of her is so called.

*Phrenzie*, a most violent and dangerous disease of the braine.

*Phthisick*, The consumption of the Lungs.

*Phthiriasis*, the lowsie disease.

*Pica*, the longing disease of women with childe.

*Physon*, one of the Riuer's in the garden of Eden.

*Pigmes*, little people of the North, a Cubit high.

*Pyrene*, a princesse from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which diuide France and Spaine) are so called.

*Pindus*, a Mountaine sacred to the Muses.

*Pierian Maydes*, the Muses.

*Pirrhon*, (read Pirrho) a Philosopher alwaies doubtfull of all things, yea euen of those subiect to our senses.

*Plato*, Prince of the Academiks, surnamed diuine, and indeed the most neere approaching diuinity of all the heathen.

*Pleiades*, the 7. Starres.

*Plessis*, a noble learned frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the Truth of Christian religion, against all Iewes, Turkes, Pagans, Papists, Atheists, and Infidels what-soeuer.

*Pluto*, the god of Hell and of Riches, the Diuell and all.

*Po*, the riuer that watreth Lombardy the garden of Italy.

*Polypes*, a subtill fish called a Manie-feet, or Pourcontrell.

*Polymnia*, manifold memory, in varieto of knowledge.

K k k

Poles,



## An Index of the

**Poles**, the imagined Hinges of the Heavens, whereon the World is turned, commonly vied for heauen.

**Postasters**, Base, Counterfait, vnclearned, witlelle & wanton Poets that pester the World; either with idlevanities or odious villanies.

**Porphyrie**, Marble.

**Porus**, a King of India of huge stature, ouercome by Alexander.

**Polygamie**, the hauing of many wiues.

**Polyphem**, a huge and cruell Gyant, with oneeye in his fore-head.

**Pomona**, Goddesse of fruits.

**Pontikeath**. Pontus is a region in Asia minor, fronting East-ward vpon Colchis.

**Progne**, Pandions daughter, sister of Philomele, & wife of Tereus, transformed to a swallow.

**Proteus**, a Sea-god, that taketh on him all shapes.

**Problems**, mathematicall propositions, referred especially to practice.

**Prometheus**, is fained to haue made the first man, and to haue stollen fire from heauen, to put life into his creature.

**Prymian Sage**, Bias.

**Ptolomeus Philadelphus**, most famous for his learning & loue to the learned, and especially for his noble Librarie, erected in Alexandria.

**Pyramides**, exceeding huge & high Spires, built by the kings of Egypt for fond & idle ostentation of their riches and pride.

**Pyrausta**, a fire-flye, or winged worm, breeding and liuing only in the fire.

**Python**, a horrible Dragon slaine by Apollo.

**Pagan**, Heathen, an Infidell, vncircūcised, & unbaptized, that knowes not God.

**Phydias**, a famous Caruer in wood and stone.

**Persyphone**, look Furies.

**Pirenes**, look Bigaurian.

**Phrygian Musick**, look Dorik.

**Pelleas Prince**, Alexander the great, borne in the Citie of Macedonia called Pella, as was also Philip his father.

**Panomphean**, all-hearing.

**Phyxian**, fugitiue.

**Profolyte**, a stranger new-conuerted to our faith & fashiō.

**Pharan**, a City between Egypt & Arabia: also a Wildernes which the Israelites passed in their

## Hardest Words.

their Pilgrimage to Canaan.  
*Pharus*, look Pharos.

*Pyrrhus*, a valiant King of the  
Epirots, a notable Enemy  
to the Romans.

*Pas-Lamb*, the Paschal Lamb.

*Pelusian Foord*, Nilus the great  
Riuer of Egypt.

*Pythian Knight*, is Apollo,  
fir-named Pythias, for slay-  
ing the dreadfull Serpent  
Pytho.

*Parian Rocks*, mountaines of  
white Marble or Alabaster,  
in the Ile of Paros.

*Patagons*, Indiā Canibals, such  
as eat mans flesh.

*Posthumus*, one borne after his  
Fathers death.

*Prodigies*, extraordinary and  
miraculous accidents.

*Picts*, ancient inhabitants of a  
part of Scotland.

*Para-Nymphs*, Bride-dressers,  
too curious prankers of  
themselves.

*Pyrrhic Galliard*, a kinde of  
dauncing in armour, inuen-  
ted by Pyrrhus.

*Porphyre*, a kind of red Marble.

*Plymb*, a part of the base of a  
pillar, flat square like a tyle.

R

**R** *Abbines*, great Doctors  
among the Iewes.

*Rabican*, the name of a gallant  
horse in *Orlando Furioso*.

*Regulus*, a noble Consull, and  
resolute Captaine of the Ro-  
mans in the Punik-war.

*Remora*, a little fish (which som  
call a Suck-stone) that sud-  
dainly stoppeth a ship vn-  
der all her sayles in her full  
course.

*Rendez vous*, an appointed  
place of meeting.

*Romes Dragon*, the Pope.

*Ryphean wood*, Forrests of Scy-  
thia.

*Rhea*, the same that Cibeles,  
Vesta, Tellus, the Earth.

*Rhenbarb*, an excellent roote,  
and very pretious for the  
purging quality.

*Rubrick*, the titles & Directi-  
ons in the olde Plasters, or  
Seruice-Bookes: so called,  
because they are written or  
printed in red Letters.

S

**S** *Aba*, chiefe Cittie of the  
Sabæans in Arabia, abou-  
ding in Cinamō, Cassia, Fran-  
kinence, and Myrrhe.

*Salamander*, a spotted beast  
like a Lizard, whose ex-  
tream coldnesse queneth  
the fire.

*Salmonens*, a King that vvith  
certaine violent Engines,

Kkk 2

coun-



## An Index of the

counterfai't Thunder.

*Salust*, a notable Romā Historiographer, also the surname of our noble and renowned Author du BARTAS.

*Samian wise*, Pythagoras.

*Sardanapalus*, a most effeminate king, the last of the Assyrians.

*Sargus*, a Fish strangely lustfull.

*Saturnes doore*, the end of Time.

*Saturnales*, feasts kept in December in the honour of Saturne.

*Satyres*, nipping Poesies that reprove vice sharply, without respect of persons.

*Scaliger Iosephus*, now living, a Frenchman, admirable in all Languages, for all manner of learning.

*Scipio* (sir-named Affrican) a most wise, valiant, & vertuous Captaine of the Romans, who beeing ill requited for infinite honourable seruices, sequestred himselfe to a Country-life.

*Scirrhes*, a kinde of hard (yet paine-lesse) swellings in the flesh.

*Scolopendra*, a certain Fish that casteth forth her bowels, to cleere them from the hook.

*Scopas*, a notable Architect, imploied in the building of Mausolus Tomb, which is numbred among the seven wonders of the world.

*Syrtes*, dangerous sands in the Lybian Sea.

*Serban Forrests* (now Cathay, and Cambalu) are in Asian Scythia, abounding in the best Silkes.

*Serranus*, a worthy Romane fetched from his plough to the Dictatorship, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.

*Sentinel*, a scout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Towne of Garrison.

*Seraphin*, an Angell.

*Sein*, the riuer of Paris.

*Shynar*, or *Sennaar*, the plaine vvhether Nimrod built the Tower of Babel.

*Sibyls*, Prophetesses: Varro remembreth 10 of them.

*Semiramis*, the proud & wanton Queen of Babylon, wife of Ninus.

*Sirius*, the Dog-Star, at whose rising the Dogge-dayes alwaies begin.

*Skinc Alexandrian*, a kind of Serpent, a land Crocodile.

*Skinker*, the signe Aquarius.

*Sol*, the Sunne, one of the 7.

pla-

## Hardest Words.

### Planets.

*Solides*, 5. regular bodies or figures Geometricall ( viz. ) the Circle, Cube, Pyramid, Cilinder, and Dodochædron.

*Sostrates*, a notable Architect builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

*Stagirian*, Aristotle, there born

*Sux*, } Hell.

*Strigian strand*, }

*Steropes*, one of Vulcans Cyclopes.

*Stoikes*, seuerer Philosophers, pretending to condemne all Passions: and esteeming all things to be ordered by an ineuitable necessity of Fate or Destinie.

*Strymon*, a Riuer between Macedonia and Thrace.

*Suisses* ( we call them Swizers ) the warlike people of the Cantons of Heluetia.

*Sulphur*, Brimstone.

*Starre-shippe*, Argos a signe or Constellation in Heauen, supposed to haue been the Shippe that Iason and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.

*Synonimas*, words of the same signification.

*Symbolize*, to resemble or agree.

*Sympathie*, consent or resemblance of quality.

*Symphonie*, consent of time or harmonie.

*Symmetrie*, proportion of parts between themselves, and to their whole.

*Syracusa*, a great, wealthy, and wanton Citie in Sicilia.

*Syrens*, Mer-Maydes.

*Satyr*, a wilde wood-monster, halfe man, halfe-goate: also a kinde of nipping Poesie, reproouing vice vn-partially.

*Salem*, Ierusalem.

*Spartans*, look Lacædemon.

*Sina*, or Sinai, a mountaine in Arabia, the same that Horeb, where the Law was giuen to Moses.

*Salamina*, an Island and Citie in the Euboik Sea, now called the Gulfe of Negrepont.

*Stentorian*, Homer reports him to haue had the voyce of 50. men.

*Signories*, Lordships, Dominions.

*Sues*, a Port in the East part of Egypt vpon the red Sea.

*Seir*, a mountaine in Idumæa, betweene Asphaltis and Egypt.

*Siddim*, the place where Lot, with the Princes of Sodom,



## An Index of the

ther & the Duke of Guise) had beene too busie an Actor in the bloodie Massacre.

*Venus*, the Goddesse of Loue and Beautie, also one of the planets.

*Venus Escuage*, Knights (or Nights) seruiceto Ladies.

*Venerean mirth*, Idem.

*Ver*, the Spring.

*Vertumnus*, an imagined God of the Romans that tooke on him all shapes.

*Vespucio*, Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, first discoverer of America, of whom it was so called.

*Virginere*, a learned Frenchman of later times, translator of Cæsar, Liuius, and other Latine writers.

*Vienna*, a City in Austria, where vsually the Emperor keeps his Court.

*Vrania*, one of the Muses, especially handling Heauenly things, therefore called the Heauenly Muse.

*Vrim*, and *Thummim*, 2. words grauen in the Brest-plate of Aaron, signifying Illumination and integrity.

*Vlysses*, the politick Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.

*Vulcan*, the God of Fier and forge-men.

*Uranoscepus*, a fish alwayes gazing vpto heauen.

## X

**X** *Anth*, called also *Scamander*, the Riuer of Troy, there is also an Iland in the Archipelago, so called.

*Xenian*, hospitious, mild-entertainer.

## Z

**Z** *Ebut*, an Iland in the west Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar, and Ginger.

*Zenith*, the point verticall, the point of Heauen right ouer our heads: the contrarie point is called Nadir.

*Zeno*, the chiefe of the Stoicke Philosophers.

*Zeuxis*, a most cunning and exceeding rich Painter.

*Zodiak*, a byaz or sloping Circle in the Heauens, wherein are the 12. Signes, thorough which all the planets passe.

*Zones*, Imagined Circles, diuiding

## *Hardest Words.*

uiding the World into five  
parts.

*Zopyrus*, a Persian that strange-  
ly disfigured himselfe to doe

his Prince an important ser-  
uice.

*Zephrus*, the West, the West-  
winde.

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*FINIS.*

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## The Printer to the Reader.

**P**Erceiuing our diuine du BARTAS so generally applauded, euen of the greatest and the grauest of this Kingdome; and all His Workes so welcome vnto all: to make the same (in this second Edition) more compleat, I haue presumed to annex This Peece; indeed no part of his incomparable WEEKS (neither heere apperelled by the same Workman) yet doubt-les a Child of the same Parent, and (if I be not deceiued) one of his first borne: which arriuing long-since in Scotland, was there (among the rest) royally receiued, and thus (as you see) suited, somewhat to that Countrie fashion. Whose Dialect and Orthography (considering vnder what authority it was first published, and now the rather respecting our happy union by the same established) I haue not dar'd at all to alter. Accept it therefore (gentle Reader) as it is and allow at least of my good will; who, wishing thee the profit of these happy labours, haue aduentured (to do the pleasure) to incur (I doubt) double displeasure.

Thine, H. L.



TO THE MOST HIGH  
and mightie Prince, JAMES the  
Sixt, King of *Scotland*, his Maiesties  
most humble Seruant, THO. HUDSON,  
wisheth long life with euerlasting  
*felicitie.*



S your Maiestie, Sir, after your accustomed and vertuous maner was sometime discoursing at Table with such your Domestiques, as chaunced to be attendant;

It pleased your Highnesse not onely to esteeme the peerelesse stile of the Greeke *Homer*, and the Latin *Virgil* to bee inimitable to vs (whose tongue is barbarous and corrupted): But also to alledge (partly thow delight your Maiesty tooke in the Haucie stile of those most famous Writers, and partly to sound the opinion of others) that also the lofty Phrase, the graue inditement, the facound termes of the French *Salust* (for the like resemblance) could not be followed nor sufficiently expressed in our rude and impolished English language. Wherein, I more boldly then aduisedly (with your Maiesties licence) declared my simple opinion; not calling to mind, that I was to giue my verdit in presence of so sharpe and clear-eyed a Censor as your Highnesse is: But rashly I alleadged, that it was nothing impossible euen to follow the footsteps of the same great Poet *Salust*, and to translate his verse (which ne-  
uer-



## The Epistle

uerthelesse is of it selfe exquisite) succinctly, and sensibly in our owne vulgar speech. Whereupon it pleased your Maiestie (among the rest of his workes) to assigne me, *The History of Iudith*, as an agreeable Subiect to your Highnesse, to be turned by me into English verse: Not for any speciall gifte or science that was in mee, who am inferior in knowledge and erudition to the least of your Maiesties Court: but by reason (paradventure) of my bold assertion, your Maiestie, who will not haue the meanest of your house vnoccupied, would haue mee to beare the yoke, and driue forth the penance, that I had rashly procured. Indeed, the burden appeared heauie, and the charge almost insupportable to me: neuerthelesse, the seruent desire which I had to obtemper vnto your Maiesties commandement, the earnest intention to veresie my rash speaking, and the assured confidence which I ankred on, your Highnesse helpe and correction, encouraged mee so, & lightned on such wise my heauy burthen, that I haue with lesse paine, brought my halfe despaired worke to finall end. In the which, I haue so behaued my selfe, that through your Maiesties concurrence, I haue not exceeded the number of the lines written by my Author: In euery one of the which, he hath also two syllables more then any English beares. And this notwithstanding, I suppose your Maiestie shall finde little of my Authors meaning pretermitted. Wherefore if thus much be done by me, who am of another profession, and of so simple literature, I leaue it to bee considered by your Maiestie, what such as are consummate in letters, and knowes the waightie words, the pithie sentences, the polished tearms, and full efficacie of the English tongue, would haue done. Receiue then, Sir, of your owne seruant, this little worke at your owne commandement enterprised, corrected by your Maiesties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highnesse. If I haue done well, let the praise redound to your Maiestie, whose censure I haue vnderlyen. If otherwise, let my default of skill bee imputed to my selfe, or at the least my good intention allowed, whereby others may haue occasion to doe better

## *Dedicatorie.*

better. To your Highnesse consideration, referring Sir, both  
my diligence done in this final translation, and the inueterate  
affection which I haue, and ought alwaies to beare vnto  
your Maiestie, I commit with all humility, your  
Highnes, your Realme and estate, to the  
gouernment of God. who gover-  
neth all the World.



SON-





## SONNET.

**S**ince ye immortall sisters nine he's left  
All other countries lying farre or neere,  
To follow him who from them all you rest,  
And now he's cause your residence be heere;  
Who though a stranger yet he lov'd so deere  
This Realme and me, so as he spoild his awne,  
And all the brooks and banks, and fountains cleere  
That be therein, of you, as he hath shawne  
In this his work: then let your breath be blawne  
In recompence of this his willing minde,  
On me; that sine may with my pen be drawne  
His praise. For though himselfe be not inclyn'd  
Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurer tree:  
Yet well he merits crownd therewith to be.

FINIS.



SONNET.

**T**He Muses nyne haue not reueald to mee  
What sacred seeds are in their garden sown;  
Nor how their Salust gaines the Laurer tree,  
Which throw thy toile in Brittain ground is growen:  
But, sith they see thy trauell truely shoven  
In Vertues schoole, th'expiring time to spend,  
So haue they to his Highness made it known,  
Whose Princely power may dewly thee defend.  
Then you, that on the Holy Mount depend  
In crystall ayr, and drinks the cleared spring  
Of Poetrie, I doe you recommend  
To the protection of this godly King:  
Who for his vertues, and his gifts diuine,  
Is only Monark of the Muses nyne.

FINIS. M.V.F.





## THE AVTHORS AD- monition to the Reader.



*Beloued Reader, it is about fourteene years past, since I was commanded by the late Illustrate and most vertuous Princeesse Iean, Queen of Nauarre, to reduce the History of Iudith, in forme of a Poeme Epique. Wherein I haue not so much aimed to followe the phrase or text of the Bible, as I haue preased (without wandring from the verity of the History) to imitate Homer in his Iliades, & Virgill in his Aeneidos, and others who hath left to vs works of such like matter: thereby to render my work so much the more delectable. And if the effect hath not answered to my desire, I beseech thee to lay the fault vpon her who proposed to me so meane a Theame or subiect, and not on me who could not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in Fraunce, who in a iust Poeme hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy fauour to receiue some excuse; seeing that things of so great weight cannot be both perfectly begunne and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at least thou shalt be drinen to allow the honest pretence and holy desire which I haue to see the youth of Fraunce so holily by mine example exercised.*

*I may*

## To the Reader.

I may not forget, that they doe greatly wrong me, who thinks that in discriuing the Catastrophe of this History (truely tragicall) I am become a voluntary Aduocate to these troublesome and seditious spirits, who (for to serue their temerarious passions, and private inspirations) conspires against the liues of placed princes. For, so much doe I disassent that this example and the like ought to bee drawen in consequence, that I am verely perswaded that the act of Ahud, of Iaell, and of Iudich, who vnder colour of obeysance and pretext of amity laid their reuenging hands vpon Aeglon, Sifera, and Holofernes: had been worthy of a hundred gallows, a hundreth fires, and a hundred wheeles, if they had not been peculiarly chosen of God for to vnloose the chains, and break the bands which retain'd the Hebrew people in more then Aegyptian seruitude, and expresly called to kill those Tyrants with a death as shamefull as their liues were wicked and abhominable. But seeing this question is so diffuse that it cannot be absolved in fewe words, and that my braine is too weak for so high an enterprise; I send you to those who haue spent more oyle and time in turning the leaues of the sacred scriptures, then I haue done for the present. It me sufficeth for the time to admonish the Reader, to attempt nothing without a cleare and indubitable vocation of God against those whom he hath erected aboue vs; and aboue all things, not to abuse the law of humane hospitality, and other holy bands, for to glue place to these frenetike opinions so to abolish a pretended tyranny. I haue also to warne thee of two different sorts of men: of the which one sort is so depraued that they can heare nothing, but that which is altogether profane; and the other is so



## To the Reader.

*superstitious, that they make conscience not onely to write, but also to read of holy things in verse, as though that the measure and iointure of syllables were so constrained as it were vnpossible to keepe the sense vnperverted, or at least not excessiueely obscured. Now if I perceiue that this my first assay may bee to thee agreeable, I shall continue more gladly my new commenced race, in such sort that thou shalt not repent thine indulgence, nor I my passed pains. But if contrarie fall, in time to come I wil be ware to lay out my smal pack in this ample Theatre of France, where there is almost as many Iudgements as beholders, A Dieu.*

GSSDB:





# THE ARGVMENT OF the whole Historie of *JVDITH.*



After that the Children of *Israel* were deliuered from captiuitie and returned to their land, the City of *Ierusalem* reedified, the Temple builded and prepared to the seruice of the Lord, the multitude of the people being scattered in sundry towns and places of the Land, where they liued in peaceable rest: the Lord knowing man to be negligent of GOD and his saluation, chiefly when he liues at ease, and all things frames vnto his fraile desire; to th'end that his people should not fall in such an inconuenience, would exercise them with a fearefull affliction and temptation, sending vpon their Countrey an army so great in number and puiſſance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was vnder the *Persian Monark*, named in the historie *Nebuchadnezar* (which neuerthelesse is not his right name). His chiefe Lieutenant generall and Conduſter of the whole Armie, was *Holophernes*, who



## Argument.

(wherefoeuer hee came) ouerthrewe all religion, permitting none to inuocate or acknowledge any other God, but *Nebuchadnezzar*, his Master; whom hee enforced to constitute and establish for the onely God. So entred hee *Iudea* vvith intent to destroe it all: which the people perceiuing, and that his power was so great that no nation could resist him; and also knowing his cruell hatred; were sore affraied, and almost driuen to extream desperation; seeing none other thing present before them, but ruine and destruction. And this the Lord suffered, to shoue (in time) his worke to bee more wonderfull. For the people being humbled, and hauing called to the Lord for mercie and succour at his hand, hee both heard and succoured them at neede. The meane was not through strength and stoutnesse of some vvorthie Captaine; but by the hand of *Iudith*, a tender feeble woman, to the shame of this most proud and cruell tyrant, and all his heathen hoste. For shee cut off his head, put all his campe to flight, destroyed his men of Armes, in such wise that they fled here and there; and, seeking to saue their liues, left all their tentes and baggage. Thus the Lord, by the weake, and those that are not regarded, makes his vvorkes admirable. By one selfe meane hee saued his owne, and executed his iustice against his enemies. In which vvee haue to consider his singular prouidence and goodnesse, and the care which hee hath in especiall for the faithfull, and all his whole Church. This Historie is intituled by the name of *Iudith*, because it containes the narration of her great vertues, and for that the Lord vsed her as an instrument for the deli-

### *Argument.*

deliuerance of his people. It is not certaine who was  
the first Author hereof; neuerthelesse the rea-  
ding of it hath beene receiued in the  
Church, for the doctrine and  
vtility of the same.

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I

# THE SVMMARIE OF *the first Booke.*

**H**OLOPHERNES, Lieutenant general and chiefe of the army of *Nebuchadnezzar* K. of the Assyrians, was in the field for to subdue diuers people and amongst others, the Iewes. All the Nation is seized with great feare, for the cruelties committed by the enemy. Then, as it falls out in bruits of war all the whol people were troubled: some sauing themselves in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and Tragical end, the last sort calls vpon God. This while **IOACHIM** the chiefe Priest governed the people: he by his letters and expresse commandement recalls those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Ierusalem: where, in presence of the Leuits, he made sacrifice & earnest prayer vnto God to withdraw his ire and to be mercifull to his people: which done, he enters in counsell and requires his Princes to consult vpon the cause, and consider what is most expedient: and to preferre the loue of Gods law and the country, before al priuate things: the first that gainstands this exhortation is an hypocrite, and fauourer of the enemy, who giues counsell to render them to **HOLOPHERNES**, calling him a Prince gracious to those that applauds to him, and inuincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously againe, detecteth his false hypocrisie and carelesse security, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godlesse enemy, before the duty they ought to their God and their countrey, and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked **NEMROD** consummat in all impiety and wickednesse, to abolish all vertue and godlinesse. For he proues, that if the nations should be rooted out for the right religion, God should be more honored in the death of the Iewes, then in their liues; and that it is more worthie to die Hebrewes, then to liue infidels; and freemen, then slaues: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honor and duty before feare & a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull daies. This reply encouraged all the assistants: wherof **IOACHIM** gaue thanks to God, and (resolving himselfe vpon a iust defence for the conseruation of the seruice of God, and the freedome of his nation, and the liues of the innocent against this villanous inualion) wisely departed the regiments of towns to persons conuenient: who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power vnto the warre with courage, paine, and diligence.

*The*





## The first Booke of Iudith.

*Proposition and  
summe of this  
worke.*

**I** Sing the vertues of a valiant Dame,  
Who (in defence of *Iacob*) ouercame  
Th' *Assyrian* Prince, and slew that *Pagan* stout,  
Who had beset *Bethulia* wailles about.

*Inuocation of the  
true God.*

O thou, who kept thine *Izak* from the thrall  
Of infidels, and steeld the courage small  
Of feeble *Iudith*, with a manly strength;  
With sacred furie fill my heart at length:  
And, with thy *Holy* spirit, my spirit enspire,  
For matter so diuine. Lord I require  
No humain stile; but that the Reader may  
Great profit reape, I ioy, thou praise alway.

*Dedication of  
the Author altered  
by the Transla-  
tour.*

And since in vulgar verse I prease to sing  
This godly Poeme to a Christian King,  
To him whom God in goodnesse hath ereft  
For princely Piller, to his owne elect:  
For lawfull Lord, to raign with truth and right:  
For louefom Laurer, to the vertuous wight:  
Him (I beseech) this trauell to defend,  
That to his pleasure I the same may end.

**W**hen *Izrell* was in quiet rest and peace,  
And fruitfully the ground gaue her encrease,  
Which seauenty yeer vntilled lay before,  
And nothing bare but thistle, weed and thorne;  
It pleased God (vpon his iust correction)  
T'awake his owne, that were of his election;

Leaft

*Judith, the 1. Booke.*

3

Least that the longsom peace should them withhold,  
And dull their spirits, as doth the warriour bolde,  
Who spoyle his horse with pampring in the stable,  
That makes him for the manage more vnable:  
He spread their land with bands of enemies stout,  
Whose clouds of shot bedim'd their land about.  
Their *Hoaste*, with arrowes, pikes, and standards, flood  
As bristle-pointed, as a thornie wood.

*The Army of  
Holophernes.*

Their multitude of men, the riuers dri'd,  
Which throw the wealthy *Juda* sweet did slide:  
So that flood *Iordane* finding dry his banke,  
For shame he blusht, and down his head he shranke,  
For woe that he his credit could not keep,  
To send one waue, for tribute to the deep.

Scarfe had the Haruest-man, with hook in hand,  
Dispoyle the fruit and let the stubble stand:  
Scarfe had the hungry Gleaner put in birde  
The scattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:  
And scarfe the flapping staile began to thresh,  
When vnto *Jacob*, newes was brought afresh,  
That *Holophernes* his frontiers did inuade,  
And past all Riuers, straits, and murders made  
So vile, that none he left that drew the breath;  
But olde and young he put to sodain death:  
The sucking babes vpon their mothers knee,  
His cruell cut-throats made them all to dee:  
Then like a flock of sheep, that doth beholde  
A Wolfe come from the wood vpon their fold,  
Shapes no defence, but runnes athwart the lands,  
And shortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:  
So *Isaaks* sonnes, indreading for to feel  
This tyrant, who pursued them at the heel,  
Disfundering fled, and sought their liues to saue  
In hills, and dales, and euery desert caue.

*The Hebrews.*

The shepheard of his flocke had now no care:  
But fearing death, fled to som mountain bare.

*Fear of the e-  
nemy.*

The



The Craftsman now his lumes away hath layde:  
 The Marchant left his traffike and his trade,  
 To hide himself more safely in a vault,  
 Then in a Rampier, to sustain th' assault.  
 The Lords esteemde themselves in surer holde  
 In Dennes of Beasts, then castles gilt with golde.  
 Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,  
 And made them mount to places that were hie.  
 Feare made the wofull women for to bear  
 Their cradles sweet to hilles that highest were:  
 Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,  
 For want of speed, on foot and hand to creep:  
 All where was nothing heard but hideous cries,  
 And pitious plaints that did the harts agrise.

*Affliction cau-  
 seth prayer.*

O Lord (sayd they) wilt thou still, day by day,  
 The arrowes of thine anger neuer stay?  
 Wilt thou that *Calde* conquerevs again?  
 Shall *Iuda* yet the *Heathen* yoke sustain?  
 Wilt thou again that they make euery towne,  
 But stony heaps of houses casten down?  
 Again shall sacrilegious fire deuoure  
 Thy holy house where we do thee adore?

Then *Ioachim* the priest of God most hie,  
 Who ouer *Iuda* then had chief degrie,  
 Stood like a Pylot stout in tempest great,  
 Who seeing winde and weather for to threat,  
 Yet to his mates, his fear no terrour drawes,  
 Nor leaues his ship vnto the wrackfull wawes:  
 But, with disguising fear, his face vp casts,  
 And stoutly doth gain-stand the balefull blaits:  
 Right so this prudent prelate sent, in haste,  
 Two hundreth men to passe where men were plac't  
 In places strong, and thence commanded them  
 For to repair vnto *Ierusalem*.

Now since th'Eternall did reueale his will,  
 vpon the sacred top of *Syna* hill,

*Judith, the 1. Booke.*

5

The Arke of God which wisdom more did holde,  
In Tables two, then all the *Greeks* haue tolde;  
And more then euer *Rome* could comprehend,  
In huge of learned books that they ypend:  
Long wandred it throw trybes, throw kin and kin,  
And found no certain place of resting in.  
Yea, somtime it the shamefull spoyle hath been  
To sacrilegious hands of *Palestine*,  
Vntill that time, that *Iesies* holy race,  
For euer lodged it in *Iebus* place.

*Sam. 1. 4*

*Sam. 2. 6*

But, for that *Dauids* hands with blood were filld,  
Throw infinits of humains he had kild;  
The king of peace would haue a king of rest:  
To build his *Temple* farre aboue the best:  
His house, whose front vpreard so high andeauen,  
That lightlied earth, and seem'd to threat the heauen,  
Vntill that wicked time a tyrant vile,

*Ierusalem.*

*Sam. 2. 7*

*Nabuchadnezzar*

Of name and deed that bare the semble stile;  
That did this king, that building braue he wrackt,  
And to the sacred ground all whole it sackt.

Yet when, long after, *Abrahams* holy race,  
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captiue place,  
With combers great they redified with pain,  
That most renowned house of God again.  
Which though vnto the first it seem'd as small,  
As to a Princes house, a shepherds hall:

*Esd. 6.*

And though the hugenes were not as it was,  
Yet sure the height and beauty did surpass  
And overseilde the famous work of *Pharie*,  
*Ephesus* Temple, and the tombe of *Carie*,  
The *Rhodian* Collos, and the *Caldean* wall,  
That *Semirame* set vp with tourret stall.  
Also the wondrous work of this same Temple  
Might serue a *Ctesiphon* for his exemple:  
*Lysippus* eke to carue by square and line,  
Or guide *Apelles* pensile most diuine.

Heer



Heer in this place, all *Izrel*, most deuoute,  
 Withdrew themselves to *Salem* round about ;  
 As when the Heav'n his sluces opens wide,  
 And makes the floods wpon the ground to glide,  
 The brooks that breaks adoun from diuers hills  
 With course impetuous till one deep distils.

Amongst the Dames, that there deuoutest were  
 The holy *Indith* fairest did appear :  
 Like *Phæbus* that about the stars doth shine :  
 It seem'd that she was made on mould diuine.

This primate then assisted with the kinne  
 Of great *Eleazar* (priests whose head and chinne  
 Was neuer shav'n) deuoutly on he preast :  
 A pearled Myter on his balmed creast,  
 And with a holy Alb, with garnettes spred,  
 And golden Belles, his sacred body cled :  
 And slew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guise)  
 Of many a kid, and kalf for sacrifice :  
 And with their blood, the Altars hornes he dyed,  
 And praying thus, to God immortall cryed.

Prayer.

“ O Lord of Hostes, we com not vnto thee,  
 “ To wey our merits with thy maiestie :  
 “ Nor to protest before thy heavenly might,  
 “ That sacklesly, thy scourge doth on vs light :  
 “ But rather we confesse (as true it is)  
 “ Our sinnes haue iustly merite more then this.  
 “ But Lord if thou thy couenant would forget;  
 “ Which thou with *Abraham* made, and so wilt set  
 “ For mercy great, thy iustice most feuear,  
 “ Thou should a greater plague vpon vs rear.  
 “ Change then our process from thy iustice seat,  
 “ And saue vs at thy throne of mercy great.  
 “ Forgiue vs Lord, and holde, farre from vs all,  
 “ These plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.

Alas, what helpeth vs thy heauy stroke,  
 To binde our necks to such a servile yoke,

Where-

*Judith, the 1. Booke.*

7

Wherewith th' *Assyrian* tyrants long haue grieved  
Thine *Isaac*, till their bondage thou relieved;  
If so this native ground that new is tild,  
If so these hostries new with folke refild,  
If so (alas) our chaste and modest Dames,  
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,  
Should be a pray to *Ammon*, and to *Perse*,  
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Parthian* fierce;  
If that we see this Altar made profane,  
And witches it abuse with Idols vain:  
Yet Lord if thou no pittie on vs take,  
At least great God, do (for thy glories sake)  
Haue pittie on this holy building now,  
Where not a God hath sacrifice but thou:  
Where not a God but thou hast residence,  
To feel the fauour sweet of frankensence.

Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldean* creffets bright  
From these rich *Cedar* vaults of stately hight.  
Preserue these vessels, ornaments of gold,  
From sacrilegious hands of neighbours bolde:  
And let the blood of beasts before thy face,  
Thy Iustice stay, and grant thy seruants grace.

This prayer done, the people went their way,  
Then *Ioachim* conuen'd, that present day,  
The princes of all *Iuda*, and them praid,  
Gainst this mischief for counsell, and thus said:

Companions, if your former zeal remain,  
If ardent loue to God ye still retain:  
If wife, or childe, may cause your care to loue,  
Which should the Centers of your senses moue:  
If in your breasts a noble heart doth bide,  
Let deed bear witnes at this wofull tide.  
For, sauing God and your foresight, in deed  
Tis done, tis done with vs, and all our seed:  
And after this, th' *Immortal* shall not see  
This altar fume before his maiestee.

When:



*Comparison.*

When th' *Air* is calme, and still, as dead and deaf,  
 And vnder Heav'n quakes not an aspin leaf,  
 When Seas are calme, and thousand vessels fleet  
 Vpon the sleeping seas with passage sweet,  
 And when the variant winde is still and lowne,  
 The cunning Pylot never can be knowne.

But when the cruell storme doth threat the Bark  
 To drowne in deeps of pits infernall dark,  
 While tossing tears both ruther, mast, and sail,  
 While mounting seems the Azur sky to scail,  
 While driues perforce vpon som deadly shore,  
 There is the Pylot knowen, and not before.

Alas, I pray you then what care and strifes  
 Have we to keep our honours, goods, and lifes?  
 Forget not then the care of this same place,  
 Your countreyes weale, Gods glory and his grace:  
 But humbly giue your selues into the hand  
 Of God most high, and with a holy brand  
 "Repurge your spirits from euery hatefull sin,  
 "Which causeth God his Iustice to begin:  
 And see what may to God be agreeable,  
 For *Jacobs* weal, and for you profitable.

This said: an ancient traytour, from his youth,  
 Who fostred gall in hart, with hony in mouth,  
 Enforcing from his eyes som fained tear  
 (To cloke his malice) spacke as ye shall hear:

*The oration of a* My tongue me fails, my hair for dread vp-starts,  
*subtil wordling.* My heavy spirit from pensue corps departs,  
 When I bethink me of yone tyrant stout,  
 Who hath bedround the world with bloud about,  
 Approching threats our townes with fiery flames,  
 Our selfs with death, dishonour to our Dames:  
 Yet when I call to minde the curtisie great,  
 That this great Lord doth vse, who doth intreat  
 Not onely those that beastiall are become,  
 And haue their hope in brutall Idols dome,

*Judith, the 1. Booke.*

9

But euen to zealousfolke who do embrace  
The faith, and law (like vs) of *Abrams* race:  
Who, being well aduise, did humbly sue  
His pardon, and escap't his vengeance due;  
Then thanke I God, who sends vs such a foe,  
As plagues the proud, and lets the humble goe:  
For we assoone shall vanquish him with teares,  
As will be long to wrack him with our weares.  
Then whilst we may haue choise in either state,  
Of peace or warres, his fauour or his hate;  
Let vs not follow (seeing skath at hand)  
The folly of our Fathers, to gain-stand:  
But rather let vs beare another saile,  
And serue his king as best for our auaile.  
But think not yet, that I this counsell giue  
For craft, or warrant for my selfe to liue:  
For I haue els my daies so neerely spent,  
That for to die I could be well content.  
Th' *Assyrian* need not in my brest to strike  
His fethred Dart, nor yet his trembling pike:  
Yea, if my youth to me should eft returne,  
And make my youthly blood within me burne,  
So honour I my God, and country deare,  
That for to dye for them, I would not feare,  
As *Samson* did, if so my death might yield  
The victory of the *Vizroy*, and the field.  
But most I (feare) least we, with curious zeale,  
Fight for the lawe, yet fight against her weale,  
Against our selfe, to bring so great a wrack,  
That proud, and cruell tyrants shall vs sack,  
And grow in pride (suppressing *Indas* strength)  
For to contemne the glory of God at length.  
For, *Israell* being lost, who shall ensue,  
To render here to God deuotions due?  
What people sparfed on this earthly ball  
From *Indian* shoare to where the Sunne doth fall,

M m m

Or



Or from the Climate of the northren blast,  
Vnto that place where sommer ay doth last;  
Hath God elect, saue *Israell* for his owne  
Vpon his Hill to haue his glory showne?

At this the valiant *Cambri*s of renowne,  
With righteous rage grew pale and gan to frowne,  
And brake the silence with a vehement stile,  
His courage moov'd the Princes all the while.

Nay rather where I stand let ope the ground  
(Quoth he) to swallow me in pit profound:  
Yea rather righteous Heav'n let fire blast  
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* cast,  
Ere I my malice cloke or oversile,  
In giuing *Izac* such a counsell vile.

For, if the Leader of this folk profane  
Vpon our bodies only sought to raigne,  
Although that we haue dearly bought alway  
Our freedom from our first maternall day  
(Which dearer is then gold for to be kept)

I would assent, the holy Church except:  
But since more pridethistyrants heart enroules

To lay a greater burden on our soules,

Who are the vassels of that onely King,

That Thunder sends and scepters down doth thring:

'Should we forget him who made vs of nought,

'More then all wondrous things that he hath wrought,

Who treats and loues vs like our Father & King,

Still vnder shadowes of his wondrous wing?

Will he that we receiue a Prince ambitious?

For God, a godscontemner, *Nemrode* vitious?

Whose beastly life is of so vile a fame,

That of a man he merits not the name?

Go to, go to, let men for men assay

With sword and shot to deale it as we may:

The victory lies not in mortall hands,

Nor barded horse, nor force of armed bands,

These are but second instruments of God;  
Who, as him list, may send them euen or od.  
But if our soueraigne God willes such annoy;  
That folke vncircumcis'd our land destroy,  
Because we him offend while we haue breath;  
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death:  
And if we lose and all be ouercome,  
Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.

Forsooth, though *Affurs* soldiers braue and bold  
Extinguish quite the race of *Izak* old,  
Yet shall they not deface the liuing Lord,  
As these *Apostats* falsly do afford.

For he, who peopled first this world so round,  
But with one man, from whom the rest abound:  
And who long after, in an arke of wood,  
Repaired the waste, made by the generall flood;  
May he not eke transforme the hardned stone,  
To people who will honour him alone?  
And may not he do now, as he hath donne,  
Who gaue to *Abrams* barren wife a sonne?  
Them giuing Children moe, then in the heauen  
Are starrie Circles, light as fire leauen;  
And mo, then Northren windes (that driues the Rack)  
Of *Cyrene* lands in number can compack;  
Who will obserue his lawe an hundreth folde  
More zealously then wee, who should it holde.

'Then, fathers chose you warres: for better tels,  
'To lose like *Iewes*, then winne like infidels.  
'Let not the greede of gaue your hearts attame,  
'To leaue the right, preferre not feare to shame.

Scarce ended was th'Oration of this Lord,  
When all the Princes (with a sound accord)  
By word and deed confirme his good aduise.  
The chiefe Priest, gladdest of this enterprife,  
Vnto the heauen held vp his hands and face,  
And sayd, I thank the Lord, who of his grace



‘Conioynes no lesse our wils, then bolds our hearts:

‘A sure presage, that God is on our parts.

This done, vnto his princes he diuides  
The tribes and townes, and ordaines them for guides;  
For feare least some of them led with ambition  
In *Izreell* might stirre-vp some sedition.  
So they withdrew, and stoutly did prouide,  
This furious storme of *Mars* for to abide.

*Comparison.*

Then as ye see sometime the honie Bees  
Exerce themselves on buddes of sweetest trees,  
Where they sometime assault the buzzing waspe,  
That comes too neere, their flowrs away to claspe;  
Or when they hony draw from smelling Time,  
Or from the palme, or Roses of the prime:  
And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,  
Observing iointure iust in euery part,  
Both vp and down they build ten thousand shops,  
With equall space fulfild vp to the tops:  
Or where the master Bee, of thousand bands,  
Conducts the rest in legions throw the lands,  
Who daily keeps within their Cities wall,  
Their house, their work, their lawes and maners all:  
So thus the sonnes of *Iacob* ply’d their paine,  
With hote desire their quarrell to sustaine.

*Preparations  
of defence.*

Some built the breaches of their broken town,  
That Heauen, and *Panim* yre, had casten down.  
Some other found a cautell, gainst the Ramme,  
To saue the wall vnbroken where it camme.  
Thus *Iacobs* towns on all sides had their flanks,  
With *Gabions* strong, with bulwarks and with banks.  
Some others busie went and came in routs  
To terrace towers, some vnder baskets louts:  
Some others also wanting time and might  
To strength their towns, yet v’d all kinde of sight,  
To dig vp ditches deep, for cisterns good,  
To draw to them the best and neereft flood.

While

Whileth'Armorers with hammers hard and great  
On stiches strong the sturdy Steele doth beate,  
And makes thereof a corplet or a iacke,  
Sometime a helme, sometime a mace doth make,  
While shepherds they enarme vnus'd to danger,  
While simple birds, and whiles the wandring stranger;  
The tilling Culter then a speare was made,  
The crooked Sithe became an euened blade:  
The people foode forgers, no ease they take,  
Some on a horse, some on his proper backe,  
Some on a Cart, some on a Cammell beares  
Corne, wine, and flesh, to serue for many yeares;  
As done these *Emets*, that in sommer tide,  
Comes out in swarmes their houses to prouide:  
In haruest time (their toyle may beil be seene  
In paths where they their cariage bring between)  
Their youth they send to gather in the store,  
Their sick and old at home do keep the skore,  
And ouer grainels great they take the charge,  
Oft turning corne within a chamber large  
(When it is dight) least it do sprout or seed,  
Or come againe, or weeuels in it breed.

*Comparison.*

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*FINIS.*

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M m m 3

THE



## THE SVMMARY OF THE II. BOOKE.

**W**E have heard before, how the people of God vsed all diligence to maintaine the libertie of Gods true religion & their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreame pride of *Holophernes*, who thought with one word to ouerthrow them all. But to make himsele some pastime, he assemblenth his Councell to vnderstand of them what people they were, that inhabited the mountains in the Frontiers of *I V D E A*, that durst make him resistance. Vpō this he is informed by the mouth of one of his chiefe captains, of that which he looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the History of the *I E W E S*, from the time of *A B R A H A M S* comming out of *Caldea* to enter into the land of Promise, vnto their deliuerance from the Captiuitie of *Babylon*, following the order of the times quoted by the holy scriptures, with the praises of the prouidence of almightie God, in defending of his Church, and a sharp threatning to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellers of the Heathen hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captain. But *H O L O P H E R N E* with vaine ambition deserreth their bloody request: and, after that hee had outraged him in words, hee further blasphemeth the liuing Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foote, and so caried neere to the City of *Bethulia*: where hee is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the Citie, and there declareth his case; exhorting them to continue constant, to God, and their country, and promiset him assistance to his liues end.

## THE SECOND BOOKE OF *I V D I T H*.

**N**OW *Holophern* in *Scythique* Rampier stood,  
With standards pight of youthly heathen blood;  
Of nothing thinking lesse, then warre and fight,  
But in deuiling pastime day and night:  
Till he was war, that *Jacob* would aduance,  
Against his *Panims* force and arrogance.  
A pack of what? a pack of countrey clownes  
(Quoth *Holophern*) that them to battell bownes,

With

With beggers, bolts, and Leuers to arrest  
My warriours strong; with whom I haue supprest  
Both *Tigris* swift, and faire *Euphrates* stream,  
With frosty *Taurus* and rocke *Niphath* eame.  
Are they not wrackt? ye Cheefs of *Moabits*,  
And valiant *Epbrem*, ye strong *Ammonits*:  
Ye that as neighbours knowe this folke of olde,  
That scattered thus, doe all these mountains hold:  
Tell me what men are they, of what off-spring,  
What is their force, their customes and their king?  
For, wise is he that wots with whom he playes,  
And halfe is victor, as the Prouerbe sayes.

*People of Asia.*

The Lord of *Ammon* then, with reverence due,  
Right wisely spack the Duke; and yet, for true,  
He was a *Panim* both of faith, and kinde:  
But so (with fained tongue) he spake his minde,  
And all the *Hebrews* acts discourst so well,  
That *Esdra* and *Moses* seemd in him to dwell,  
As did that sprite that made the Prophet blesse  
The *Israelites*, whom *Balec* did addresse  
To curse them all, and wage his couetous tounge,  
Which spake contrarie that he would haue sounge:

*Num. 23*

So please it you my Lord, I shall descric  
The storie of *Isrell*: yet, so doing, I  
Am like the modest Bee, that takes but small  
Of every flowr, though she haue choise of all:  
For where she list, the sweetest off she crops.

*A briebe discourse of the estate of the Jews.*

These people that yefee on mountain tops,  
Encamped in these craggs, are of the line  
Of *Abraham*; who (seruing God diuine,  
That mighty God of gods who creat all,  
And firmly knit and built this mighty ball)  
Came to this Land that then wastild and sowed,  
And by the name of wealthy *Canaan* knowne:  
Where onely God his wealth did multiplie,  
In goods, and siluer, gold, and familie.

*Gen. 12*

Mmm 4

And



Gen. 22.

And when of age he was an hundred year,  
 His wife eake barren, neuer child did bear;  
 God gauethem *Isaac*, swearing that his seed  
 Should many Scepters rule, and Land bespreed:  
 But, when that holy *Abraham* was old,  
 And hoped well the promise made should hold  
 (O pitious case) Th'immortall voice him spake,  
 And bad him sacrifice his sonne *Isaac*:  
 Then like a ship between two windes beset,  
 Vpon theraging sea on both sides bet,  
 In doubtfull fear, ne wots what way to keep,  
 Least one of them confound her in the deep:  
 Makes close her ports, and slides on *Neptunes* back;  
 At pleasure of the boisteous windes to wrack:  
 So felt this *Hebrew*, in his heart to fight  
 Both loue, and duty, reason, faith and right.  
 Nor wist he way to take: his troubled soule,  
 From this to that, continually did roule,  
 Vntill the time, his heav'nly fear and loue  
 His naturall earthly pitie did remoue.  
 Then hauing built the fire and ail, anone  
 His sonne he laid vpon the sacred stone,  
 And with a trembling hand the curtasse drew,  
 With heauied arme the stroke for to ensewe;  
 When, lo, th' Eternall staid the balefull knife,  
 And down it fell, and spaird the guiltless life.  
 Then God, content to haue so great assay  
 Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.  
 Of *Izak*, *Jacob* came, and *Jacob* than  
 Of valiant sonnes had twelue in *Canaan*,  
 Who (forç't by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:  
 Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand;  
 And grew so great in number, that they were  
 A fear to those that had them harbourd there.  
 And though th' *Egyptians* daily them opprest,  
 And burthens on their sweating backs were drest:

Exod. 1.

Yet

Yet like the valiant *Palme* they did sustaine  
 Their peisant weight; redressing vp againe.  
 This mov'd King *Pharo* to command through all  
 Great *Nilus* Land, where raine doth neuer fall,  
 He bad his folke should slay (where so they came)  
 All children males the seed of *Abraham*;  
 As soone as they from mothers wombs were free,  
 Their day of birth should be their day to dee.

O cruell *Tiger*, thinks thou that this deed  
 Of *Izak* may cut off th'immortall seed?  
 Well may it stay the sucklings for to liue,  
 And kill th'accustomde fruit that heaven doth giue:  
 But, spite of this, men *Jacobs* seed shall see  
 In flourishing state to rule all *Canaanee*:  
 The first of every house shall feelee the hand  
 And wrath of God against this law to stand.

It fortun'd *Pharo's* daughter, with her traine  
 Of Ladies faire, to play them on the Plaine,  
 Vpon the shoare where *Goffan* flood doth slide:  
 Where, after many pastimes they had tride,  
 Shee hears an Infant weep amongst the reeds.  
 Then, iudging it for one of *Izaks* seeds,  
 As so it was (yet, with *Paternall* feare)  
 Against his pitious plaint she clos'd her eare:  
 But after, viewing in that Infants face  
 I know not what of fauor and of grace,  
 Which did presage his greatnes to ensue;  
 Loue vanquish't lawe, and pittie dread withdrew:  
 So from the flood not onely she him caught,  
 But curiously she caus'd him to be taught,  
 As her owne sonne. O sonne elect of God,  
 That once shalt rule the people with thy rod,  
 Thou hast not found a seruant for thy Mother,  
 But euen a *Queene* to nurse thee and none other.  
 "Now see how God, alwaies for his elect,  
 "Of wicked things can draw a good effect:

*Exclamation.*

*Admiration.*

*Note.*

"His



Gen. 41

"His providence hath made a wicked thing,  
"Vnto his owne, great profit for to bring.

"When *Iosephs* brether sold him like a slaue,  
"He after came a kingly place to haue.

"Of *Haman* proude the darke enuious hate

Esth.

"Brought *Mardoche* the iust to great estate.

"For, where his enimie sought his shamefull end,

"The same vnto the worker he did send.

Father in Law.

This *Hebrew Moses* once as he did keepe

On *Horeb* mount his father *Iethro* his sheepe:

He saw a fearefull sight, a flaming fire

Enclose a thorny bush whole and entire:

From whence a mighty voice vnto him spake,

Which made the ground betweene the *Poles* to shake:

Exod. 3.

I am that *One*, is, was, and ay shall bee,

Who create all of nought, as pleaseth mee:

I can destroie, I am the great, and iust,

The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to trust,

Whose strong right hand this world hath set in frame,

I am th' *Almighty God* of *Abraham*:

I plague my foes, and grant my seruants grace,

All those that knowledge me, and all their race.

Then follow thou my will, and quickly go,

From me, to that profane King *Pharao*,

Who holds the towrs of *Memphis* and the field,

Of *Nilus* shore that rich increase doth yeeld;

And bid him let my people freely goe:

But, if with hardned hart, he will not so,

Strech out thy staffe for to confirme thy charge,

And it shall turne into a *Serpent* large.

And this he shortly did, the thing to proue:

It quickned so, and on the ground gan moue.

(O *Miracle*) he saw without all faile,

It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:

Which crangling crept, and ranne from trod to trod

In many a knot, till time th' *Almighty God*

Commanded him the same for to retaine,  
Which to the former shape returnd againe.  
Thus siling humain sight, it changed form,  
Onewhile a Rod, one while a creeping worm.

Then armed with his staffe, the Lord him sent,  
The proud idolatrous princes to torment.  
He, in the name of God, full oft did pray-  
The king, to let the *Hebrewes* go their way,  
Vnto the desert where he did deuise,  
To offer God a pleasant sacrifice.  
But *Pharo* clos'd his eare against the Lord,  
And to his holy word would not accord.

Then God th'eternall wrought by *Moses* hand,  
To approue his word, great wonders in that Land.  
For he not only Riuer sturn'd to blood:

*Exod. 4.*

But also all the heads of *Nilus* flood  
(Which watereth wealthy *Egypt* with his sources)  
Was turn'd to blood amid their siluer courses:  
So that the King himselfe, his life to feed,  
Was faine to vse such water for his need.

*Exod. 7.*

This *Moses* made the froggs in millions creep,  
From floods and ponds, and scrall from ditches deep:  
Who cled all *Misraim* with their filthy frie,  
Euen on the king and all his family.

*Exod. 8.*

To young and old of either Sexe that while,  
He sent a plague of scalding borches vile:  
So that the *Memphites*, laid on bed to rest,  
With vncouth venom daily were oppress:  
To *Medciners*, the medicine vailed not;  
So sore the poisond plague did vndercot.

*Exod. 9.*

He also smote the forrests, herbs, and gras,  
The flocks of sheep and euery beast that was:  
Throw poison of th'infected ground so fell,  
The Morrain made them all to die or swell:  
So that the Shepheard, by the riuer side,  
His flock hath rather dead then sick espide.

He



Exod. 10

He, earthly dust to loathly lice did change,  
 And dimd the Ayre, with such a cloud so strange  
 Of flies, grasshoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,  
 That day and night throw houses flew in flocks,  
 That with incisions sharp did sheare the skinnes  
 Of *Egypt Panims*, throw their proudest ynnes.

And when the heauen most quiet seemd and fair,  
 Th'Eternall sent a tempest through the air,  
 And (at this *Hebrew's* prayer) such a reare  
 Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.  
 Here lay a Bull, that woodran while he brast:  
 There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blast:  
 And now the forrest high, that hid the air,  
 With many a spreeding arme, is spoild and bair:  
 So that the sap that grafters keeps with paine,  
 Which should restore the stock, and leafe againe,  
 Is lost (alas) in lesse then halfe a day,  
 The husbands hoped fruit gone to decay.

What more? th'Eternall darkned so the skie,  
 For three daies space none could another spie:  
 That cloude, so thick the *Memphis* rebels fand,  
 That they might firmly feele it with their hand:  
 It seemd that *Phœbus* left his ancient Round,  
 And dwelt three daies with men of vnderground.

"And as the sunne at one selfe time is felt,  
 "With heat to harden clay, and wax to melt:  
 "So *Amrams* sacred sonne, in these proiects,  
 "Made one selfe cause, haue two contrair effects.  
 "For, *Izak* humbly knew the Lord diuine:  
 "But *Pharo*, more and more, did still repine;  
 "Like to the corpslet colde, the more 'tis bet  
 "With hammers hard, more hardnes it doth get.

Exod. 11  
Hegre.

Yet when his son was slaine by th'*Angels* hand,  
 Amongst the eldest heires of *Egypt* Land;  
 He was afraide, and let them go that night,  
 Where pleased them to serue their God of might:

Who

Who sent a cloud before them all the day,  
By night a Pillar of fire, to guide their way.  
But sodainly this tyrant did gain-stand  
His former grant, and armd all *Egypt* Land  
With hot pursute against all *Iacobs* hoste,  
That were encamped on the Red-sea coste.  
Such noyse was neuer, since the forraine tide  
Brak throw *Gibraltar*, when it did diuide  
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* strand  
Diuorced was from her *Italia* Land;  
As was in these two campes: that one, with boste,  
That other with their wailings fild the coast:  
It seemd the sounds of furious horse and men,  
With hornes and pypes, to heauen resounded then.

O Iuggler said the *Jewes*, what hatefull strife  
Hath moued thee to change our happy life?  
What? are we fishes, for to swimme the seas?  
Or are we foules, to fly whereas we please,  
Beyond the Sea? or ouer hills to soare?  
Was there not graues for vs on *Gossen* shoare;  
But, in this desert heer to die, or haue  
The blood-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our graue?

Then *Moses*, with his quickned rod, that tide,  
He smote the sea, which (fearfull) did diuide;  
Discouering land that sunne had neuer seene,  
And staid the sea, as there two walles had been:  
Which made a passage dry of ample space,  
For all to passe who were of *Isaacs* race:  
But contrarie the Red-sea did deuower  
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,  
Who proudly durst himselfe to that present,  
Which opened but to saue the innocent.

O happy race, since God doth arme for thee,  
Both fire and aire, the winde, the clouds and see  
(Which all vnto thy pay haue whole inclinde)  
Let not consuming time weare out of minde

*Exod. 14*  
*They mur-*  
*mure.*



So rare a grace; but let thine elders shewe  
This to their noble seed that shall ensewe:  
And let their sonnes, vnto their sonnes record  
Throw all the world these wonders of the Lord.

*Exod. 6* God, with Cœlestiall bread (in time of need)  
His loued *Iacob* forty yeare did feed:  
And gaue them water from the solide stone,  
Which of it selfe had neuer moisture none.  
Their caps, their coats, and shooes, that they did weare,  
God kept all fresh and new, full forty year.

*Exod. 20* And farther, least their soules, for want of food,  
Should faint or faile; he, of his mercies good,  
Gaue them his law, pronounced by his voice,  
His spirit to theirs, in him fortoreioice:  
So teaching them, and vs in precepts ten,  
Our dutie first to God, and next to men;  
To th'end that man to man should truly stand,  
And ioyned with God, and neuer break that band.

*Iosuah.* This mighty Prophet dead; Duke *Iosua* than,  
Their Captaine stout, this *Palmy* prouince wan:  
Throw might of God, he Scepters did subdew  
Of thirty tyrant Kings, whom all he slew.  
At his commandment like the thunder sound,  
The Rampers strong fell fearfully to ground;  
Before the *Tortuse*, or the horned Ramme,  
Had bet, or mined, from their wall a dramme:  
For, euen of hornes, full hoarse, their simple blast  
An engine was, their towres adoune to cast.

He pray'd the heauen fortorelong the day,  
And made the horses of the sun to stay;  
To th'end, the night should not with cloud be cled,  
To saue the faithles, that before him fled.  
Now when this *Pann* scourge (with age at last)  
Had left this life, and vnto heauen past;  
Then *Isaac* had of Rulers sundry men,  
Whose glorious acts deserues eternall pen.

Who

## Judith, the 2. Booke.

23

Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*?  
Th e valiant *Delbor*, *Abud* and good *Samuel*?  
What Land (*O Samson*) rings not thy renowne,  
Who sole, vnarmed, bet an Army down?  
What laude to *Iephthe* iustly might we low,  
Had he not hurt his owne through hasty vow?  
What hill or dale, what flood or fixed ground,  
Doth not the famous *Gedeons* praise resound?  
In later time, their kings some good, some bad,  
Of all the *Hebrew* state the ruling had.  
Had I the Harpe of *Dauid* (holy King)  
None other sound but *Dauid* would I sing.  
But, euen all the deeds that *Dauid* did,  
Could not be done by none, but by *Dauid*:  
So none but *Dauid*, on his yv'rie harpe,  
The glorious praise of God could only carpe.  
But, here, his praise I prease not to proclaime,  
Least I through want of skill obscure the same:  
Yer leaue I not his Son, whom grace diuine  
Made no lellerich, then wondrous of engine:  
Whose doctrine drew to *Salem* from all wheare,  
A hundred thousand wyzards him to heare:  
From *Araby*, from *Tuae*, to *Affrik* shiore,  
His tongue entyste them with his cunning lore.  
Shall I forget the king, who ouerthrew  
Idolatrie, and plaç't religion dew?  
Shall I forget that King, who saw descend  
A winged *Hoast*, *Solyma* to defend?  
Shall I forget him, who before his eene,  
Enchast the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* greene?  
Shall I forget him, who preparing fight  
Gainst *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Maab*: Idoll might,  
Saw ech of their three hoasts on others fall,  
And with them selfs their selfs, discomfir all?  
Yet, for their sinnes God gauethem in the hands  
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:

*Judges.*

*Salomon.*

*Iosias.*

*Hezekiah.*  
*Ierusalem.*

*Asa.*

*Iosaphat.*

And



And took King *Zedekee*, and made an end  
Of that Empire; till God did *Cyrus* send,  
Who set them free, and gauethem of his grace  
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place  
Is kept by sacred *Ioachim*, whose powers  
Consists not onely within *Sions* towers;  
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and we all  
Do knowe his strength and knowes him principall.

Now Sir, you heare the progresse first and last  
Of *Isaacs* race in order as it past.  
One while the Lord enhaunst them to the skie:  
One while he drew them downe in deep to lie.  
'But were he Iudge, or Prince, or King of might,  
'Who reul'd the *Hebrews* policy aright,  
'While they observ'd th'alliance made before  
'By their forefathers, who to God them swore,  
'In happy state all others they surpast:  
'And vnderfoot their proudest foes were cast.  
'And all the world, that their destruction sought,  
'Against their state, and name preuailed nought.  
'But, contrary, as oft as they astraid  
'From God their guide, he on their shoulders laid  
'The Barbare yock of *Moab*, and oft-times  
'Of *Palestine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,  
'The heavy hand of God was seen to be,  
'On their ingratefull infidelity.

Now, if so be that any odious sinne  
Prouoke their Lord his Iustice to begin:  
Then mine not you their towers and tourets tall,  
Nor bring the wracksome engine to their wall:  
Nor place thy battries braue, nor yet aduenter,  
With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.  
For, if *Libanus* mount, or *Carmell* faire  
Or *Niphatbai* should parke them from repaire:  
If *Tnde* and *Nilus* with the *Rhene* and *Rhone*  
To close them round about, should run in one,

For their defence: yet shall they not withstand  
(With all their force) thy furious fighting hand.  
But if they haue not broke the band indeed  
That God with *Abraham* made and with his seede;  
Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or moue  
These people that the Lord so much doth loue.  
For, though south *Autan* would dispeople his Lands,  
And bring the blackest *Moore*s to swarme in bands:  
If *Northren Boreas*, vnder his banners colde,  
Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bold:  
If *Zephyrus* from sweet *Hesperia* coste,  
Would send his chosen armed men to *Hofe*:  
If *Eurus*, for to aide thine enterprife,  
Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth rise:  
Yet all their numbers hudge, and forces strong,  
Can neuer do to *Israell* any wrong,  
Nor hurt one hair, if their great God say nay.  
That God will them defend, because he may  
With one small blast confound all Kings that darre  
(As thou doest now) prouoke him vnto warre.

Then like as ye behould the quiet see  
Not raging when the windes ingendring be:  
But, blancheth first, then growes in little space,  
In wallowing waves to flowe with fomy face,  
And lastly beates the banks, and ships vnshroude,  
With wrackfull waues vphoist to highest clouds:  
So, almost all the princes of that holte,  
With inward anger gan to be embolste,  
As oft as they the prayse of God did heare;  
So to his speech encreast their spitefull chear:  
Which, in the end, to blasphemy them brought,  
Th'immortall God of Gods to set at nought.

Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytour line,  
Whose subtile talke, with all his whole engine,  
Pretends to saue these *Hebrews* from our hands,  
And threats vs with vaine Gods of forraine Lands:



For if it please you (noble prince) to send  
 But twenty men of value that are kend,  
 Within your camp, these recklesse rebels then  
 Shall be a pray to all your warlike men.  
 (O wicked wight!) but then the *Vizroy* stout,  
 With power, appeasde the murmur of the route:  
 And to him said: O shameles *Prophet* thou  
 What *Sibyll*, or what charmer tell me now?  
 What *Diuell* or *Daimon* so doth thee inspire;  
 That *Izrell* shall of vs haue his desire?  
 Such men, as with no God can be content,  
 But such as pleased *Moses* to inuent,  
 Of his owne head: a God that hath no power  
 For to deliuer them, nor thee this hower.

Blasphemie.

Haue we an other God, or king of kings  
 Then our great Persian *Monark* now that rigns?  
 Whose barded horse oer runs the Nations all,  
 Whose armed men, out of these mountains tall,  
 Shall rake these Rebels thar from *Egypt* came  
 To this, where they vnjustly keep the same.  
 Dye, dye thou shalt, O wierch: thy tounge vntrue,  
 And double heart, shall haue their wages due.  
 But, foole, what speake I thus? no halte, a while:  
 Thy blood (O villaine) shall not me defile.  
 So iust a paine, so soone thou shalt not haue,  
 For thy deceit, so soone to go to graue.  
 'For, in a wretches sodaine death, at ones  
 Their long some ill is buried with their bones.  
 But, to that end I may prolong thy strife,  
 In *Beihull* town I will prolong thy life:  
 Where every houre, thou shalt haue such affray  
 To die vnde ad a thousand times a day,  
 Till time with them who thou so strong hast thought  
 To shamefull end with them thou shalt be brought.  
 What? wherefore tremblest thou and art so pale?  
 What sorrow makes thy heart so soon to faile?

If God be God, as thou right now hast said,  
Then of thy faith giue witnesse, vndismaid,

A Marshall of the campe then being prest  
(Who was not yet so cruell as the rest)

There tooke this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)

And sent him bound to *Bethull* (with a cord).

Then euen as in his clawes the kite doth beare

The chirping chicken, throu the weather cleare,

While that the cackling hen, belowe on ground,

Bewayles her bird with vaine lamenting sound:

So in like woe his worthy men were left,

For that so worthy a chief was them bereft.

The Townsmen then beholding neere their wall

These *Miscreants*, to armor straight they fall,

Yclad in plate and mail, and runnes in bands,

And fearcely fronts their foes with Steele in hands;

As fast as donetheriuers down the hills,

That with their murmur hudge the deeps vpphills:

The Heathen, seeing this, retirde away,

And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a pray

To th'*Hebrew* soldiers; who did him constraine,

Though he was willing, with them to remaine.

When all the folke with prease about him past,

His eyes and hands vpto the pole he cast,

'And thus he spake: O God that great abides

'Vpon th'Immortall seat, and iustly guides

'The ruled course of heav'n, whose lining spreet

'Reuiuing spreds, and through all things doth fleet;

'I render thee, O God, immortall prayle,

'For that before I end my wofull dayes,

'Now from th'vnfruitfull stock thou dost merace;

'To graft me in thy fruitfull tree of grace;

'Where in despight of all contrary strife,

I shall bring forth the fruits of lasting life.

And ye, O *Iacobs* sonnes, thinke not at all

That I of purpose captiue am and thrall,



So that I meane hereby your wrack to bring ;  
 For, God he knowes, I thinke not such a thing :  
 But I am captiue thus, because I tolde,  
 What wondrous workes the Lord hath done of olde,  
 To you and your forefathers euer still,  
 Deliv'ring them that would obey his will.  
 Then doubt not you a thousand flasing flags,  
 Nor horrible cries of hideous heathen hags :  
 Coole not your hearts. For, if the world about  
 Would compasse you with all their warriours stout  
 (Prouiding first ye seeke your helpe at need  
 At power diuine, and not at mortall seede)  
 You surely shall see *Mocmurs* renning flood,  
 Made red, with *Affurs* holste and *Ethnique* blood :  
 Ye surely shall see men, not v'sde to fight,  
 Subdue their foes, that seemes of greater might.  
 The hand of God assailes you not with hate :  
 But, for your weale, your pride he will abate ;  
 To let you wit, it is within his power,  
 To leaue or to relieue you euery houre.

As on th'vnfauory stocke the lilly is borne :  
 And as the rose growes on the pricking thorne :  
 So modest life, with sobs of grieuous smart  
 And cryes deuout, comes from an humbled hart.  
 For, euen the faithfull flocke are like the ground,  
 That for good fruit, with weeds will still abound,  
 If that the share and culter idle lie  
 That riuets the soyle, and roots the brambles bye :  
 But, in the end, God will his ire relent,  
 As soone as sinners truely will repent :  
 And saue you from these plagues that present be  
 In shorter time then ye do thinke to see.  
 Take courage, friends, and vanquish God with teares :  
 And, after, we shall vanquish with our weares  
 These enemies all. Now, if there rest in me  
 The former force that once was wont to be :

If elde haue not decaid my courage bolde,  
That I haue had with great experience olde;  
I render me to serue you to my ende,  
For *Iacobs* weale, Gods law for to defend.

FINIS.

## THE SVMMARIE OF The III. Booke.

**I**N this third book, the Poet setteth forth the sege of *Bethulia*, and the extremity that God permitted them to feele, therby to giue an entry to his miraculous deliurance; who is accustomed to leade his people to the gates of death, and from thence to retire them about all humane expectation, to the end they should confesse that the arme of flesh, nor worldly wisdom, maintaines not the Church: but the only fauour of the Almighty, to whome the whole glory of duty should be rendred. Farther, three principall things are to be noted: First the preparations of the beseegers, and the defences of the beseeged; and how after, throw the counsell giuen to *Holopherne* for the restraint of the water from the towne, enswes a furious assault, which the Iewes repelled with great paine: Secondly, the extreame desolation through want of water, whereof proceedeth sundry sorts of death, with lamentations, murmurations, and danger of mutinie within the Cittie, and how the Gouvernour endeouours himselfe with wife and Godly admonitions to appease the same: But the commons, in this harde estate regarding no reason, required to render the Cittie, rather then to perish in such apparent miserie. The Gouvernour, being carried with a humane prudence, promiseth to render the Towne within five dayes, if God send them no succour. Yet such is the estate of Gods Church in this world, that when all things faileth, God manifesteth his power. And therefore in the third part is *IUDITH* introduced, who (being especially moued by the reading of Holy Scriptures) is encouraged to deliuer her Countrey: but when she vnderstood the resolution of the Magistrates, She (being in estimation honourable) modestly reproues them. After their excuse, she promiseth to attempt something for the publike weale: not showing her deuise, but onely desired to haue passage by night vnto the enemies campe, and this is granted.



THE THIRD BOOKE  
OF IVDITH.

**T**He Snoring snoute of restless *Phlegon* blewe  
 Hote on the *Ynds*, and did they day renewe  
 With Scarlet skye, when *Heathen* men awooke  
 At sound of drumme: then pike and dart they tooke,  
 In order marching, and to combat calles  
 Th' vndaunted sonnes, within their Cities walles.  
 The meeds in May with flowers are not so dect,  
 Of sundry saucurs, hews, and seere effect,  
 As in this campe were people different farre  
 In tounes and maners, habits, tents and warre.  
 Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,  
 Of members more confuse, was not compounded:  
 Yet foundly they in vnion did accorde.  
 To wage the warre against th' *Almightie* Lord,  
 Who shakes the *Poles*, whose onely breath doth beat  
*Libanus* mount, and makes *Caucasus* sweat.  
 There came the *Kettrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,  
 Ioynd with the men of great and lesse *Armania*:  
 With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall  
 Allaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.  
 The *Persians* proud (th' *Empyre* was in their hands)  
 With plates of gold, surbraued all their bands.  
 The *Medes* declar'd through fortunes ouerthwart  
 They lost their Scepter, not for lack of hart:  
 And that no costly cloath nor rich aray,  
 Nor painting fine, that on their face they lay,  
 Nor borrowd hair, of fair and comly length,  
 Might ought impair their ancient power and strength.  
 There were the happie *Arabs*, those that buields  
 In thatched waggons, wandring throu the fields.  
 The subtil *Tyrians*, they who first were clarks,  
 That staid the wandring words in leaues and barks,

*Judith, the 3. Booke.*

31

The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and  
The People sparst on large *Elmis* land.  
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell  
Nere to the *Ethiopians* black and fell:  
In short, the most of *Asia* (as it wair)  
Encamped was within that armie fair.  
So that this Duke mo forraine soldiers lad,  
Then all the *Hebrewes* natieue people had.  
But they, who did the *Hebrewes* greatest wrong,  
Were *Apostats* of *Ephrems* fierce and strong:  
Who fought with hatefull harts, them to deface,  
Least they should be esteemd of *Izaks* race.  
Then, as in time of spring the water is warme,  
And crouping frogs like fishes there doth swarme;  
But with the smallest stone that you can cast  
To stirre the streame, their crouping stayes as fast:  
So while *Iudea* was in ioyfull dayes,  
The constancie of them was worthy prayes:  
For that in euery purpose ye should heare  
The praise of God, resounding euery wheare;  
So, that like burning candles they did shine  
Among their faithfull flocke, like men diuine.  
But, looke how soon they heard of *Holopherne*,  
Their courage quailde and they began to dern:  
Their ardent zeale with closed mouth they choke;  
Their zeale too hote returnd to fuming smoke:  
The fear of losse of life, and worldly good,  
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers blood.  
Alas, how many *Ephramites* haue we,  
In our vnhappy time? all which we see  
Within the church like hypocrites to dwell,  
So long as by the same they prosper well:  
Who feines a zeale, th' Euangill to maintaine,  
So long as serues their honour, or their gaine:  
But turne the chance with some contrary winde,  
So that their browes but half ablaze do finde;



Then faine their harts, and they seek other way.  
 Like bankers out their God they disobay,  
 Discyphring then their malice to be more  
 To Gods contempt, then was their zeale before;  
 And fights against the Lord with greater hate,  
 Then *Celsus* did, or *Julian* Apostate.

The *Hebrewes* now, from height of houses faire,  
 Who saw so many banners beat the aire,  
 And men to march against their forces small,  
 Who now might well decerne their feeble wall;  
 They sworne with fear, and fand none other aid,  
 But of that God, to whom their fathers prayd.  
 O father (quod they) father, holy king,  
 Who shields vs alwayes vnderneath thy wing;  
 Since now the world against vs doth conspire,  
 Defende vs mighty Lord we thee require.

Thus hauing humbly prayd the Lord of might,  
 The *Gouernour* renforc't his watches wight,  
 And fires at midnight built in euery way;  
 Which made the night appear as clear as day;  
 And wakerise through the corpsgard off he past:  
 And thought that *Phæbe* hyed her coursetoo fast  
 With horses paille to steale away the night,  
 To leaue the *Hebrewes* to their enemies sight.  
 Again, the *Pagan* thought she did but creep,  
 Or that with *Latmies* sonne she was on sleep.  
 „But humain wishes neuer hath the power  
 „To haste or hold the course of heauen one hower.  
 Then as *Aurora* rose with sanguine hew,  
 And our *Horizon* did the day renew;  
 The *Vizroy* made a thousand trumpets sound,  
 To draw his scattred Cornets to a Round,  
 Who from all parts with speed assembled weare  
 About the Generall tent, his will to hear:  
 As doth the hounds about their hunt at morne  
 Com gladishing at hearing of his horne.

## Judith the 3. Booke.

33

*Engins of  
Warre.*

Now when the towne his sommonds did disdain,  
 To conquer it perforce he plyde his pain:  
 And their, th' *Inginers* haue the *Trepan* drest,  
 And reared vp the *Ramme* for battrie best:  
 Here bends the *Briccoll*, while the cable cracks,  
 Their *Crosbowes* were vprent with yron Racks.  
 Here croked *Cornues*, fleeing bridges tal,  
 Their scathfull *Scorpions*, that ruynes the wall.  
 On euery side they raise with ioynture meet,  
 The tymbre towres for to command ech street.  
 The painfull *Pioners* wrought against their will,  
 With fleaks and fagots, ditches vp to fill:  
 Or vnder ground they delue in dust with pain,  
 To raise a mount, or make a mount a Plain,  
 Or Cauerns cut, where they might soldiers hide,  
 To assaile the towne at sodain vnespide.  
 Som ladders drest to scale the wall, or els  
 To steale vpon the sleeping *Sentinels*.  
 Som vndermines, som other vndertook  
 To fire the gates, or smore the towne with smoke:  
 The greatest part did yet in trenches lurke,  
 To see what harme their engins first would wurke,  
 That if the wall were bet, they would not faile  
 With braue assault the Cittie to assaile.  
 Their *Mars*, towre-myner, their *Bellona* wood,  
 Enforced feeble Cowards to suck blood.  
 Their hidious horses, braying loude and clear,  
 Their *Pagans* fell, with clamor huge to hear,  
 Made such a dinne as made the heauen resound,  
 Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.  
 Yet, God who keeps his warch aboute the skyes  
 For his elect, who neuerydle lyes,  
 Took pity on his people in that tide,  
 Repressing (part) this cruell princes pride,  
 In cauling all the chieffes of *Moabites*,  
 Of *Edoms* strong, and awfull *Ammonites*

To



To speak him thus, and thus him terrours drest.

O Prince, that Scepter bears aboue the rest,  
And giues them law, and holds the world in thrall,  
Ser not thy soldiars to assault this wall.

For neither bowe, nor sling, nor weapons long,  
Nor sword, nor buckler, will be found so strong  
And is this threatning rock whose mighty corse  
Sustaines their wall, of such eternall force,

That thou can make no skallade on no coste,  
But on the corpses dead of halfe thine holte.  
,The victor can no honour iustly clame  
,To lose the men who should aduance the same.

,O valiant Prince, that fisher is not fine,  
,Who for a frog will lose a golden line.

,The holy headband seems not to attyre  
,The head of him, who in his furious yre  
,Preferrs the pain of those that haue him teend  
,Before the health and safety of one freend.

You may (my Lord) you may, in little fight,  
Subdue these Roags, and not to lose a knight.  
Surprise me first their chieftest water spring,  
From whence these rebels do their conduits bring;  
Then drought shall driue them from their whole defence,  
In cords to yeld them to thine excellence.

,The noble Lyon neuer sleas the least;  
,But alway prayes vpon som worthy beast.  
,The thunder throwes his sulphred shafts adowne

,On *Atlas* high, or on colde *Riphes* crowne.  
,The tempest fell more feruently dorth fall  
,On houses high, then on the homely hall:

So you my Lord need not to prease your powre,  
Against such foes as will themselves deuowre.

Sir, this is not for fauour or for meede,  
Nor that this Citties sack may cause vs dread:  
Nor that we mean thy high attempts to stay.

For, ere we from thy standarts stirre away,

Fortheeth'immortall Gods we shall defie:  
For thee, we shall break down their altars hie:  
For thee, we frankly shall pursue and thole  
Th' eternall heat and colde of either *Pole*:  
For thee, our hardy hands shall help to tear,  
From *Ioue* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle and spear:  
For thee, the sonne for father shall not care,  
Nor father sonne, nor brother, brothers spare.

Now, *Holopherne* to conquest whole enclynde,  
And weighing well this counsell in his minde;  
Dismissed from his camp a galliard rout  
Of men, to guard the *Riuers* round about.  
This stratageme, the *Hebrews* well might knowe,  
To set their fountains run with passage slowe.  
Then manfully their soldiers out they send  
Against their foes, the water to defend.  
There fought the *Pagan* for to winne him fame:  
The *Hebrew* ment, he would not dye with shame.  
Together soon they shock with hatefull yre,  
And first they forç't the heathen to retyre:  
Who (turning face) again do them pursue,  
And wins the victory from the victors new.  
So doubtfull was the fight, none could define  
(Sawe God) to whom the victory would encline;  
Till *Izrell* was on all sides ouercled  
With clouds of shott: then to their town they fled.  
As doth the *Pilgrim* passing through the Plain,  
Who is beset with tempest, haile, or rain,  
Who leaues his way, and seeks himselfe to hide  
Within some caue, or hollow mountain side.  
The *Panims*; them pursued without all pittie,  
And *Pesimell* entred almost in the City.  
At open gate. Then rose the cry vnswete  
Of fearfull foike who fled in euery street,  
And rent their hair and their affrighted face,  
As *Panims* els had wonne that holy place.

How



How flee you cowards now, and leaues your port?  
 (The Captain sayes) haue ye an other Fort?  
 Thinke ye to finde for safety of your crowne  
 In this *Bethulia* an other *Bethull* towne?  
 (Alas) if ye make no defence at all,  
 While time this tyrant is without your wall;  
 How dare you him resist, when he hath wunne  
 This sorte of yours, from which ye feeble runne?  
 The commons with this check, brought to their powers,  
 Where *Cambris* and *Sir Carmis*, like two towers,  
 Stood at th' assaulted gate, and did withstand  
 The Heathen host with ech of them in hand  
 Anyron mace (in stead of launces long)  
 And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:  
 Their habergions like stiddies stithe they baire  
 With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:  
 Of equall age they were, and equall length,  
 Of equall courage, and of equall strength,  
 Like Poplers twain that rechet vp their tops,  
 And holds their heads so high that none them crops;  
 But on the Riuer side do sweetly sway  
 Like germain brether hailing oft a day.

The *Heathen*, seeing thus the *Jews* descend;  
 With edge of sworde their Citie to defend;  
 They left th' assault, and thence retyring went  
 (As they commanded were) vnto their tent.

But when I thinke how xxx. dayes that towne  
 Tormented was with mischief vp and downe;  
 Too sad a song I cannot hear inuent  
 So great a sadnesse right to represent:  
 My hand for horror shakes, and now no more  
 Can lead my sacred pen as erst before.  
 For, now mine eyes, that watred are with tears,  
 Declares my matter all of mischief bears.  
 Oh Sprite, from whence all sprit and life doth come,  
 Thou loolde the tongue of *Zacharie* that was domme;

And

And sent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach  
Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach;  
Guide thou my pen, and courage to me lend,  
That to thy honour I this worke may end.

Although that *Izak* sawe on euery hand  
A world of folke against his towne to stand;  
Yet (tracting time) he thought he would prouide  
No lesse to keep, then coole th' *Assiegers* pride:  
But, when they found the conduits cut and rent,  
By which, their water to their towne was sent,  
Their courage bolde, and all their craks (alas)  
Aslicour faild, so did their stoutnesse pas.

Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,  
Made them beleue the thing did them beguile:  
To wit, they gaue men hope that they might keep  
Sufficient wat'r in wels and cisterns deep,  
Through all the towne, the people to relieue,  
That thirst should not the souldiers greatly grieue.  
The magistrates in deed had great regard  
To see this water wisely spent and spar'd,  
That Bottell sweet, which serued at the first  
To keep the life, but not to slocken thirst.  
When wels grew drie, the Commons ran in rage,  
And sought out euery sink their thirst to assuage:  
And drank with longsom draught the pools in haste,  
To quench their thirst with ill contented taste:  
Which poysoned ayre, enfect their purest breath;  
Whereby the drinker drank his present death.

*A vine descrip-  
tion of Thirst.*

O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!  
Drink, or not drink, both wayes must lose their life.  
For, he that drank, and he that did refrain,  
Had of their enemies, both an equall pain.  
For why? the water vile slew them throughout;  
No lesse, then did their enmies them about.  
That wretched towne had neuer a street nor rewe,  
But *Parcas* there had found some facion newe.

To



To murder men, or martyr them with fears,  
 As mov'd the most indurate hart to tears,  
 If so much water in their brains had been,  
 As might forbear a drop to wet their een.  
 There plained the old man, that the souldier strong  
 Had rest his Bottell from his head wth wrong:  
 But while he spake, his hart (for thirst) did faint,  
 And life him left, which frustrate his complaint.  
 The souldier braue, Oh hart brek for to tell,  
 His proper vryne drank, thirst to expell.  
 The wofull mother with her spertle fed  
 Her little childe half dead in cradle bed.  
 The Lady with her Lord, at point of death,  
 Embracing fals and yeelds their latest breath.  
 "For, cruell thirst came out of *Cyren* Land,  
 "Where she was fostred on that burning sand,  
 "With hote intracted tongue, and sonken een,  
 "With stomack worn, and wrinkled visage keen,  
 "With light and meigre corse and pailed vains,  
 "In stead of blood that brimstone hote retains:  
 "Her poyfond mouth blew, throw that holy town,  
 "Such hellish ayr, that stifled vp and down  
 The Artters of the *Jewes* in such a way,  
 That nought was seen but burials night and day:  
 So that the heauen to seetheir dolours deep,  
 Could scarcely keep his cource, but preald to weep;  
 And would haue ioind his tears to their complaint,  
 If God of hosts had made them no restraint.  
 Yea, I my self must weep, who cannot speak  
 The woes, that makes my heauy hart to break,  
 And so will silent rest, and not rehearse,  
 But counterfait the painter (in my verse)  
 Who thought his colours paille could not declare  
 The speciall wo, king\* *Agamemnon* bare,  
 When sacrificed was his onely race:  
 With bend of black, he bound the fathers face.

\* Looketh  
 Table.

Now

Now while the people were in this estate,  
And with their princes wrangling in debate,  
They thus besought the Lord for to decide  
Between their simpleesse and their princes pride:  
The Lord be Iudge of that which ye haue wrought,  
And what your wicked counsels hath vs brought.  
If you had offred peace to this great Lord  
At first, we might haue wonne him to accord.  
Then happy happy daies we might haue seen,  
And not so many souldiers mured been.  
Alas, what hope haue we within this holde?  
Our enemies are more meek a thousand folde,  
Then are our owne. They, haps, would vs preferue:  
Our wilfull owne, pretends to see vs sterue.  
Our children do our childrens weal deny,  
And headlong hastes vnto their owne decay.  
We knowe, O Lord, the breaking of thy law,  
Hath caused thee this sword on vs to draw:  
And iustly thou thine yrefull bowe doest bend,  
On our vnloyall heads the shot to send.  
But thou, who doth not long retain thine yer.  
Against thine owne, thy mercy we require.  
Change thou the purpose of our foolish guides,  
And of these *Heathen*, armed at our sides:  
Or els let vs vpon their weapons fall,  
And of their hands to be dettroied all,  
Er we this droughth and deadly venom haue,  
With languishing to send vs to the graue.

My brethren dear (the Ruler then gan say)  
Our whole desire hath been, both night and day,  
Not for to see the seed of *Abram* lost,  
For which we striue against this furious hoste.  
What? haue ye pain? so likewise pain haue we:  
For in one boat we both imbarcked be.  
Vpon one tide, one tempest doth vs tosse:  
Your common ill, it is our common losse.



Th' *Assyrian* plague shall not vs *Hebrues* grieue,  
 When pleaseth God our mischief to relieue:  
 Which he will doe if ye can be content.  
 And not with grudge his clemency prevent.  
 Then striue not you against that puissant king  
 Who create all, and gouernseuery thing  
 For comfort of his Church and children dear,  
 And succours them, though time do long appear.  
 Sometime an Archer leaues his bowe vn bent,  
 And hong vpon a naile, to that intent  
 It may the stronger be to bend again,  
 And shoot the shot with greater might and main:  
 Right so th' eternall doth withhold his ill  
 A longertime (perchance) for that he will  
 More egerly reuenge him of their crime,  
 Who do abuse his long forbearing time:  
 When men applaude to sinne, they count it light,  
 And but a matter small in sinners sight:  
 But in the end the weight doth so encrease;  
 That Iustice leaues the sinner no release,  
 Like th' *Vsurer* who lends vpon the skore,  
 And makes the reckles debtors debt the more,  
 What if the thundring Lord his iustice stay,  
 And (for such sinne) do not this tyrant slay?  
 The waters of the ground and in the aere  
 Are in the hand of God: then who is there,  
 That dare sediciously his yoke refuse,  
 Although he haue not water now to vse?  
 No, no, though heaven do seeme serene and clear,  
 On euery part, and wete doth not appear;  
 He may with moisture mildly wete the land,  
 As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand.  
 For, all the starres that do the heaven full fill,  
 Are all but executors of his will.  
 All this could not the peoples thirst assuage,  
 But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:

Sam. I. 12.

What

*Judith the 2. Booke.*

41

What? shall we die, O sacred soldiers bolde,  
For pleasure of our Lords these traytours olde?  
What? shall we dye on credit, for to please  
These wyzard fooles, who winks at our vnease?  
Who, with our blood, would win them selfs renown,  
So louable, as neuer shall goe down?  
Nay, nay, let vs cut off this seruile chain:  
To free our selfs, let vs in hands retain  
The ruling of this towne, the forte and all;  
Least we into these deadly dangers fall.

Then like a wise *Physician*, who persuaues  
His patient that in feruent feuer raues,  
Yet hights him more then Art can well performe:  
So Prince *Orias* in this rurall storme,  
He promist to the people their intent  
If God within fve dayes no succour sent:  
Then *Isaac* left their sorrowes all and some,  
And present woe and fear of chance to com;  
For that if they, through this, gat not their will,  
At least they would auoid the greatest ill.

But *Judith* then whose eyes (like fountaine two)  
Were neuer dry, which witnest well her wo;  
Right sad in sound th' *Almighty* she besought,  
And on the sacred scriptures fed her thought.  
Her prayers much auaylde to raise her spreet  
Aboue the skye: and so the scriptures sweet,  
A holy garden was where she might finde  
The medcyne meet for her molested minde.  
Then *Judith* reading there, as was her grace,  
She (not by hazard) hapned on that place,  
Where the lame handed *Abud* (for disdain  
To see the *Jewes* the *Heathen* yock sustain)  
Smote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,  
And from his flank the blood and life bereft.  
The more she read, the more she wonder had  
Of *Abuds* act, and hote desire her lad

*Judicium.*

Ooo

Ten.



T'enfue his vertue: yet her feeble kinde  
 Empeached oft the purpose of her minde;  
 Proposing oft the horreur of the deed,  
 The fear of death, the danger to succeed,  
 With hazard of her name: and more then that,  
 Though she likewise the peoples freedom gat;  
 Yet for a man, this act more seemly wear,  
 Than for a wife to handlesword or spear.

While *Judith* thus with *Judith* did debate,  
 A puffe of wind blew down that eaf by fate;  
 Discov'ring vp the story of *Laell*, how  
 She droue a nayle into *Sifaras* brow,  
 And slew that Pagan sleeping on her bed,  
 Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoast was fled:  
 In teaching vs albeit a tyrant flee,  
 Yet can he not auoide the Lords decree.

This last example now such courage lent  
 To feeble *Judith*, that she now was bent,  
 With wreak full blade, to flea and to diuorce  
 The *Heatben* soule from such a sinfull corse.  
 But while she did her carefull mind imploy  
 To finde som means to murder this *Vizroy*;  
 She heard report (that made her hart to swoune)  
 Of the determination of the towne.  
 Then all the present perils to preuent,  
 Vnto the Rulers of the towne she went;  
 Reprouing them with words of bitter sweet,  
 What do ye mean, O princes indiscreet?  
 Will ye the helping hand of God restrain,  
 And captiue it within your counsels vain?  
 Will ye include him vnder course of times,  
 Who made dayes, years, all seasons and their primes?  
 Do not abuse your selfs: his power profound  
 Is not to mens imaginations bound.  
 God may all that he wills, his will is iust:  
 God wils all good to them that in him trust.

Now

Now fathers : that which doth my hope reuiue  
Is onely this ; Ther is no wight on liue,  
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands  
To serue dumme Gods, like folk offorrain Lands.  
All sinnes are sinne : but sure this sinne exceeds  
Our former faults ; by which, our blinde misdeeds  
Offends the heaven ; by which, the Lord of might  
Is frauded of his honours due and right,  
In wresting of the title of his name,  
To stocks, and stones, and metalls, men do frame.  
Since *Isaac* then from such a fault is free,  
Let vs to Gods protection cast our ee.  
Consider that all *Juda* rests in fear,  
Aspecting only our proceedings hear.  
Consider that all *Jacob* in this tresse  
Will follow either our force or feebleness.  
Consider that this house and altar stands  
( Next vnder God ) vpholden with your hands.  
Thinke, that of *Izrell* whole ye keep the keye :  
Which if ye quite, and giue this tyrant way,  
Who more then death hates all of *Izaks* kinne,  
Yee shall the name of kin-betrayers winne.  
Then sayd the Captain, I cannot deny,  
That we offended haue the Lord most hye.  
Vnwise are we, our promises are vaine :  
But what ? we may not call our word againe :  
But if thou feele thy heart so fore opprest,  
That moueth thee to tears for our vnrest,  
Alas, weep night and day and neuer tyre ;  
So that thy weepings may appease the yre  
Of that hie Iudge, who hears in euery part  
The perfit prayer of the humble hart.

I will, quoth she ; and, if God giue me grace,  
Repell the siege of this afflicted place  
By famous stroke. But stay me in no vvisse,  
But byde the end of my bold enterprise :



And let me goe, when night his mantle spreads,  
 To th' enemies Camp. Quoth he, if thou wilt needs;  
 The great repressour of oppressors pride,  
 Preserue thy heart and hand, and be thy guide.

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*FINIS.*

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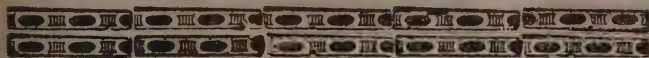



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THE

# THE SVMMARIE OF THE IIII. BOOKE.

According to the promis that *Iudith* made to the besieged Captains in *Bethulia*, she prepareth her selfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterprise: to wit, The inuocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliuer her countrey from the hand of the *Tyrant*; whom she deliberates to ouercome with the sweet & faire apparence of her amiable beutie and behaiour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our *Poet* introduceth one of the chief Captains of the towne descriuing, to an other, her stock and vprising, with the progresse of her three estates, *Virginittie*, *Marriage*, and *Widowhood*: Thereby setting forth a singular example of all womanly behaiour and vertue. After her entrance to the Camp, she is brought to *Holophornes*, who was curious to knowe the cause of her coming there. And after audience giuē, he is so surprised with her beuty & eloquent language, that she obtaines licence to withdrawe her selfe by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And, continuuing this exercise, she requireth strength of the *Hyest*, that in taking away the chieftain, she might at one instant destroy all the *Heathen Army*. Herein giuing example that the beginning, and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded vpon the fauour and earnest calling vpon him, without whome all wisdome, and humaine force is nothing but winde: and who, contrariwise, may by the most feeble instruments of the world, execute things most incredible and incomprehensible to humaine capacity.



## THE FOVRTH BOOKE Of IVDITH.

Then wofull *Iudith*, with her weeping ees  
Beholding Heav'n, and prostrate on her knees,  
Ooo 3 Held



Held vp her guiltlesse hands and God besought;  
 Discou'ring him the secrets of her thought.  
 O God (quoth she) who armed with a spear  
 Dan *Symeon*, who reveng'd his sister dear;  
 Lend me the blade in hand, that I may kill  
 This *Tyrant*, that exceeds all *Sichems* ill:  
 Who not contents to soyle the sacred bed  
 Of wedlocke chaste; but more with mischief led,  
 Entends thy holy name for to confound,  
 And race *Solyma* temple to the ground;  
 Ambitious *Satrap* he, whose hope doth stand  
 In mortall men, led with vnrighteous hand:  
 Who rules a hundreth thousand stulworth steeds,  
 That combat craues, and in our pastures feeds;  
 Not dreading thee, who dants both man and beast,  
 And kills and captiues them when they ween least;  
 Who strengths the poor, and prideful men down thrings,  
 And wracks at once the powers of puissant kings.  
 Grant, gracious God, that his bewitched wit  
 May with my crisped haire be captiue knit.  
 Grant, that my sweet regards may gall his hart  
 With darts of loue, to cause his endles smart.  
 Grant, that these gifts of thine, my beuty small,  
 May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.  
 Grant, that my artificiall tongue may moue  
 His subtil craft, and snare his hart in loue:  
 But chiefly Lord grant, that this hand of mine  
 May be the *Pagans* scourge and whole ruine;  
 To th'end that all the world may knowe, our race  
 Are shrouded so in rampiers of thy grace,  
 That neuer none against vs durst conspire,  
 That haue not felt at last thy furious yre:  
 Euen so good Lord, let none of these prophane  
 Returne to drink of *Euphrate*, nor *Hytane*.

Thus *Iudith* prayd, with many-a trick ling tear,  
 And with her sighs her words retrenched wear.

At night, she left her chamber sole and cold,  
Attyr'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* golde.  
O siluer *Diane* regent of the night,  
Darst thou appear before this lucent light?  
This holy starre, whose contr'aspect most clear  
Doth stein thy brothers brightnes in his *Sphear*?

While thus she ment (vnseen) away to slyde,  
Her pearls and Jewels caus'd her to be spyde:  
The musk and ciuet Amber, as she past:  
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast.

A *Carboncle* on her Crystall brow she pight,  
Whose fry gleams expeld the shady night.  
Vpon her head a siluer crisp she pind,  
Loose wauing on her shoulders with the wind.  
Gold, band her golden hair: her yvry neck,  
The Rubies rich, and Saphirs blew did deck.  
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew  
Ther houg, then that th' Egyptian Queen did swallow.  
And through her collet she shewde her snowie brest:  
Her vtmost robe was colour blew Cœlest,  
Benetted all with twist of perfite golde,  
Beseeming well her comely corps t'enfolde.  
What else she wore, might well been seen vpon  
That Queen who built the tours of *Babylon*.  
And though that she most modest was indeed,  
Yet borrowed she som garments at this need,  
From Dames of great estate, to that intent  
This *Pagan* Prince she rather might preuent.

*Achior* then, who watched at the gate,  
And saw this Lady passing out so late,  
To *Carmis* spake who warded eke that night,  
What is she this? where goes this gallant wight  
So trim, in such a time? hath she no pittie  
Of this most wretched persecuted City?

Quod *Carmis* then, their flowrisht heer of late  
*Merari*, one, that was of great estate;



Who had no child but one, and this is she,  
 The honour of that house and family.  
 The fathers now do venture body and soule,  
 That treasures vpon treasures they may roule:  
 But for the wit or learning, neuer cairs,  
 That they should leaue to thir succeeding hairs:  
 Like those that charely keeps their rich araye  
 In coffers close, and lets it there decay;  
 While that the naked bodies dyes for cold,  
 For whom the clothes are dearly bought and sold.

*Comparison.*

But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,  
 With share and culter shearing through the soyle  
 That cost him dear, and ditches it about,  
 Or crops his hedge to make it vnder-sprout,  
 And neuer stayes to ward it from the weed:  
 But most respects to sowe therein good seed;  
 Toth'end, when sommer decks the medowes plain,  
 He may haue recompence of costs and pain:  
 Or like the maid who carefull is to keep  
 The budding flowre that first begins to peep  
 Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,  
 To make it seemly shoue the head aloft;  
 That it may (when she drawes it from the stocks)  
 Adorne her gorger white, and golden locks:  
 So wise *Merari* all his study stilde,  
 To facion well the maners of this childe;  
 That in his age he might of her retire  
 Both honour and comfort, to his harts desire.  
 For, look how soon her childish tongue could chat,  
 As children do, of this thing or of that;  
 He taught her not to reade inuentions vain,  
 As fathers dayly do that are profaine:  
 But in the holy scriptures made her read;  
 That with her milke she might euen suck the dread  
 Of the most high. And this was not for nought:  
 In so much as in short time she out-brought

Appa-

Apparant fruits of that so worthy seed,  
Which chaung'd her earthly nature far indeed:  
As done the pots that long retains the taste  
Of licour such, as first was in them plaste:  
Or like the tree that bends his elder braunch  
That way where first the stroke hath made him launch.  
So see we wolfs, and bears, and harts full olde,  
Som ramentes from their daunted youth to holde.

*Virginie.*

Thus ere the Moon twelf dosen chaunges past,  
The maydens maners fair in form were cast.  
For, as the perfitte pylot fears to runne  
Vpon the rocks, with singling sheer doth shunne  
*Cyans* straits or *Syrtes* sinking sands,  
Or cruell *Capharois* with stormy strands:  
So wisely she dishaunted the resort  
Of such as were suspect of light report:  
Well knowing, that th'acquaintance with the ill,  
Corrupts the good. And though they euer still  
Remain vpright: yet some will quarrell pike,  
And common bruit will deem them all alike.  
For look, how your companions you elect;  
For good, or ill, so shall you be suspect.

This prudent Dame delighted not in dance,  
Nor sitting vp, nor did her selfe aduance  
In publike place, where playes and banquets been  
In euery house, to see and to be seen:  
But rather vnderstanding such a trade  
Had been the wrack of many-a modest mayd,  
Who following wandring *Dina* wanton dame,  
Haue oft time put their noble house to shame;  
She kept at home her fathers habitation,  
Both day and night in godly conuersation.  
She pitious Nurse applyde her painfull thought,  
To serue and nourish them that her vpbrought:  
Like to the gratefull stork that gathereth meat,  
And brings it to her elders for to eate;

And



And on a fir tree high with *Boreas* blowne,  
 Giues life to those, of whom she had her owne.  
 But if she might som howre from trauell quite,  
 At vacant time it was her chief delyte  
 To read the scriptures, where her faithfull minde  
 Might comfort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.  
 Sometime she broyded on the canuas gall,  
 Som bird or beast, or *Aegle*, or *Elephant* tall.  
 While subtely with siluer needle fine  
 She workes on cloth som history diuine.  
 Heer *Lot* escaping the deuouring fire,  
 From sinfull *Zedon* shortly doth retire  
 To *Segor*; where his wife, that was vnwitty,  
 Cast back her eye to see the sinnefull City:  
 And for her mis-beliefe, God plagued the salt,  
 Transforming her into a Pillar of salt.  
 Here she *Susannas* story viuely wrought;  
 How neer she was to execution brought;  
 And yet how God the secret did disclose,  
 And made the mischief fall vpon her foes.  
 Here *Iosephs* story stands with wondrous art,  
 And how he left his cloke, and not his heart,  
 To his lasciuious Dame; and rather chose  
 The prison, then her armes him to enclose.  
 Here cruell *Iephth*, with his murdring knife,  
 To keep his vow, bereaues his daughters life.

(Her trauell done) her lute she then assayes,  
 And vnto God she sings immortall prayes:  
 Not following those that plyes their thriftles pain  
 In wanton verse and wastefull ditties vain;  
 Thereby t'entrap great men, with luring looks:  
 But, as the greedy fisher layes his hookes  
 Along the cosse to catch som mighty fish,  
 More for his gain, then hole som for the dish  
 Of him that byes: euen so these sisters braue  
 Haue louers mo, then honest maydens haue.

But

But none are burnt with their impudent flame,  
Saue fooles and light lunatikes voyd of shame.  
Of vertue onely, perfect loue doth growe:  
Whose first beginning though it be more slowe  
Then that of sult, and quickens not so fast;  
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.

The straw enkindles soone, and flakes again:  
But yron is slowe, and long wil hot remain:

Thus was the holy *Judiths* chaster renown  
So happily spred, through *Israell* vp and down,  
That many a man disdained the damselfs fine,  
With Jewels rich and hair in golden twine,  
To serue her beuty: yet Loues fry dart  
Could neuer vntriefe the frost of her chaste hart:  
But, as the *Diamant* bydes the hammer strong,  
So she resisted all her suters, long;  
Vnminded euer for to wed, but rather

To spend her dayes with her beloued father:  
Till at the last her parents, with great care,  
Withstood her will, and for her did prepare  
*Manasses*, one who was of noble race,  
Both rich and faire as well of sprite as face.  
Her mariage, then was not a slight contract  
Of secret billes, but by a willing act

*Mariage.*

„Before her friends. The chaunce that once befell  
„To wandring *Dina*, may be witnesse well,  
„That secret mariage, that to fewe is kend,  
„Doth neuer lead the louver to good end.  
„For, of our bodies, we no power may clame,  
„Except our parents do confirme the same.

Then see how loue, so holily begunne,  
Between these two, so holy a race they runne  
(This chaste young-man and his most chastest wife)  
As if their bodies twain had but one life.  
What th'one did will, the other will'd no lesse;  
As by one mouth, their wils they do expresse.

And



And as a stroke, giuen on the right eye  
 Offends the left: euen so by *Sympathie*,  
 Her husbands dolours made her hart vnglad,  
 And *Iudiths* sorrowes made her husband sad.  
*Manasses*, then his wife would not controule  
 Tyrannionly: but look how much the soule  
 Exceeds the corse, and not the corse doth grieue,  
 But rather to preserue it and relieue:  
 So *Iudith* with *Manasses* did accorde,  
 In tender loue and honourde him as Lord.  
 Their house at home so holy was, to tell  
 It seemd a Church, and not a priuate Cell.  
 No seruant there, with villain iestes vncouth,  
 Was suffered to corrupt the shamefast youth.  
 No ydle drunkard, nor no swearing wight  
 Vnpunisht durst blaspheme the Lord of might.  
 No pleasant skoffer, nor no lying knaue,  
 No dayly Dycer, nor no Ruffian braue,  
 Had there abode: but all the seruants weare  
 Taught of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.  
*Manasses*, he who saw that in his time  
 All iustice was corrupt with many-a crime,  
 And that the most peruerse and ignorant,  
 For money, or fauour, would none office want  
 Of high estate, refuse all publike charge;  
 Contenting him with ease to liue at large,  
 From Court, and Palace, free from wordly pelfe:  
 But, since hee thought him borne not for himselfe,  
 But also that som charge he ought to bear  
 For confort of his friends and countrey dear;  
 Yet did he more, not being magistrate,  
 For publike weale, then men of more estate:  
 So that his house was euen the dwelling due  
 Of iustice, and his mouth a sentence true.  
 Th' afflicted poore he daily did defend,  
 And was the widowes ayde, and tutor kend

To *Orphelins*, and was the whole support  
 And chief comforter of the godly sort.  
 The vain desire of *Indian* treasures great  
 Made neuer his ship to sayl nor oar to beat.  
 The greedy hope of gain, with ventrous daunger,  
 Made neuer his sword be drawn to serue the stranger.  
 He neuer sold, within the wrangling Barre,  
 Deceitfull clatters, causing clients larre;  
 But quietly manurde his little feild,  
 And took th' encrease thereof that time did yeilde.  
 He sowde and planted, in his proper grange  
 (Vpon som sauage stock) som frutry strange.  
 The ground, our common Dame, he vndermines:  
 On stake and ryce, he knits the crooked vines,  
 And snoddes their bowes: so neither hote nor cold  
 Might him (from labour) in the chamber hold.  
 But once as he beheld his haruest train,  
 With crooked Cicle cutting down the grain;  
 The Sunne a distillation on him sent;  
 Whereof he dyed: his soule to heauen it went.  
 He that the number of the leaues could cast,  
 That in *November* fals by winter blast:  
 He that could tell the drops of rain or slete,  
 That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleiades* wete  
 Sheds on the ground, that man might only tell,  
 What tears from *Judiths* eyes incessant fell.  
 What treasure and golde, and what he left her tho,  
 In place of pleasure, caused all her woe.  
 The sight of them made her in heart recorde  
 Their olde possessor, and her louing Lord.  
 Though she had had as much of gold and good,  
 As *Lydia* Land, or *Tagus* golden flood;  
 Yet, losing him, of treasure she was bare:  
 For whom, all other treasures caufde her care.  
 Yet in this state she stoutly did sustain,  
 Like patient *Iob* (contempning) all her pain.

*Widowheads.*

Three



Three times the Sunne returned had his prime,  
 " Since this befell: and yet the sliding time,  
 " That wonted is to wear walloes away,  
 Could neuer for his death her dolour stay:  
 But alwaies in som black attire she went  
 Right modestly, and liv'd on little rent.  
 Deuout she was, and most times sole and sad,  
 With dole in heart, and mourning vesture clad,  
 Out shedding tears, as doth the turtle doue  
 On withred stalke, that wails her absent loue;  
 And widow-like all pleasures doth forsake,  
 And neuer intends to take a second make.

Thus *Iudith* chaffe within her house abode,  
 And seldom was she seen to com abroad:  
 Vnlesse it were to see som wofull wife,  
 Whose childe or husband was bereft of life:  
 Or for to visit som in sicknesse rage,  
 Their longsom pain and dolours to assuage:  
 Or for to go to Church as God allowes,  
 To pray and offer and perform her vowes.

Thus haue I shortly told you, brother dear,  
 The state of her, on whom our Citie hear  
 Haue fixed all their eyes: but I can nought  
 Tell where she goes, much less whats in her thought.  
 But if we may of passed things collect  
 The things to come: then may we well aspect  
 Great good of her, for that euen in her face  
 Is signe of Ioy, and great presage of grace,  
 Or som good hap. With this and other talke,  
 They cut the night as they together walke.

This while, the worthy widdow with her maid  
 Past towards th'emies camp not vnafraid:  
 For, ere she had two hundreth pases past,  
 The *Syrian* Soldiers in her way were cast:  
 Who spack her thus; O fair excellent wight,  
 Whence? what art thou? what dost thou here this night

*Judith, the 4. Booke.*

55

In *Syrian* camp? I am (quoth she) again  
An *Israelite*, whom dolours doth constrain  
To flee this towne, and for my lifes relief,  
Submits me to the mercy of your Chief.

They took her to the Duke. But who hath seen  
The throngs of folke where proclamations been  
In som great town, or where som monstrous beast  
Is brought and wondred at by most and least;  
That man might iudge what flocks of soldiers came  
From euery part to see that *Hebrew* Dame:  
To see that fair, so chaste, so amiable.

The more they gasde, shee seemd more admirable,

Her way'ring hair disparpling flew apart  
In seemly shed: the rest with reckles art  
With many-a curling ring decor'd her face,  
And gaue her glashie browes a greater grace.  
Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right  
Two lucent starres that were of heav'nly light,  
Two geaty sparks where *Cupid* chastly hides  
His subtrill shafts that from his quiuer glydes.  
Tween thesetwo sunnes and front of equall life,  
A comely figure formally did rise

With draughtvnleuell to her lip descend,  
VWhere *Mornus* self could nothing discommend.

Her pitted cheeks apered to be depaint  
With mixed rose and lillies sweet and faint.  
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath repleat,  
Exceld the *Saben* Queen in saour sweet.

Her *Corall* lips discov'red, as it were,  
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with smyling chere.

Her yv'ry neck, and brest of *Alabastr*,  
Made *Heathen* men, of her more *Idolastre*.

Vpon her hand no wrinkled knot was seen;  
But as each rayle of mother of pearle had been.

In short, this *Judith* was so passing fair,  
That if the learned *Zenus* had been thaire,

And



Helen.

And seene this Dame, when he with pensile drew  
The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture trew  
Of her, for whom both *Greece* and *Asia* fought,  
This onely pattern chiefe he would haue sought.

No sooner *Indith* entred his Pavilion,  
But in her face arose the red vermillion,  
With shamefast feare: but then with language sweet  
The courteous Generall mildely gan her greet;

My loue, I am, I am not yet so fell,  
As false report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.  
They are my sonnes, and I will be their father,  
That honours me, and them I loue the rather,  
That worships for their God th' *Asyrian* King:  
They shall be well assurde to want nothing.  
And this shall *Isaac* knowe, if they will render  
Vnto that bountious king as their defender.  
For thy (my loue) tell me, withouten feare,  
The happy motyf of thy comming heare.

O Prince (quoth she, with an assured face)  
Most strong and wise and most in heauens grace,  
That drawes the sword, with steele vpon his brest,  
With helme on head, and launce in yron rest:  
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,  
Cannot long time indure, the cruell drouth,  
The wak rife trauels, frayes, and hazards great,  
That day and night our Burgeses doth threat:  
Yet neuerthelesse this is not whole the cause  
That from my Cities bodie me with drawes.  
To this your Camp: but that most grudging griefe,  
Which burnes my zealous hart without reliefe,  
Is this, my Lord; I haue a holy feare.  
To eatethose meates that God bids vs forbear:

But, Sir, I see that our besieged towne  
Is so beset with mischief vpon and downe,  
The people will be forc't to eat in th' end  
The meates that God expressly doth defend:

Then

Then will the Lord with iust reuenge him wreak  
Vpon all those, that do his statutes break.  
Withouten fight their Cities he will sack,  
And make one man of thine ten thousand wrack,  
That flies his fury, and thy furious face.  
Now I of *Bethul* am; and in this place  
Beseech thy noble Grace, if so thee please,  
With courteous aide, to giue my dolours ease.  
, Of common sence he is depriv'd cleene,  
, That fals with closed eye on danger seene.  
, And he that may both paine and hurt eschew,  
, Is vaine if he his proper death pursue.

Then in this quiet dale if I may byde  
In secret for to pray each euening tyde  
To God; I shall, as he doth me enspyre,  
Assure you when enkindled is his yre,  
Against our folke. Then shall I take on hand  
To leade thine army through all *Iurie* Land,  
And streaming standarts set on *Syon* hill,  
Where none with weapons dare resist thy will.  
No, not a very dog, in euening dark,  
At noyse of harness shall against thee bark.  
Thy onely name shall fray the Armies bolde.  
Before thy face the mountaine tops shall folde. }  
The floods shall dry, & from their running stay, }  
To make thine Hoste a new and vncouth way.

O Jewell of the world (quoth he) O Dame,  
For gracious speech and beuty worthy fame,  
Now welcome here: would God it might you please  
Longtime with vs to dwell in rest and ease.  
For if your faith and trowth concurrent be,  
To this your talke which greatly pleaseth me;  
I wil from this time forth with you accord  
To serue your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;  
And will my seruice whole to you enrowle,  
Not of my Scepter onely, but my soule.



I will your name and honour ay defend  
 From *Hebrew* bounds vnto the world his end.  
 This said: with silence, as the moone arose,  
 This widow her withdrew, and forth she goes.  
 Vnto a valley close on euery part,  
 Where as she washt her corse and clens'd her heart;  
 And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,  
 And to the God of *Isaac* thus she praide:

O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand  
 From those, that at thy mercy onely stand.  
 O Lord defend them that desire to spend  
 Their goods and blood, thy cause for to defend.  
 O Lord graunt that the cries of Children may,  
 With plaints of Old men weeping night and day,  
 And virgins voyces sad in shroude of shame,  
 And laudes of *Leuitis* sounding forth thy fame,  
 Mount to thy throne, and with disfundring break  
 Thy heauy sleep. Wherefore doest thou awake  
 Thy self on *Hermon* with thy burning blast?  
 Or why doest thou on carefull *Carmel* cast  
 Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the space,  
 These *Giants* that thy Scepter would displace?  
 Ah wretch, what say I? Lord a pardon me,  
 Thy burning zeale (and none hypocrisie)  
 That frets my heauie heart at euery howre,  
 Compels my tounge this language out to powre.  
 O thou, the everliuing God and Guide  
 Of all our race, I know thou wilt prouide  
 For our reliefe against this furious boiste,  
 And iustly kill the Caprain of this hoste.  
 I knowe, that thou wilt help my onely hand,  
 To be the wrack of all this heathen Band.

FINIS.

THE

# THE SVMMARIE OF

## THE V. BOOKE.

**H**olophernes, being surprised with the sweete language, and excellent beautie of the chaste *Judith*, becommeth altogether negligent of his charge & gouernement. Wherein is represented the vnhabilitie of the reprobate, who cannot withstand such temptations as the Lord sendeth vpon them. But as they become slaues to their owne affections, so by the same they are enforced to fall into perdition. In place of some faithfull seruant to warne him of his vices, *Holophernes* conferreth with *Bago* an *Eunuch*, who feedeth him in his humour, & bringeth *Judith* to his Tent. And here the Poet reprobues all flatterers & bawds, with the vices of all Courts in Generall. *Judith* seeing her chastitie in perill, and the time vnmeete to execute her enterprise, subtilie drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. He thinking to insinuate himself the more into her fauour, taketh pleasure to crack of his conquests & of his speciall worthines; discoursing so long till suppertime approched & she auoyded the inconuenience. And here is to be noted, that whilst the tyrants boast of their cruelty against the Church, God provideth for his owne, & preserueth them for that worke, that he hath ordained by them to be done.



## THE FIFT BOOKE

### OF IVDITH.

**I**Nstead of marrow in bone, and blood in vaines,  
Great *Holophernes* doth feede his cruell paines:  
He bootlesse flees, and feeles; but he knowes  
The quenched fire that of his ashes growes.  
For, so the charming Image of this Dame,  
The only marke wherewith his soule did arme,  
Transported him in passions of despaire,  
That of his mighty camp he quits the care,

PPP 2

And



And goes no more his matters to dispatch,  
 Nor vewes his corpgard, nor relieues his watch,  
 Nor Councell calls, nor sends to spy the coste,  
 Nor vewes the quarters of his spacious hoste.  
 But as the sheep that haue no hirde nor guide,  
 But wandring strays along the riuers side,  
 Throw burbling brookes, or throw the Forrest grene,  
 Throw meadowes closures, or throw shadows shene:  
 Right so the Heathen hoste, without all bridle,  
 Runns insolent, to vicious actions ydle,  
 Where none obeyes, ech one commanding speaks,  
 Ech one at pleasure from his banner breaks.  
 What do you *Hebrews* now within your wall?  
 Now time to fight, or neuer time at all,  
 To pay these *Pagans*, whose confused corse  
 Combats against themselves with deadly force.  
 Nay, stay a while: of such a great victory,  
 Your onely God will haue the only glory.

Before this tyrant was with loue yblent,  
 To winne the towne he plide his whole intent:  
 But now, both night and day, his minde doth frame  
 To conquer this most chaste vnconquest Dame.  
 So lust him led: th'vndaunted *Theban* knight,  
 With waighty mace, had neuer him affright:  
 But now a womans look his hart enfeares,  
 And in his brest the curelesse wound he bears.  
 Ambition, erst, so had him ouercomme,  
 That made him dayly ryse by sound of drumme.  
 Now *Cupid* him awaks with hote alarmes,  
 That him withholdes to do the *Hebrews* harmes.  
 Before, he rulde, aboue both Prince and King:  
 Now can he not himselfe in order bring.

Alas (quoth he) what life is this I haue,  
 Becoming captiue to my captiue slaue?  
 (Vnhappy chance) what life is this I say?  
 My vertue gone, my forces fals away.

Nay sure no life it is, more pain I feele,  
 Then *Ixion* torn vpon th' *Eternall* wheele:  
 My life is like the theef's that stole the fire,  
 On whose mortall hart there doth alwayes tire  
 A rauinous fowle, that gnawes him to the bone,  
 Reuiuing still, bound to the *Scythian* stone.  
 What serues it me, t'haue won where I haue haunted?  
 What serues my victor arme, for to haue daunted  
 The people situate between *Hydaspes* large,  
 And port where *Cydus* doth in sea discharge;  
 Since I am vanquisht by the feeble sight  
 Of captiue *Judith*? what auails my might,  
 My targe of steele, my Burguinet of Brasse,  
 My guard of warriours stout where so I passe;  
 Since her sweet eye hath sent the pointed dart  
 Through men and weapons, pearcing throu my hart?  
 What serues my coursers, who with swiftnes light  
 Exceeds the swallow, swiftest bird of flight;  
 Since I on him can not auoide, one ynh,  
 The care that night and day my heart doth pinch?  
 Then change (O *Hebrewes*) change your tears in song,  
 And triumph ore my holte and army strong.  
 I am no more that Duke, whose name alone  
 Hath made great warriours quake both lim and bone:  
 But I am he, whose hart was sometime braue;  
 Now lesse then nought, the slaue but of a slaue.  
 I com not here your *Isaac* to annoy,  
 With fire and sword, your houses to destroy:  
 But to require your *Judith*, her to render  
 More mild to me. What? is my wit so slender,  
 Berapt with loue? haue I not heer my ioy,  
 That onely may relieue me from annoy?  
 Yet neuer the lesse I cliue the aire in vain,  
 With plaints, and makes myne eyes but fountains twain.  
 I wretch am like the wretched man indeed,  
 The more he hath the greater is his need.

*Prometheus.*

*Tantalus.*



Although he deeply plunge in water cleare,  
 To quench his thirst: yet he is not the neare.  
 For, so do I respect the heavenly grace,  
 That largely is bestowed vpon her face,  
 That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,  
 My toung doth stay and in the palat folde.  
 Why haue not I a heart of *Cryshall* cleare,  
*Transparent* through, to let my paine appeare?  
 That there she might of all my torments reed,  
 Which loue withholds within my heart in deed.

Now, since that *Iudah* to this camp arriv'd,  
 The light of heav'n had thrise his course reviv'd,  
 And darkned thrise, and gan with saffron hew  
 To light the *Ynds*, the fourth day to renewe;  
 When thus the Duke, who left repast and rest,  
 Vnto his *Eunuch* this like porpos drest.

O *Bagos*, sonne adoptife, not by chance,  
 Whom I haue chose of nought thee to aduance,  
 By speciall grace, and made thee (though I boaste)  
 First of my hart, and second of myne Hoaste;  
 I rage, I burne, I dye in desp'rate thought,  
 Through loue, by this same strangers beury brought:  
 Go, seek her then, and shortly to her say,  
 What secret flame torments me day by day:  
 Shew that I shall her to such honours bring,  
 As he that bears the Scepter of a King:  
 But chiefly see thy talke be framed thus,  
 That she do come this night and suppe with vs.  
 Now should it not to me be folly and shame,  
 To haue within my holde the fairest dame,  
 That ground doth beare, if I dare not aspire.  
 To quench the burning flame of my desire?  
 I should but serue my soldiers for a least:  
 And *Iudith* faire would count me but a beast.

Then *Bagos* well acquaint with such a cast,  
 He fed the lamp that burnt but ouerfast.

If private men (quoth he) and people poore,  
That goes not ouer the threshold of their doore,  
But spends their dates in trauell and debate,  
And neuer seeks to win a better state,  
Lives not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame  
Do not sometime their frozen harts inflame;  
What slaues are those then, on whose backs are drest  
The burdens of this world, who takes no rest  
For Publike weale, but wakes with *Argus* eies,  
For others ease that to no care applies;  
If they, among so many great vexations,  
May not receiue in loue some recreations?  
Pursue your loue my Lorde, and make no let  
To take the fish that els is in your net.  
And as ere this you haue me faithfull found,  
In like Ambassades when ye them propound:  
So shall you finde me, in this loue of new,  
To be as faithfull, secret, trest, and trew.

Alas, how many such are in our times  
In princes Courts, that high to honour climes,  
More for their handling such an enterprife,  
Then for their being valiant, learnde, or wise?  
Sometimes the Courts of kings were vertuous schooles:  
Now finde we nought in Court but curious fooles.

O you whose noble harts cannot accord  
To be the slaues to an infamous Lord:  
And knowes not how to mixe, with perlous Art,  
The deadly poyson of the Amorous dart:  
Whose natures being free, wills no constraint,  
Nor will your face with flatering pensile paint,  
For well, nor wo, for pittie, nor for hire,  
Of *good my Lords* their fauours to acquire;  
Go not to Court if ye will me beleue:  
For in that place where ye think to retreue  
The honour due for vertue, ye shall finde  
Nought but contempt, which leaues good men behinde.



Ye worthy Dames, that in your breasts do bear  
 Of your al-seeing God no seruile fear:  
 Ye that of honour haue a greater care,  
 Then sights of Courts, I pray you come not thare.  
 Let men, that in their purse hath not a myte,  
 Clothe them like kings, and play the hypocrite,  
 And with a lying tale and feined chear,  
 Court-cozen them whom they would see on bear.  
 Let there the *Pandar* sell his wife for gain,  
 With seruice vile his noblesse to attaine.  
 Let him that serues the time, change his entent,  
 With faith vnconstant saile at euerie vent.

Ye sonnes of craft, bear ye as many faces  
 As *Proteus* takes among the Marine places,  
 And force your natures all the best ye can  
 To counterfai the grace of some great man;  
*Chameleon* like, who takes to him ech hew  
 Of black or white, or yellow, green or blew,  
 That comes him next: So you that finds the facion  
 To hurt the poor, with many-a great taxacion:  
 You that do prease to haue the princes care,  
 To make your names in Prouinces appear:  
 Ye subtrill *Thurims*, sell your fumish winde,  
 To wicked wights whose senses ye do blinde.

Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelois*,  
 Who wracks the wisest youth with charming vois:  
 Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment strange,  
 In stones and swine, your louers true do change:  
 Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth vptaks,  
 You rauens that from vs our riches raks:  
 Ye who with riches art, and painted face,  
 For *Priams* wife, puts *Castors* sister in place:  
 Ye *Myrrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semiramis*,  
 And if there rest yet mo defamed dames,  
 Com all to Court, and there ye shall resau:  
 A thousand gains vnmeet for you to haue.

There

There shall you sell the gifts of great prouinces,  
There shall you sell the grace of graceles princes.

Stay heer my Muse: it thee behoues to haue  
Great constancy and many-a *Hercles* braue  
To purge this age, of vices more notable,  
Then was the stals of foule *Aegeans* stable.

Return to *Indith*, who to bring to passe  
Her high attempt, before her sets her glasse,  
And ginns to deck her hair like burnisht gold,  
Whose beuty had no peer for to behold.  
Then went she to histent, where she espide  
The gorgeous tappeltries on euerie side,  
Of *Persian* Kings, of *Meds*, and *Syrian* stories,  
How *Ninus* first (prickt forth with great vain glories)  
Subdewd the East: then next in order came  
(Disguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;  
Who took the Scepter and with tourrets hye  
Great *Babylon* erected to the skye.

Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine,  
In womens weed the tender twilt doth twine,  
Who bare a Rock in steed of Royall mace,  
And for a man with woman changeth grace  
In gestures all: he fristles and he fards,  
He oynts, he bathes, his visage he regards  
In *Crystall* glasse, which for his sworde he wore,  
And lost his crowne without all combate more.

*Sardanapalus.*

Amongst his vertugals, for ayde he drew,  
From his Lieutenant, who did him pursew,  
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble yre,  
He burnt himselfe, and ended his empyre.  
Behold, a Bitch then feeds a sucking childe,  
Amongst the pricking thorns and brambles wilde;  
Who grew so great and was of such a fame,  
That bond, and free, his waged men became,  
And afterward subuerted, to his lawe,  
The *Median* Scepter vnder *Persians* awe.

*Cyrus.*

But



But what is he that so deformed goze  
Before the camp, and wants his eares and noze?  
That was that seruant true, who by that flight,  
Brought *Babylon* again in *Darius* might.

While *Indith* fed her eies with figures vaine,  
Her hart replete with passions and with paine;  
The *Genrall* came, and with a visage gent,  
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,  
And caused her sit down vpon a chaire,  
The more at ease to view her beuties rare.  
Then, when he saw himselfe so neare his pleasure,  
He brunt in hart, and scarce could byde the leasure  
Till *Venus* with her garland shewd in sight,  
On his *Horizon* to renue the night.

This widow, finding then the time vnmeete,  
Gods iust determination to complete;  
Made much delay, and fand full many-a skufe,  
With sundry talke this tyrant to abuse:  
And said; My Lorde, I pray you shew to me,  
What furie iust hath mov'd your maiestie?  
What haue our people done (please it your grace)  
By whom or when that *Izaks* holy race  
Might so prouoke a Prince to wrackfull war,  
In tounes, and lawes, so sep'rate from vs far?

Then said the Duke, vncourteous should I be  
If I deny (O faire) to answer thee.  
Now as the heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe,  
So in the earth two kings cannot remaine  
Of equall state. So doth ambition craue,  
One king will not another equall haue.  
My Prince is witnesse: who at warres did fall  
With king *Arphaxat*, cause he raisde his wall  
Of *Ecbatane* so high that it did shame  
To *Ninine*, and *Babell* feard the same:  
For which, he vndertopke to spoyle his throne,  
And race his Scepter to the lowest stone:

With

With spite, his buildings braue he cast adown.  
*Arphaxat* then, a man of great renowne,  
 And worthie of his Scepter and his state,  
 Thought better in the field to make debate,  
 Then beare a scorne, his *Meds* to battell drew:  
 Thus 'tweene them two did cruell war ensue.  
*Arphaxat* armed all the yles of *Greece*,  
 Where *Iason* was, but sought no golden fleece,  
 But golden lingots with abundant gaine,  
 Where *Phasis* streame bedewes the pleasant Plaine.  
 The *Harmastans*, and *Albans*, strong, and wise,  
 That sowes but once, and haue their haruest thrise:  
 The men that neer to *Oxus* banks abides,  
 And those that *Antitaurus* horns diuyles:  
 And those that mans the mount vpon whose brest  
 The ship that scap't the genrall flood did rest:  
 And those that are (not hid) within the Reame,  
 Where proud *Iaxartes* flowes with furious streame:  
 In short, the *Medes* brought men to ayde their plea,  
 From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caspian* sea:  
 And of this hoste *Arphaxat* was commander,  
 With hope and heart more high then *Alexander*.

My prince desirous then to winne or dy,  
 Left nought vndone that furthred to supply  
 His troubled state. He armed *Syttacene*,  
 And waged Archers out of *Osrobene*:  
 Ye Lords of Lands that yelds the hundreth corne,  
 Leauē *Euphrates* and bounds where ye were borne:  
 Ye *Carmans* bolde that all on fish do feede,  
 And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;  
 Leauē *Hysan* bounds, go seek the golden sands:  
 Ye *Parths*, ye *Cosses*, *Arabs*, and yelands,  
 That of your *Magi* Prophets thinks ye knowe  
 Their spells diuine, your self for pikmen shoue.

O *Calde*, chaungethine *Astrolab* and square.  
 To speare and shield: for, we nowight will spare.



Of able age, of high or lowe degrie  
That trails the pike, or launce layes on his thie.  
Let women, children, and the burghers olde  
At home alone, let them their houses holde.

We sommond eke the *Persians* and *Phœnicians*,  
The soft *Aegyptians*, *Hebrewes* and *Cilicians*,  
To come in haste, and ioine their force to ours:  
But they disdainfully deteind their powrs;  
And, with their wicked hands, and words vn sage,  
They did our sacred messengers outrage.

My master for a time, put vp this wrong,  
Attending time, to quite these enemies strong;  
With purpose, more at leasure, to prouide  
T' abate this sacrilegious peoples pride.

Battell.

Two greater kings were neuer seen beforne,  
Then camped was in *Ragau* field at morne,  
With haucie harts enarmed all in yre:  
Ech soldier set another so on fire,  
That scarcely they could keep them in their bound,  
Till pipe, or Cymball, or the trumpets sound,  
Denounce the choke: but with their furious faces,  
They thret their foes as farre with fell menaces,  
And strokes at hand: two thousand Lads forlorne  
(To blunt the sword) were down in battell borne.  
Vpon their flanks flew feruently the stones,  
That bet their bucklers to their brused bones.  
The Squadrons then steps sternly to the strokes,  
With harts inhumain all the battell yokes,  
And are supplide with many mighty bands:  
Som counters them, and sternly them with stands:  
With foot to foot ech other ouer plyes:  
Both *Meds* and *Caldes* clasp with gastly cries;  
Like *Nilus* stream that from the rockes doth romble,  
Or *Encelade* when he in tombe doth tomble.

Here som lies headles: som, that cannot stand,  
Trails on his wombe, and wants both foot and hand,

Cut

Cut off with stroaks: some perc't throu plate and mails:  
 Some shoulder-flasht: some panch'd in th'entrails:  
 Some brains outbet: some in the guts were gor'd:  
 Some dying vomit blood: and some were smor'd:  
 Some neither quick nor dead, do yet attend  
 What place it pleaseth God their soules to send:  
 So loth the little life, that doth abyde,  
 Is, from the dying body to diuide.  
 The ground that erst was yellow, greene, and blew,  
 Is ouerced with blood in purple hew.  
 While this man giues some one his deadly baine,  
 He of another gets the like againe.  
 The rage encreasing growes with yrefull flame:  
 The field is spred with bodies dead and lame.

*Comparison.*

Like as ye see the wallowing sea to striue,  
 Flood after flood, and waue with waue to driue,  
 Then waues with waues, the floods with floods do chase,  
 And eft returnes vnto their former place:  
 Or like the crops of corne in mids of May  
 (Blowne with the westren wind) aside doth sway  
 Both to and fro, as force doth them constraine,  
 And yet their tops redresseth vp againe:  
 So, whiles, the *Syrians* are by *Medes* displaced;  
 And whiles, the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechased.

Then, like two raging floods that downe do fall,  
 From two contrarie mutine mountains tall;  
 Downe bearing bridge and banke, and all destroyes,  
 And striues which one may do the most annoyes:  
 So, thesetwo kings, in force and courage stout,  
 Excels the rest with slaughter them about:  
 Wherso they preast they left on either side,  
 Behindethem, two long opened waies and wide:  
 For, all their bucklers, *Morions*, and *Quiraces*  
 Were of no prooffe against their peisant maces.  
 Yet (for thetime) the *Medes* so fearcely fought,  
 That they th' *Assyrian* bands in terrour brought,

And



And pauld his soldiers harts, and brak their might,  
 Who (ouercome) tooke them to shamefull flight.  
 The *Medes* pursued, and wounded, in that chace,  
 Ten thousand men; but none, vpon the face.

In short, this day our Scepter had depriued,  
 Had I not like the thunder dint arriued  
 In battels brunt. Their male and their vanebras,  
 Their helme and shield, before my Coutelas,  
 Were fraile as glas: and neuer a stroke I lent  
 But deadly was, and them more terroure sent  
 Then all our camp. The soldier then in feare  
 With trembling hand could scarcely weild his speare.  
 The Pal-hewd knight with hart in brest that quakes,  
 His thies in saddle, and feet in stirrups shakes  
 For dread of me. There some, with trenchant glaive  
 From hight of head, to middle downe I claive.  
 And some so farre I foyned through the lack,  
 The blade a perdea foote behinde his back:  
 So that the *Medes*, afrayd at such a thing,  
 In heat of fight they fled and left their king.  
 Who seing himself betrayd, his clothes he rent,  
 And bloody towards *Ragan* towne he went:  
 Where we him met, yet (*Brasse*) did him defend,  
 And sought amongst his foes a famous end:  
 As doth the *Tyger* wilde who sees her den  
 Beset about with hunters dogs and men,  
 That turns her feare to furious raging rife  
 And will not vneuenged lose her life:  
 So he them thunderbet where so he went,  
 That neuer a stroke in vaine his right hand spent:  
 But er with murdring blade they could him quell,  
 Full many-a bold precursor he sent to hell.  
 At last, *Arphaxat* gan of slaughter tyre,  
 And (wounded sore) left both his life and yre,  
 And fell, as doth some huge high planted oak,  
 That long hath byde the windes, and many-a stroak

*Judith, the 5. Booke.*

71

Of many an axe, yet stoutly doth sustaine  
Their trauels long, and frustrats all their paine;  
The roote doth sigh, the dale doth roring sound,  
And to the heaven the noyse doth high rebound;  
His head now here, now there, seemes to incline,  
And threats him here and there with great ruine:  
Yet stands vp right aboue the highest oke,  
Till, vanquisht with a thousand thousand strokes,  
He falls at last; and brings with him to ground  
Both trees and cattell to the Plaine profound;  
So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empyre.

My king the king of kings, then in his yre  
Rais'd *Ecbatan*: and now growes weed and herbe,  
Where sometime stood his palaces superbe.  
So that where erst the lute and lowde *Haubeis*  
Werewont to sound with sweete concordant nois,  
Now shrieking owles and other monsters moe  
In funerall sound fulfils the place with woe.

My potent Prince, when all this warre was ceast  
Consumed moneths foure in Royall feast,  
In *Ninine* the great: which banquet done,  
Heme commanded to assemble sone  
His Royall hoste, to punish all and some,  
That to his former ayd disdaind to come:  
And that I shortly should with sword and flame  
Reuenge his honour: but alas, *Madame*,  
Full farre am I from that I should pursew.  
For, comming here thy nation to subdew,  
I vanquisht am by thee; so that deaths might  
Shall shortly close mine eyes with endles night,  
If you not (with a louing kisse) to me  
Restore my life. O worthy prince, quoth she,  
Continue your discours, and to me tell  
What great aduentures to your hoste befell.

Then he retooke his tale he left alate,  
And made a long discours of all his state,

Part.



Part true, part false: as do some warriours braue,  
Who speaking of their Acts will lye and raue.

*Oration.*

My camp assembled, then gan I t' enflame  
My soldiers hart thus, for to win them fame:  
Companions, now, if euer ye pretend  
To winne renowme that neuer shall haue end,  
Go forwards now, plague these inhumain Lands,  
That on our sacred Legats layd their hands.  
Reuenge, reuenge, ye men, your most high Prince,  
That ever Scepter bare in rich prouince,  
That euer came adowne with mighty arme,  
From circled starrs. *Alarm!* soldats, alarm:  
Take blades in hand, and brands of burning yre,  
To waste the western world with sworde and fyre.  
With bloody seas bedewe ech mount and wood,  
And make your horses feare to swimme in blood.  
Receiue the Scepter great and crowne of might  
Of all this world which is to you behight.  
Receiue this laude, that for your conquest braue.  
Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull graue.  
Receiue yee valiant men the noble spoile  
Of many-a land that ye shall put to foyle  
Let men behold that sees you day by day,  
How ye are cloyd with honour, spoyle, and pray.  
Thus ended I. And as my words were sent,  
They bet their bucklers, shewing them content  
With courage bolde, to fight with me and byde.

Then sixscore thousand men I had to guide,  
Or moe, and so from *Ninine* we past  
And marched vnto (*Beftile*) at last,  
I through *Edessi*, *Amidi*, and *Carran* came,  
Where sometime dwelt your father *Abram*:  
I wan the mount whose thwarting hornes diuides  
All *Asie*; and serues for bounds on sundrie fyds,  
To many great Empyrs: I flew, I brent  
All in my way. My fellow soldiers went

Like

Like moawers with their sithes in fowple hands,  
 Who leaues not after them a straw that stands;  
 But ample swathes of grasse on ground doth cast,  
 And shoves what way their sharped sithes haue past.  
 All *Lydia* knowes, that nought now growes in it  
 But weeds. And *Phuli* and *Tharsis* feelles it yit.  
 I was wel neare the straits that closeth all  
*Phoenice* and th' *Isrique* Rovers like a wall,  
 When *Rosca*, *Solea*, *Mops*, *Anchials* and *Ischia*,  
 And sweete *Egei*, and (short) the whole *Cilicia*,  
 This passage took before, and lay in wait  
 To stay my Armie for to passe this straight.  
 If I the harmes and haliards all should tell  
 Of all th'affairs and bloody frayes that fell,  
 And succours sent; the day should slide away  
 Before my tale. For that *Cilicia* I say,  
 Through great aduantage of their ground so narrow,  
 Defended them from both the speare and arrow:  
 So that my Holste, that gaue before the chace  
 To puissant kings, now fled with great disgrace.  
 Then foming in despite, despaire and yre,  
 I cast my selfe where shot flew like the fyre:  
 And though they hurt me in a hundred parts,  
 And though my buckler bare a wood of darts:  
 Yet left not I, but with audacious face  
 I brauely fought, and made them all giue place.  
 My army followed, where my arme made way  
 With trenching blade, on bodies dead that lay.  
 The greatest coward that my captains led,  
 Pursued and slew the most of them that fled.  
 The *Cidnus* streame ( who for his siluer flood  
 Esteemd a king ) ran now with humaine blood:  
 The *Pyram* scarce, in seas discharged than  
 Ful many-a helm, and sword, and worthy man.  
 In short, as your owne iudgement seems to rest,  
 With swelling tydes and frothy foods repress,

*Craking.*



Within his bank: yet furiously him wreaks  
 With weightie force, and banks and bridges breakes,  
 And stroies the plaines, and makes for many a day  
 More wrack, then if his channels open lay:  
 In semble sort their bands I did enchace,  
 That kept the entrance of that craggie place.  
 I brunt, I slew, cast down, all that I fand;  
 And, *Asia* spoild, I entred th'easter Land.  
 I wan *Celi*, and raged pittiles  
 Vpon the fruitfull shore of *Exphrates*.  
 I bet the desert *Rapse*, and *Eagria* Land,  
 Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.  
 From thence to seaward sewing mine entent  
 I walted *Madian*. Northward then I went  
 To *Liban*-ward, *Damascus* ouer-rinning,  
 With other towns, *Abilia*, and *Hippas* winning.  
 From thence, with curious mind my standers styea  
 The hill, where sunne is seen to set and ryes.  
 And soe from thence I forward led mine hoste,  
 To th'*Occident* on the *Phœnician* coste,  
 Then *Sidon*, *Bible*, *Beryte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,  
 With *Ascalon*, and *Affet*, in a maze  
 For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,  
 Wise messengers, my fauour to intreat.  
 We come not here, my Lord said they, with armes.  
 For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d'armes*:  
 But Prince, we come, of thee for to resauē  
 Both life and death, and what law we shall haue.  
 Our townes are thine, our citties and our hills,  
 Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wills.  
 Our seruice, and our treasures, great and small,  
 Our selfe our wyues, and our faire children all,  
 Now only rests to thee, if so thee please  
 To take vs thus. O God what greater ease,  
 O God what greater good may vs befall,  
 Then vnto such a Chiefe for to be thrall,

Who

Who weilds the valiant lance and ballance right,  
With vertue, like the Gods of greatest might  
So were to me as gracious to beholde  
Their townes and Citties both: for, young and old  
With crownes, and presents of the *Flora* sweet,  
And costly odours, humbly did me greete.  
At sounds of hornes and pypes they dauncing went,  
With goods and bodies me for to present.

Then I, abusing not the lawe of armes,  
Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,  
Nor to their Lands: But first their forts I mand  
With men of mine, and theirs tooke in my Band.  
For where that I my people farthest drew,  
My camp in bands, from bands, to armies grew,  
As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow,  
By *Raurak* fields with snakish crangling flow,  
Then swels his floods with sixty riuers large,  
That in the *Golfe Euxinus* doth discharge.  
I weend *Madame* that *Izrell*, like the rest,  
Would yeeld to me, that I should not be strest  
Against their brest to moue my murdring speare:  
But as I came the *Scythique* rampier neare  
(The Tombe of her whose milk had such a hap  
To feed the twife borne *Denis* in her lap)  
I heard their wilfull rage first in that place:  
Which doubtles will destroy all *Abrahams* race.

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FINIS.

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## THE SVMMARIE OF THE VI. BOOKE.

*I*udith, hauing escaped the perill of her chastity, is brought to a sumptuous banquet prepared by *Holophernes* for the intertainemēt of her, and farther prouocation of his filthy lust. In which the abominable vice of gluttonie is by the *Poet* viuely descriued, and sharply reprehended. And whereas the *Tyrant* thought by such excesse to ouercome the chaste widow; himselfe is so ouercome with wine, that vpon a very simp'e delay he lets her goe till he was in his bed. And here is noted, that the snares the wicked layes for others, they fal in the their selues. While the *Tyrant* contemplated his lust, *Iudith* in trouble called vpon her God, who made way for her works through the *Tyrants* owne wickednesse: who heaping sin vpon sin, approched at last to the end of his tragœdy: and mounting vpon the scaffold of the yre of God, falles asleepe in his sinfull bed, & is by *Iudith* beheaded in his beastly drunkennes. True it is that in this execution she felt her great infirmitie: but likewise she found that God was able to strêngthen the most feeble for the execution of his Iustice. And as before she was preserued in the midst of her enemies: so the Lord to make a miraculous end of his work, brings her safe home to her people. The *Bethulians* giues thanks to God. The *Ammonites* rauished with this miracle, embraced the true religion. The head of *Holophernes* (that *Iudith* his seruant brought) being set vp for a terrible spectacle to the Heathen, encouraged the Cittizens to giue assault vpon the camp. *Bagos* who had beene an instrument of the *Tyrants* wickednes, is the first that finds his masters headles Carcas, & puts the camp in such affray, that they all fled before *Israell*, in such sort that scarce one was left to to bring newes to *Ninus*, of the fortune of the battel. And that was Gods Iustice, that those y had followed this *Tyrant* in his wickednes should be companions of his death. *Iudith* last of all celebrates the deliuerance of God, with a song, to the honor and glorie of his almighty name.

# THE SIXT BOOKE

## Of IVDITH.

BEfore the Pagan had his purpose ended,  
The night obscure from mountains high descended,  
And sewers set the boord with costly meate,  
Of passing price, so delicate to eate,  
That *Holopherne* vnto his ioyous feast  
Aperd t' haue cald the kings of west and east.

O glutton throtes, O greedy guts profound!  
The chosen meats, within the world his bound  
By th' *Abderois* inuented, may not staunch  
Nor satisfie your foule deuouring paunch:  
But must in *Moluke* seek the spices fine,  
*Canary* suger, and the *Candy* wine.

*Exclamatio.*

Your appetits (O gluttons) to content,  
The sacred brest of *Thetis* blew is rent:  
The Aire must be dispeopled for your mawes:  
The *Phoenix* sole can scarce escape your iawes.  
O plague, O poyson to the warriour state!  
Thou makes the noble harts effeminate.  
While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curioes* and *Fabrices*,  
Who fed on roots and sought not for delices:  
And when the onely *Cresson* was the food  
Most delicate to *Persia*; then they stood  
In happy state, renownde in peace and warre,  
And throu the world their triumphs spred as farre:  
But when they after, in th' *Assyrian* hall,  
Had learnd the lessons of *Sardanapall*:  
And when the other, giuen to belly chear,  
By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitell*s gouernd weare,  
Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,  
Then kil a *Phyrrhus* or a *Mythridate*;  
Then both of them were seen for to be sacked  
By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.

*Gluttonie.*



,Of little, Nature liues: superfluous meat  
 ,But duls the sprite, and doth the stomach treat.  
 ,When they were set, then throw that Royall rout  
 The *Maluesie* was quaffed oft about.

One drinks out of an *Alabaster* Cuppe:

One out of *Cryftall* doth the *Nectar* suppe:

Som out of curious shells of *Vnicorne*:

Som spills the wine, and som to beds were borne,

But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,

But more he drank, the more he had desire:

Like to the *Ocean-Sea*, though it reſaues

All *Nilus* floods, yea all fresh water craues

From Eaſt to Weſt, yet growes he not a grain,

But ſtill is ready for as much, again.

One glaſ drawes on another glaſ: and whan

The butler ment to ceaſe, he but began

To ſkink god *Bacchus*: thus this drunken wight

Among his dronkards tipped till midnight:

Then each of them, with ſtackring ſteps out went,

And groping hands, retyring to his tent.

This tyrant wiſht them oft away before:

To whom ech moment ſeemd to be a ſcore.

Alſone as they were gone, then gan he preaſe

The trembling *Iudith*. Ceafe, great prince, O ceaſe,

The widow ſayd: what haſt need you to make

To reap the flowre that none can from you take?

My Lord, go to your bed and take your eaſe;

Where I your ſweet embracings will compleaſe,

Alſone as I my garments may remoue,

That bindes my body brunt with ardent loue.

Now, if that ſober wits and wylie brains

Cannot auoide the femaletricks and trains:

Abath not reader though this reckles Roy

(Bewicht by *Semels* ſonne, and *Venus* boy)

Was thus beguilde: conſidering, both theſe twain

Confoundes the force of thoſe that them retain.

So letting *Julian* slide out of his arme,  
 He gins to loose his garments soft and warme:  
 But throw his haft, his hand came leſſer ſpeed,  
 And though he was deceiv'd, yet tooke no heed,  
 But wening well t'vntruſs his peeuiſh points,  
 He knits them twyfold with his trembling ioints;  
 So long till he, with anger diſcontent,  
 Cuts methem all, and off his clothes he rent,  
 And naked went to bed. Then as ye ſee  
 The bloody boweman ſtand behind a tree,  
 Who warely watches for the wandring deare:  
 To euery part, where he doth thinke to heare  
 Some trembling buſh, ſome beaſt or *Lizard* ſmall,  
 That motion makes, ſo turneth he withall  
 His face and hand to ſhoot, but all in vaine  
 For to relieue his long aſpecting paine:  
 Euen ſo, this ſoliſh tyrant when he hard  
 Som rat or mouſe, then thought he to himward,  
 His Miſtris came: and when he heard no more,  
 Yet thought, ſhe came, whom moſt he did adore.  
 While, vp he liſts his head, while lets it fall:  
 While, looks about, while counts the paſes all  
 That ſhe ſhould paſſe, to come vnto his bed.  
 Thus turning oft, as ardent luſt him led,  
 He thought his bed was ſowen with pricking thorne:  
 But now the drink, that he had drunke beforne,  
 Brewd in his braine, and from his mind it took  
 The ſweet remembrance of her louing look.  
 So fell on ſleepe: and then to him appears  
 Ten thouſand flames, ten thouſand dinnes he hears,  
 And dreams of Diuels, and *Demons* dark and dim,  
*Meduſas*, *Minotaurs*, and *Gorgons* grim.

This while, the hart of *Judith* gan to beat  
 Inceſſantly, beſet with battell great:  
 One while her feare refeld her firſt entent:  
 One while her action iuſt her courage lent.



Then sayd she, *Judith*, now is time, go to it,  
 And saue thy people: Nay, I will not do it.  
 I will, I will not: Go, fear not again:  
 Wilt thou the sacred gestning then prophane?  
 Not it prophane; but holier it shall stand,  
 When holy folke are helped by my hand.

But shamefull liues the traytour euermore;  
 No traytor she who doth her towne restore.  
 But murderers all, are of the heav'n forsaken:  
 All murder-is not for murder alwaies taken.  
 Alas, are they not murderers sleyes their Prince?  
 This tyrant is no prince of my prouince:  
 But, what if God will haue vs vnder his awe?  
 Hee's not of God that fights against his lawe.  
 For then should *Abud*, *Isabell*, and *Iehew*,  
 Be homicids, because they tyrants slew.

But what? they were commanded of the Lord:  
 To such an act, my hart should soone accord.

Alas, my hart is weak for such a deed:  
 Th'are strong ynough whom God doth strength at need.  
 But when 'tis done who shall my warrant be?  
 God brought me here, God will deliuer me.  
 What if the Lord leaue thee in Heathen hands?  
 Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death nor bands.  
 But what if they pollute thee like a slaue?  
 My body with my hart they shall not haue.

Thus sherefolued in her minde at last,  
 Her hands and eyes vnto the heauen she cast,  
 And with an humble voyce to God she prayd:

O gracious God that alwaies art the ayd  
 To thy beloued *Izak*, I thee pray  
 To strength my hand, even my right hand this day,  
 That I may make this bloody tyrant dye,  
 That to disceper thee would skale the skye.  
 But since thy goodnesse hath preferued me,  
 And brought my bote so near the shoare to be;

Grant

Grant that some sleepey drinke I may prouide,  
To dull this tyrants hart and daunt his pride,  
To th' end that I may free thy congregation;  
Vnto thy honour, and our consolation.

This prayer done, she looked round about,  
And heard this dronken prince in sleeping rout:  
Then stept she to his sword that by him stood,  
Which oft had bath'd the world with humaine blood:  
But as she preast this tyrant for to quell,  
Fear rest the sword from her, and downe she fell,  
And lost at once the strength of harr and corse.

O God (quoth she) now by thy mighty force  
Restore my strength. This said (with pale annoy)  
She rudly rose, and stroke this sleeping Roy,  
So fell, that from his shoulders flew his powle,  
And from his body fled his *Ethniue* fowle,  
Hie way to he'll. His bulke all blood bestaind  
Lay still, his head in *Judiths* hand remaind;  
The which her maid put vp into a sack:  
Thus throw the camp they close away do pack,  
Empeacht of none. For, those that had her seen,  
Supposde she went (as she had wonted been,  
The nights before) vnto the valley, whear  
They thought she went to serue *Diana* clear.

When *Judith* chaste came near the *Hebrew* wall;  
Let in (quoth she) for our great God of all  
Hath broke this night the whole *Assyrian* power,  
And rayd the horne of *Izak* at this hower.

Then men, amazde of her vn hoped state,  
About her ran assembling at the gate,  
Where holy *Judith* on a hill was mounted,  
And all her chance from point to point recounted;  
And there discov'ring drew out of the sack  
The bloody head of th' enemy of *Izak*,

The Citizens that saw how she did stand  
With th' end of *Assurs* head in her right hand;

They



They prayed God, who by her hand had slain  
And punished that traytour inhumain.

, But, most of all Duke *Ammon* did admire  
, The worke of God. Then he t'escape the yre  
, Of *Iacobs* God, who aydes the weakest part,  
, He shortly circumcis'd his flesh and harte.  
, O God, that rightly by foresight diuine  
, Repels the purpose of all mens engine:  
, Who for to lead th' elect to destinyed health  
, (Euen when it seemes them fardest from their wealth)  
, Of ill, thou drawes the good, and som in ill  
, Thou lets them runne, thy Iustice to fulfill;  
, (O Lord) the vile desire of blood and sak,  
, Made *Holopherne* to warre vpon *Izak*:  
, But where that he would *Izaks* blood haue shed,  
, He lost his owne for *Izak*, on his bed.  
, Thus thy good grace hath made his vain inuention  
, To take effect contrary his intention.  
, So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Pharisee*;  
, And, of a tyrant, teacher of thy veritee:  
, So was the theefe, that hong with our *Messias*,  
, (For all his sinne) preserued with *Elias*:  
, His vitious corps could haue no life here downe;  
, His soule by grace yet got a heav'nly crowne.  
, Chargethen (O God) the harts of christian princes,  
, Who shed the faithfulls blood in their prouinces.  
, Let thou that sword, that thou giues them to guide,  
, Vpon thy enemies onely be applyde;  
, Vpon those tyrants whose vnrighteous horne  
, Deteins the Land wherethy deare sonne was borne:  
, Not on the backs of those, who, with humilitie,  
, Adores the *Triple* one great god in vnitie.

Then at commandement of this widow chaste,  
A soldier tooke the tyrants head in haste;  
And, for to giue the *Hebrewes* harte withall,  
He fixed it vpon the foremost wall.

Their

Their fathers came, and sonnes, and wiues, and mayds,  
Who erst had lost, amongst the *Heathen* blayds,  
Their sonnes, their parents, maks, and louers dear;  
With heauie harts and furious raging chear,  
They pild and paired his beard, of paled hew,  
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,  
Which vsde to speake of God great blasphemies,  
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.  
The rise remembrance of so late an ill,  
Made vulgar folke such vengeance to fulfill.

This while, *Aurora* ceased to embrace  
Her ancient loue, and rose with ruddy face,  
Vpon the *Indian* heaven: the warriours strong,  
That kept the towne, now sorted forth in throng,  
Enarmed all, with such a hydeous sound  
As seemde the elements foure for to confound,  
And brake the bands that keeps them in their border,  
Retyring them vnto their olde disorder.

The *Pagan* watches next the Cities side  
(Awaked with this din) starte vp and cryde  
*Alarme, Alarme*, like fearfull men agast:  
Then through the Camp, the hote Alarum past.  
Som takes his neighbours armour first he findes,  
And wrong on armes the braces both he bindes.  
Som takes a staf for haft, and leaues his launce:  
Som madling runnes, som trembles in a traunce:  
Som on his horse ill sadled ginns to ryde,  
And wants his spurrs, som boldly do abide:  
Som neither wakes nor sleeps, but mazing stands:  
Som braue in words, are beastly of their hands.  
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,  
Vnto the *Pagans* Court at last it ran.  
Then *Bagos Eunuch*, sadly forth he went  
Tawake the sleeping *Ethnique* in his tent;  
And knockt once, twise, or thrise, with trembling hand:  
But such eternall sleep his temples band,

*Confusion.*

That



That he had past already (miserable)  
Of *Styx* so black the flood irrepallable.

Yet *Bagos*, hearing *Izaks* cry encrease,  
He with his foot, the dore began to preale,  
And entred: where the bed he did beholde  
All bled with *Holophernes* carcasle colde:  
He tore his hair; and all his garments rent,  
And to the heaven his howling cries he sent.  
But when he mist the *Hebrew* Dame away,  
Then raging he began a gastly tray,  
And from the bloody tent as he ran out,  
Among the Heathen thus began to shout:  
Woe, woe, to vs, a slaue (they *Judith* call)  
In sleaing *Holopherne*, hath slain vs all,  
That daunted all the world. These nouels last,  
Ioynd to the former fear that lately past,  
Affrighted so the souldiers one and all,  
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,  
And fled through mountains, valleis, and throw heaths,  
Where ev'rie chance procurde them worser deaths.

Then all th' assieged folk in flocks descended,  
And on their enemies backstheir bowes they bended,  
Both parties ran: but th' one that other chased,  
The weary flyers flight, themselves defaced.  
The *Hebrews* there, in fight not one they lost;  
But they bet down and slew the Heathen hoste:  
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood  
Bespred the land with worried beasts and blood,  
So long as he may finde a beast abide,  
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride.

Som headlong throwes themselves from craggie Rocks,  
And breaks their bones and all their brains out knocks:  
Som hath forgot that *Parcas*, every whear,  
Waits on their end that drown in water clear:  
But if that any scape by som great hap,  
He scape the first, but not the after clap:

Fore all the streits and passages were set,  
That none should scape aliue where they were met:  
Yea scarcely one was left to tell the king,  
At *Ninive*, of all this wondrous thing.

This battell done, all those whose Sex and age  
Withheld at home (their dolours to assuage)  
Came forth out of their fort to see and hear  
What God had done for them his people dear.  
They found som men dismembred hauing breath,  
That cried in vain a hundreth times for death.

Another gnashes with his teeth, in pains:  
Som dead in face their former rage retains,  
And som is shot directly throw the hart.  
Ech soule departs to his appointed part,  
According to the valew, or the chaunce,  
That fortun'd them to dye, on sword or launce.  
In short: to see this sight so dreadfull was,  
That even the *Hebreus* would haue sayd Alas,  
If they had vanquish't any enimie els.

This while, amongst the corpes infidels,  
Among a hundred thousand, there was found  
The chieftains carcas rent with many-a wound  
Of spear and sword, by th' *Hebreus* in their yre.  
There was no sinew, Arter, vein, nor lyre,  
That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:  
No time nor moment might their yre assuage.  
If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,  
Or like in limmes vnto *Byzarius* strong;  
Yet should his body been too small a pray,  
To satisfie their furie ev'ry way.

For, in that Camp was not so small a knaue,  
But of his flesh som collup he would haue.  
O tyrant now (quoth they) giue thy right hand  
To the *Cilicians*, and to *Media* Land:  
Leaue thou thy left, And to *Celea* sweet,  
To *Ismaell* and *Aegypt* leaue thy feet,

To



To th'end that all the word, by thee offended,  
 With such a present may be recompenced.  
 But heer I faile thy corpa thus to deuise  
 In *Atomy*: for, it will not suffice.

This thankful widow then who neuer thought  
 To smore this wondrous work that God had wrought,  
 Entun'd her vearse, and sung to sweet consort  
 Of instruments, and past with gracious port  
 Before the chosen Dames and virgins thair,  
 That were esteem'd for honest chaste and fair.

Sing sing, with hart and voyce and sounding strings,  
 And praise the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,  
 Who doth dithrone the great, and in their place  
 Erects the poore that leanes vpon his grace.  
 Who would haue thought that in a day one towne  
 Could ouercome a camp of such renowne,  
 Who daunted all the world, whose pride was felt  
 From *Indian* shore to where the *Calpees* dwelt?  
 Great God, who will beleue that *Holopherne*,  
 Who did a hundred famous Princes derne,  
 Should be disceptred, slain, left in a midow,  
 By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble widow?  
 Great God, who will beleue that he who raine,  
 From north to south, and in his hands retaine  
 Both East and West; now gets not grace to haue  
 An ynh of *Gaxon* ground to be his graue?  
 This Conqu'rour, that came with no army small,  
 Now lyes on ground abandond of them all;  
 Not sole: for, those companions him in death,  
 That followed him while he had life and breath.  
 Nor now the ground, but Ravens hunger-steru'd,  
 Are now his tombe as he hath well deserv'd.  
 No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphy* pure,  
 That he had built, could be his sepulture.  
 Euen so good Lord from hence forth let vs finde  
 Thee not our Iudge, but for our father kinde:

But

*Judith, the 6. Booke.*

87

But let all tyrants that against thee gather,  
Finde thee their Iudge; but not their louing father.

Here *Judith* ends: And also here I stay,  
With thanks to God. So, for his state I pray  
At whose command I undertooke this deed,  
To please his Grace, and those that will it read.

*The Tran-  
slator.*

FINIS.





1111



# A TABLE OF SIG- nification of some wordes as *they are vsed before.*

(\*\*)

Words.	Significations.
<b>A</b> <i>Bderois,</i>	Prophane and delicate Epicures.
<i>Abile.</i>	A hill in <i>Affrica</i> , one of the <i>Pillars</i> of <i>Hercules</i> .
<i>Abraham.</i>	Father of the <i>Iewes</i> or the faith- full.
<i>Achelois Ympes.</i>	<i>Sirenes</i> or <i>Mermaids</i> .
<i>Amram.</i>	The father of <i>Moses</i> .
<i>Assur, Assurs head.</i>	The Countrey of <i>Assyria</i> , or their king.
<i>Assyrian Prince.</i>	<i>Holophernes</i> . Vizroy or Gene- rall.
<i>Agamemnon.</i>	The Genrall of the <i>Greekes</i> , be- ing present at the sacrificing of his onely Daughter, was painted with a bende about his eyes, either for the
Rrr	vnskil-



## The Table.

vnskillfulnes of the painter, who could not sufficient-  
ly expresse the fathers speciall tears, or els for that he  
thought it not decent to paint so mighty a Prince  
weeping ; or vnnatural, not to weepe.

### Words.

### Significations.

<i>Aconite.</i>	A poysonable herbe.
<i>Auran.</i>	The South or Southwinde.
<i>Aurora.</i>	The morning.
<i>Arphaxat.</i>	Supposed to be <i>Arbactus</i> , King of <i>Medes</i> .
<i>Atlas.</i>	A great Giant.
<i>Argus.</i>	Had a hundreth eyes.
<i>Alexander.</i>	The great.
<i>Apelles.</i>	An excellent painter.
<i>Bethull or Bethulia.</i>	The Citie where <i>Iudith</i> dwelt.
<i>Babell.</i>	<i>Babylon</i> , or the whole countrey.
<i>Bellona.</i>	Goddesse of Battell.
<i>Briccoll.</i>	An engine of warre.
<i>Briarius.</i>	A Giant with a hundreth hands.
<i>Bacchus.</i>	Wine or drunkennes.
<i>Boreas.</i>	The North or north wind.
<i>Chameleon.</i>	A beast that chaungeth his co- lours.
<i>Cresiphon.</i>	A cunning Architector or build- der.
<i>Chaos.</i>	A confusion before the worlds creation.
<i>Capharois.</i>	Two perilous Rocks.
<i>Cyanes Straits.</i>	A hill in <i>Spain</i> , one of the pillars of <i>Hercules</i> .
<i>Calpe.</i>	
<i>Cyprian Dame.</i>	Venus, loue, or lust.
<i>Cupido.</i>	Loue or lust.

*Cornies.*

# The Table.

Words.

Significations.

<i>Cornies.</i>	Crooked yrons to draw down buildings.
<i>Castors sister.</i>	<i>Helen</i> , the dishonest wife of <i>Mene-</i> <i>laus.</i>
<i>Canaces.</i>	Incestuous women.
<i>Circes.</i>	Witches, abusers of louers.
<i>Cyrene.</i>	A dry sandy countrey, or drouth.
<i>Carmell.</i>	A mountaine in <i>Iudea</i> , or the whole countrey.
<i>Danow.</i>	<i>Danubius</i> , a riuer in <i>Germany</i> .
<i>Denis twice born.</i>	<i>Bacchus</i> .
<i>Diana or Cynthia.</i>	The Moone.
<i>Dina.</i>	The daughter of <i>Iacob</i> .
<i>Aegyptian Queen.</i>	<i>Cleopatra</i> the Concubine of <i>M. Anto-</i> <i>nins</i> , who swallowed a rich pearle.
<i>Elimia Land.</i>	The Elamits.
<i>Eurus.</i>	The East, or East winde.
<i>Aegeans stable.</i>	Where horses deuoured men.
<i>Encelade.</i>	A Giant buried vnder mount <i>Aetna</i> .
<i>Generall.</i>	<i>Holophernes</i> .
<i>Gibraltar.</i>	A Citie in <i>Spaine</i> , neere to <i>Calpe</i> -hill, one of the Pillers of <i>Hercules</i> .
<i>Holopherne.</i>	Vizroy, chiefe of the Army.
<i>Hermion.</i>	A Hill in <i>Iudea</i> , or the coutry of <i>Iudea</i> .
<i>Hesperian coste.</i>	The west.
<i>Hyade.</i>	A water nymph or watrie star.
<i>Heraults.</i>	Apostles or preachers.
<i>Iacobs sonnes.</i>	The people of <i>Izrell</i> .
<i>Izrell or Iacob</i>	The Land of <i>Iudea</i> .
<i>Izaak.</i>	The people of the Iewes.
<i>Ismaell.</i>	<i>Idumeans</i> or <i>Edom</i> .
<i>Ixion.</i>	One tormented in Hell.



# The Table.

Words.	Significations.
<i>Iebus place.</i>	<i>Ierusalem or Sion.</i>
<i>Iudith.</i>	<i>of Bethulia, of the tribe of Ruben.</i>
<i>Iesses race.</i>	<i>Dauid and his seed.</i>
<i>Iethro.</i>	<i>Father in law to Moses.</i>
<i>Latmies sonne.</i>	<i>Endymion, the long sleeper, supposed to lye with the Moone.</i>
<i>Lysippus.</i>	<i>A cunning caruer.</i>
<i>Monarke.</i>	<i>Onesole gouvernour.</i>
<i>Memphis.</i>	<i>Men of that Citie in Aegypt.</i>
<i>Misraim.</i>	<i>the Land of Egypt.</i>
<i>Mocmur.</i>	<i>The riuer neere Bethulia.</i>
<i>Momus.</i>	<i>A scornfull detractour of all things.</i>
<i>Mars.</i>	<i>God of strife or battell.</i>
<i>Myrrhaes &amp; Syllaes.</i>	<i>Women betrayrs of their country.</i>
<i>Minotaur.</i>	<i>Vnnaturall monsters.</i>
<i>Medusæ.</i>	<i>Furies of hell.</i>
<i>Neptunes back.</i>	<i>The Sea.</i>
<i>Niphathei.</i>	<i>A mighty strong Rocke or mountaine in Syria.</i>
<i>Palestine.</i>	<i>The Land of the Philistins.</i>
<i>Pharia.</i>	<i>A famous tower in Egypt.</i>
<i>Phlegon.</i>	<i>One of the foure horses that was supposed to draw the sunne.</i>
<i>Phœbus.</i>	<i>The sunne.</i>
<i>Phœbe.</i>	<i>His sister the moone.</i>
<i>Proteus.</i>	<i>A man changing himselfe in sundry formes: there is a fish of like nature.</i>
<i>Priams wife.</i>	<i>Hecuba the honorable.</i>

*Pestmell*

# The Table.

Words.	Significations.
<i>Pestmell.</i>	All mixt confusedly together.
<i>Ramme.</i>	An engine of warre for battery.
<i>Sina-hill.</i>	<i>Sinai-hill.</i>
<i>Salem.</i>	<i>Ierusalem.</i>
<i>Solyma.</i>	<i>Ierusalem.</i>
<i>Sichem.</i>	The ravisher of <i>Dina.</i>
<i>Sabeane Queene.</i>	Sauours of <i>Saba</i> land.
<i>Simeon.</i>	<i>Dinaes</i> brother.
<i>Scythique Rampier.</i>	The tombe of <i>Semele</i> , mother of <i>Bacchus.</i>
<i>Styx.</i>	A Riuer in hell.
<i>Sympathie.</i>	Concordance of natures and things.
<i>Sentinells.</i>	Watchmen.
<i>Semirames.</i>	Women <i>Viragoes.</i>
<i>Syrtes.</i>	Dangerous sands.
<i>Satrap.</i>	Prince.
<i>Symphalides.</i>	Rauenous foules with female faces, <i>Harpyes.</i>
<i>Syrian camp.</i>	The Holte of <i>Holophernes.</i>
<i>Semels sonne.</i>	<i>Bacchus</i> or wine.
<i>Transparent.</i>	That which may be seen through and whole, like glasse.
<i>Tortuse.</i>	An engine of warre.
<i>Trepan.</i>	An engine of warre.
<i>The forraine tyde.</i>	Supposed to haue been the flood of <i>Noah</i> , or the deluge of <i>Deucalion</i> that diuided <i>Affrica</i> from <i>Europe</i> , and <i>Sycilia</i> from <i>Italia.</i>
<i>Thetis.</i>	The Sea.
<i>Thurims.</i>	Deceitfull Aduocats.
<i>Theban knight.</i>	Captaine of the Greeks army.

*Theefe*



## The Table.

Words.	Significations.
<i>Theefe that stole the fire.</i>	<i>Promethens, who stole fire from Iupiter.</i>
<i>Zedechias.</i>	<i>Last king of the Iewes.</i>
<i>Zephyrus.</i>	<i>West or west winde.</i>
<i>Zeuxis.</i>	<i>A painter of Italie, who being required to paint the picture of Helen, desired to haue all the fairest women of Croton to be present for his paterne.</i>

FINIS.



1613.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by *Humfrey Lownes*, dwelling on  
Bredstrete hill, at the signe of the  
Starre.



6151

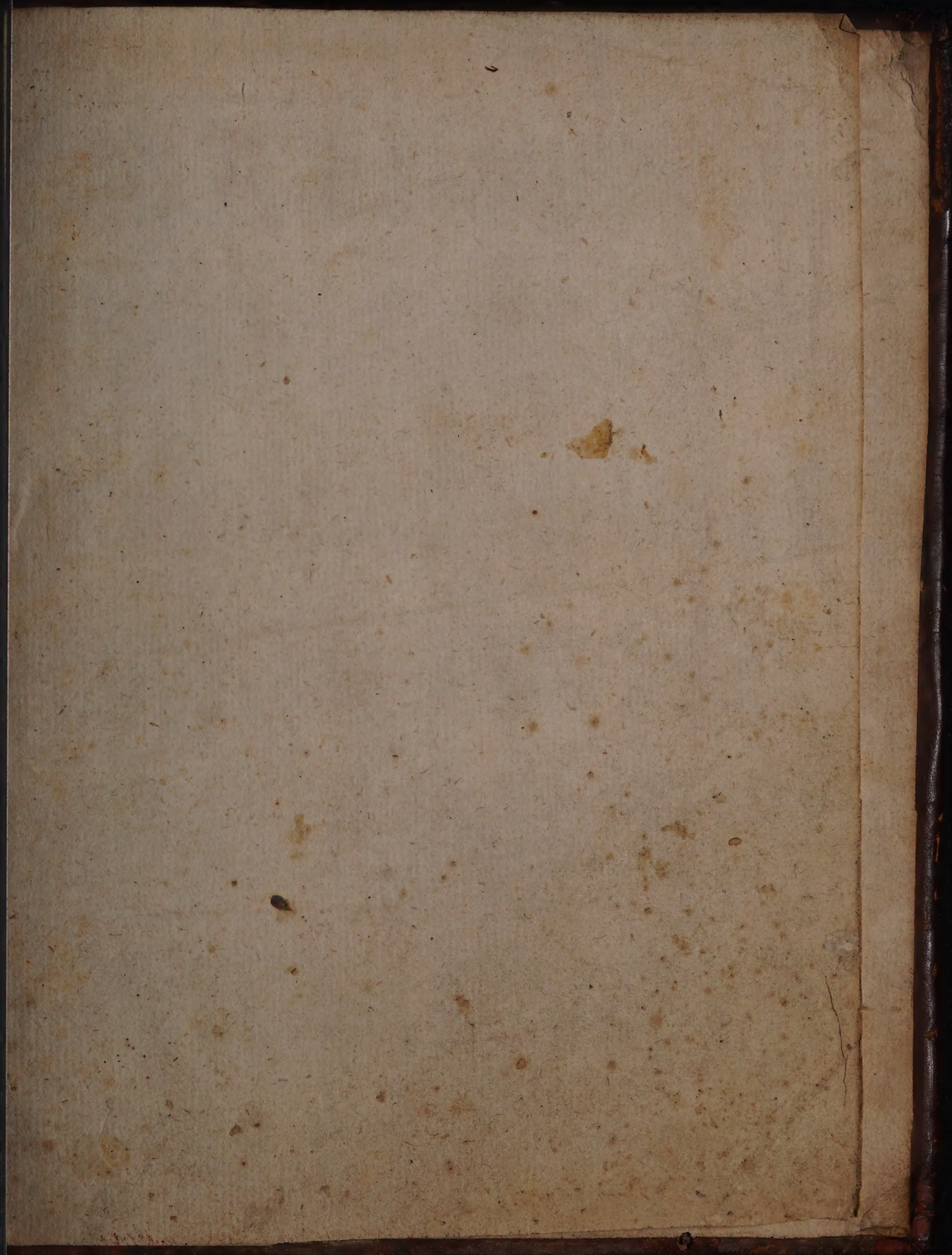


AT LONDON  
Printed by W. & A. G. Smith  
in the Strand 1840

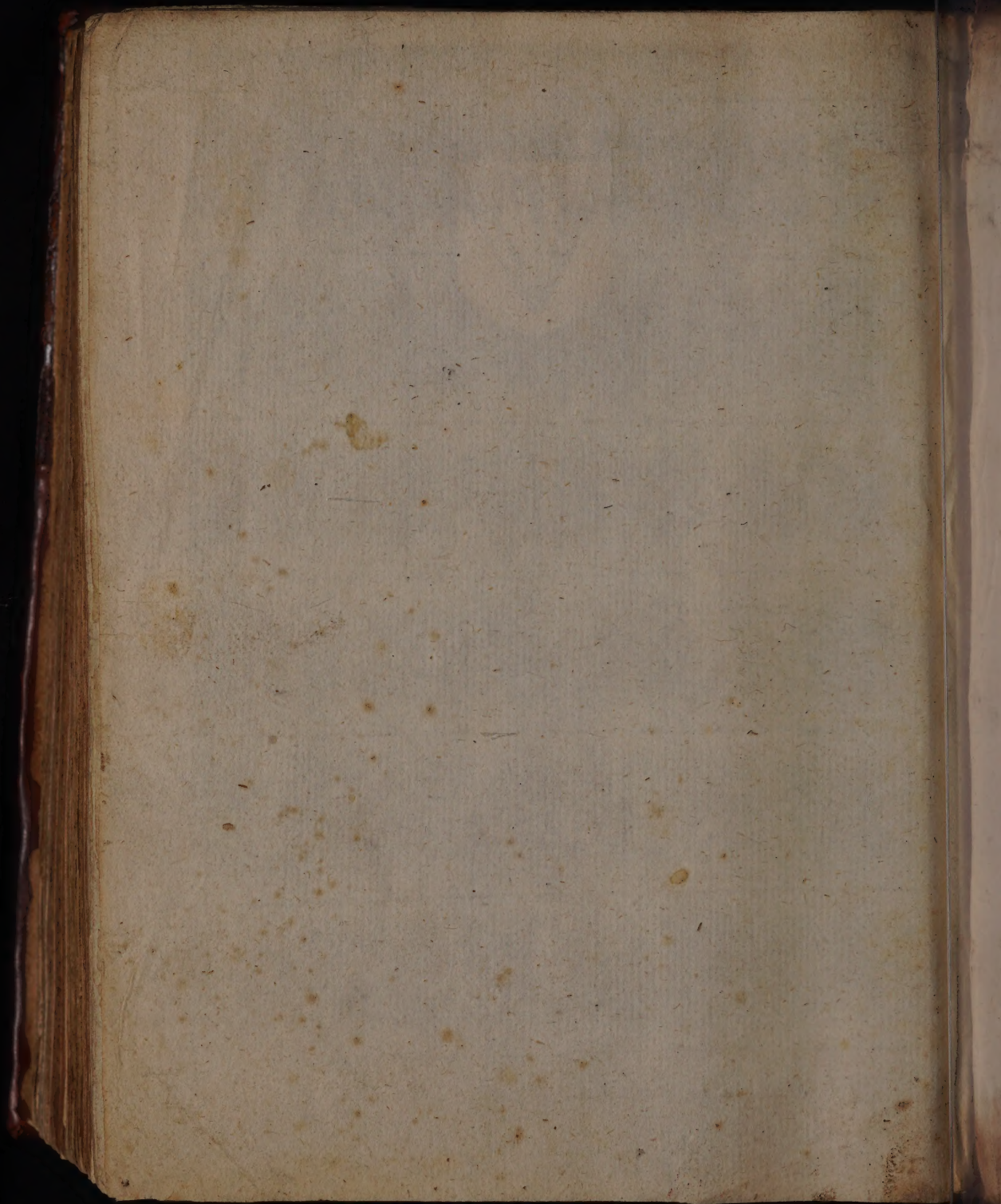














Reback  
Key



